

BRAZILIAN BOOKS

THE VIOLENT LAND *by Jorge Amado*

(*Terras do sem fim*, translated from the Portuguese
by SAMUEL PUTNAM)

BRAZIL: AN INTERPRETATION *by Gilberto Freyre*

THE MASTERS AND THE SLAVES *by Gilberto Freyre*

A Study in the Development of Brazilian Civilization
(*Casa-Grande & Senzala*, translated from the
Portuguese by SAMUEL PUTNAM)

ANGUISH *by Graciliano Ramos*

(*Angústia*, translated from the Portuguese by L. C.
KAPLAN)

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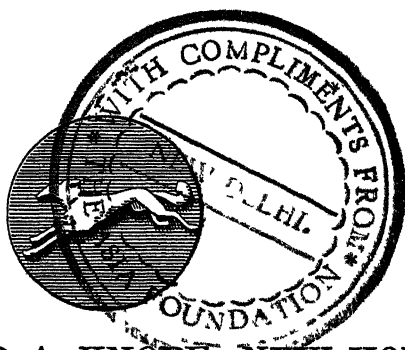
Marvelous Journey

Marvelous Journey

*A Survey of Four Centuries of
Brazilian Writing*

B Y

Samuel Putnam



1948 ALFRED A. KNOPP NEW YORK

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FIRST EDITION

*To my "Second Fatherland," Brazil,
and to all my innumerable Brazilian friends
who made my visit of 1946
truly a "Viagem Maravilhosa."*

Brasil, a quem, pelo segundo nascimento,
devo as obrigações de patria "

PADRE VIEIRA

"Il est présumable que je suis moi-même atteint
quelque peu d'une nostalgie qui m'entraîne vers
le soleil "

BAUDELAIRE

FOREWORD

THIS IS A BOOK ABOUT A LITERATURE It is not, however, merely a book about books or even about writers, it is, rather, the story of a people as told in the pages of poets, novelists, essayists for the past four centuries My aim has been not to compile a textbook but to set down the record of a personal and fascinating adventure that began twenty years ago, and if I shall have succeeded in conveying to my readers some small sense of the enjoyment I have had and which is to be had by others from rambling in these pleasant pastures, I shall feel that my purpose has been accomplished.

My experience is one that many more English-speaking North Americans might have shared if it had not been for an unfortunate combination of circumstances. In the first place, there was the factor of distance, which, though the airplane has done much to diminish it, still remains a formidable one There were racial, cultural, religious, and, to an extent, political differences to be overcome And, finally, there was the barrier of language

Such are the obvious explanations to be advanced for our astonishing lack of familiarity with a literature as impressive as that of Brazil, one that has so many points of kinship with our own, but back of them all lies a deeper reason a certain colonial attitude on our part, contending over a long period with a cultural isolationism that has led us to look more or less exclusively to the Old World for our importations and, consciously or unconsciously, to look down upon our hemisphere neighbors and their intellectual productions The Portuguese language, for example, although it is spoken by millions in South America and the Orient, as well as in Portugal, until a very recent date was not commonly regarded as a medium of artistic expression, it was a colonial tongue the utility of which was largely limited to diplomats, business men, and stenographers

We had heard of Camões, but that was about all As for a nineteenth-century Eça de Queiroz, the Portuguese Balzac, he was in-

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accessible and unknown. Is it strange, then, if the Brazilian Machado de Assis, one of the great writers of all time, is not even a name to the majority of us?

It is significant that while Brazil has a literature much older than ours and by the seventeenth century, an era when our Increase and Cotton Mathers were penning theological tracts, had produced a highly sophisticated satirical poet like Gregório de Matos, none of her authors of literary importance had appeared in English translation in this country before 1920, when Graça Aranha's novel, *Canaan*, was published in Boston.¹ In 1921 pioneer ground was broken by the late Isaac Goldberg with his collection of *Brazilian Tales*, followed a year later by his volume on *Brazilian Literature*.² Since the 1920s North American interest in the subject has been decidedly sporadic, and despite the impetus that was given to inter-American cultural relations by the war, our list of Brazilian works brought over into English, as of the present moment, shows only a dozen novels,³ of which eight have been done since 1943, two collections of short stories,⁴ and a couple of major sociological classics of creative quality. *Rebellion in the Backlands* by Euclides da Cunha, and *The Masters and the Slaves* by Gilberto Freyre.⁵

This is not a great deal, certainly, and there would have been practically nothing at all to show if the exigencies of hemisphere defense in recent years had not caused us suddenly to become aware of our "good neighbors" and their culture as we had not been before.

Thanks to the war, many readers discovered to their surprise the existence in the Americas of a worth-while literature in Portuguese. Much of the credit must go to the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, Nelson Rockefeller, and to the hard-working specialists whose long and patient efforts seemed about to be rewarded at last, but the American publisher also deserves to be commended for his co-operation during this period, not infrequently at a financial loss to himself. In addition to book translations, selections from Brazilian poets and novelists now began to make their appearance in anthologies,⁶ Brazilian men of letters came to lecture and conduct seminars at our universities, and one

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of the visitors, a leading contemporary novelist, sat down and wrote directly in English a delightfully informal account of what the writers of his country had been doing and trying to do for some four hundred years ⁷

It was a promising start, but now that hostilities have ended, there are already signs of a distinct letdown of public interest, and the fact of the matter is that even during the war Latin American books sold in discouragingly small quantities. This was especially true of novels, in which the life portrayed and the human relationships involved often seemed remote and unpleasantly exotic, if not incomprehensible. When Jorge Amado, for instance, describes a Negro *feticeiro*, or witch doctor, at his rites, we are likely to think that he is indulging in a bit of lurid melodrama, but anyone who knows his Brazil knows that this is not the case, for the sorcerer and the sorceress and such fetishistic ceremonies as the *candomblé* and the *macumba* are still of common occurrence ⁸

As one historian puts it "Whoever traverses Brazil today is frequently surprised to come upon aspects of our life which he had imagined existed only in history books, and, if he studies them a little, he will see that they are not merely anachronistic reminiscences but represent deep underlying facts A professor from abroad once upon a time remarked to me that he envied Brazilian historians who were thus able personally to witness the most stirring scenes of their past" ⁹

The question arises as to whether, perhaps, our wartime effort at a cultural *rapprochement* was not — of necessity — too hasty and improvised a one. Would not the average reader be better prepared for an understanding and enjoyment of Brazilian novels if he had first made a study of such works as those by Freyre and da Cunha? A certain amount of social and historical background would appear to be almost indispensable, and thus the broader public does not possess. On the other hand, and again as a result of the war, more and more courses in the Portuguese language, and in Brazilian literature as well, are being offered in our colleges, and it is safe to assume that the next generation will possess a great deal better acquaintance than any of its predecessors with

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the history and geography, the racial structure, and the social, economic, and political life of the largest nation in the Western Hemisphere in point of physical size, one with a very old and deeply rooted cultural tradition behind it and with untold potentialities for the future

It would be deplorable, and dangerous to our national welfare, if we were to fall back into our old attitude of indifference. The emergency is not over, there is a new and democratic world to be built, and in this task the Americas must draw ever closer to each other. It is with the object of making what I believe to be a needed contribution to Brazilian-North American friendship upon the cultural plane that the present book is undertaken. The Goldberg volume was written a quarter of a century ago, and it was in the year it appeared (1922) that the extremely interesting modernist movement in Brazil began, followed in the succeeding decade by the rise of an important, vitally contemporary social literature.

Erico Veríssimo's charming classroom talks bring the subject down to 1945 or thereabouts, affording a native estimate, while the work in preparation by Dr. Arturo Torres-Rioseco, destined for publication in English, may be expected to give us a Spanish-American perspective.¹⁰ But those readers for whom this is more or less unfamiliar ground may find an advantage in having a present-day, over-all view through the eyes of one of their countrymen, and such an approach, based upon the method of comparison and contrast, may prove of value for the light it has to throw upon our own literary development as well as that of our neighbor.

There is a growing conviction on the part of many that the Americas may claim a common history, of which their literatures would be a form of expression. In his presidential address before the American Historical Association at its meeting in Toronto, Canada, in December 1932, entitled "The Epic of Greater America," Professor Herbert E. Bolton declared:

There is need of a broader treatment of American history to supplement the purely nationalistic presentation to which we are accustomed. European history cannot be learned from books dealing alone with England, or France, or Germany, or Italy, or Russia, nor

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can American history be adequately presented if confined to Brazil, or Chile, or Mexico, or Canada, or the United States. In my own country the study of thirteen English colonies in isolation has obscured many of the larger factors in their development, and helped to raise up a nation of chauvinists. Similar distortion has resulted from the teaching and writing of national history in other American countries.

It is time for a change. A synthetic viewpoint is required in the world of practical affairs and also for students of history. Our national historians, especially in the United States, are prone to write of . . . broad phases of American history as though they were applicable to one country alone. It is my purpose, by a few bold strokes, to suggest that they are but phases common to most portions of the entire Western Hemisphere, that each local story will have a clearer meaning when studied in the light of the others, and that much of what has been written of each national history is but a thread out of a larger strand.¹¹

The idea was not a new one with Professor Bolton, since 1919 he had been giving a course, "The History of the Americas," based upon this conception, at the University of California.¹² During the last fifteen years the question has been much debated by intellectuals of both continents, and while there is some rather forceful disagreement, the trend may be said to be toward the inter-American point of view.¹³ During the year 1946 I had a splendid opportunity of testing the method when I undertook to deliver a series of lectures at the Faculty of Philosophy of the University of Brazil, comparing the literature of Brazil with that of the United States. It was the first time that such an attempt had been made, and the results were most gratifying. The students were enthusiastic, describing the series as a "revelation," and I myself, as the course went on, discovered that I was acquiring many fresh insights with respect to the literature of my own country, not a few of which have been embodied in the following pages.

In speaking of North American literature to Brazilians and in writing of Brazilian literature for North Americans, there is one formidable problem to be solved, and that, as Érico Veríssimo phrases it, is how to avoid putting one's listeners or readers to sleep with the recurring thud of names and titles that for them are

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meaningless and unpronounceable, and which they can hardly be expected to remember. Names and titles, however, are not the most important thing in a work of this sort, intended not as an exhaustive and dry-as-dust academic manual, but as an invitation to a pleasurable voyage. Here, the broad and significant vista means more than does the close-up detail, and general streams and tendencies are as a rule to be stressed rather than individual writers — there will, of course, be exceptions, as in the case of Machado de Assis. Should the reader care to go on and deepen his knowledge, that will call for serious effort, as it always does, but there are doubtless many who, desirous merely of rounding out their impression of Brazil and its people, will be content with a bird's-eye view.

In this volume, accordingly, footnotes have been shunned, the notes on each section (indicated by numbers in the text) and the chronological and bibliographical minutiae have been relegated to the Appendix. At the same time, the needs of the reader who has a knowledge of Portuguese, or who may plan to acquire such a knowledge, have been kept in mind, and while works in English, where available, have been given the preference, those in the language of Brazil, particularly where source material is involved, have also been cited. In general, a point has been made of referring to those works that are likely to be found in the Romance-language department of any good college library or that may readily be procured through any foreign-book dealer, rather than sources that are accessible only to the research specialist working in Brazilian libraries. Material of this latter sort, as it becomes available from year to year, is listed in my "Brazilian Literature" section of the *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, and the special student may consult it there.

In short, the stress throughout has been on literary values rather than the minutiae of erudition. It has seemed more important here to bring out the reactions of modern Brazilians to their literature past and present than it is to go into the fine points of literary scholarship.

I wish to express my gratitude to all those who over the last decade and a half have lent me aid and encouragement in my

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Brazilian studies Among those to whom I owe a special debt are the late Percy Alvin Martin of Stanford University, Dr Lewis Hanke, Director of the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress, Dr Miron Burgin, Editor of the *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, Dr William Rex Crawford of the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr Robert C Smith, formerly of the Library of Congress My Brazilian friends are too numerous to mention, but I should thank in particular Dr A Carneiro Leão, Rector of the Faculty of Philosophy of the University of Brazil, for having made possible the experiment mentioned above, and I have a warm recollection, also, of Senhor Alceu Amoroso Lima and other members of the Brazilian Academy of Letters who manifested so great an interest in my course.

This book might never have come into being if it had not been for the faith in it that was displayed by Blanche Knopf and by Mr Herbert Weinstock, both of whom have done so much for the cause of inter-American friendship and understanding

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SAMUEL PUTNAM

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PART I

Backgrounds

I: LANDSCAPE IS NOT ALL

LITERATURE IN BRAZIL began with landscape. It may be said, in a manner of speaking, to have begun in the month of May of the year 1500, when the fleet of the Portuguese navigator Pedro Álvares Cabral, blown out of its course on a voyage to the Indies, sighted a land previously unknown to Europeans, and Pero Vaz de Caminha, the official scribe of the expedition, was inspired by the wonders that he saw to become a poet in prose¹. Dutifully writing to His Majesty King Emanuel, the notary grew eloquent with regard to the "groves everywhere" and the "waters many and endless", and then he added a practical note "This land, Sire, is exceeding fair and so fertile a one that, if you care to cultivate it, it will yield everything."

Landscape and — the economic motive. Here at the very outset we have a statement of two major themes that are to be found running through the work of Brazilian writers from the sixteenth century to the present time: the lush tropical and subtropical beauty of the country, and its enormous possibilities for human welfare and happiness, dependent always upon the will and the ability to exploit them. Brazilian literature from the start has been more intimately bound up with the economic life of the nation than has that of any other people, it may be, and this is a fact that critics and literary historians seldom fail to stress². But with the first comers, as with the tourist of today, it was the almost incredible loveliness of the landscape that made the deepest impression. Let us listen to that venerable pioneer, the Jesuit missionary Father José de Anchieta:

All Brazil is a fresh-blooming garden and shady groves, and throughout the year there is not to be seen a barren tree or plant. The woods appear to touch the clouds, the trees are of marvelous size, and there is a great variety of species. Many of them yield good fruit, and the thing that gives them a special charm is the many beautiful birds of every sort that are to be seen in them and whose song is in no wise inferior to that of the nightingales, linnets, and

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canaries of Portugal These birds create such a harmony that the one who passes that way is impelled to praise the Lord, and the groves are so cool and fresh that the pretty little artificial ones of Portugal cannot compare with them There are many cedar and sandalwood trees and other odoriferous varieties of many hues, with so many different kinds of leaves and flowers that it is a great joy to behold them and the eye never tires of all this changing splendor³

Another missionary, Father Manuel da Nóbrega, was equally enthusiastic upon his arrival in 1549

The land is very healthful and the air is good, and although there are many of us and the work is hard and we have had to alter our diet, there are few who have fallen ill and they have been speedily cured This region is so vast that, so they say, of the three parts into which the world might be divided it would occupy two It is quite pleasant, the climate being more or less temperate so that one does not greatly feel the heat of summer There are many fruits of various sorts, and extremely flavorful, and in the sea, likewise, are many fish that are good to eat The woods resemble huge gardens and orchards, and I do not recall having seen any arras cloth that was as beautiful In the said woods are animals of various shapes such as Pliny does not mention and never knew, and plants of varied fragrance, many in number and quite different from those of Spain All of which shows forth the greatness of the Creator, amid all this beauty and variety on the part of His creatures.⁴

In brief this new land seemed, as the early eighteenth-century writer Sebastião José da Rocha Pitta phrased it, "an earthly paradise"⁵

There can be no doubt that landscape has had a profound, when not a preponderant, determining influence upon Brazilian literature, as it has upon Latin American literature in general, and particularly that of the tropical countries It has tended to inspire a certain lushness of mood and expression that reflects the exuberance of nature round about, or the overawing grandeur of mountains and rivers, the solitude and brooding mystery of the pampas The result has been an obvious predilection for more rhetorical forms, for eloquence and poetry rather than those

genres, such as the carefully constructed novel or the deeply reasoned essay, that call for a more sustained and arduous effort

It is worth noting that in the four centuries of its history Latin America has not developed a distinctive philosophy to compare with those coming out of Europe and North America, and the almost total absence of philosophic speculation in Brazil is, above all, remarkable.⁶ The novel and the critical literary essay — even the scholarly sociological essay, like those of Gilberto Freyre — are ever on the verge of becoming poetic, impressionistic, rhetorical. There is, needless to say, a danger in such generalizations, but ask any competent Latin American critic, and he is altogether likely to agree that rhetoric is the enemy, and to approve Rimbaud's famous exhortation "Take eloquence and wring its neck"

But landscape is not to be wholly damned. It is when man, the human element, enters the picture, and his littleness, his loves and hates and cruelty to his fellow men are set over against the tremendous backdrop of tropical nature that we have such a modern masterpiece as José Eustasio Rivera's *The Vortex* and such first-rate novelists as Jorge Icaza, Ciro Alegría, Jorge Amado, and others.⁷ It is, perhaps, an overabundance of the picturesque that accounts for the fact that prior to the twentieth century and Cândido Portinari, Brazil had not produced a painter of truly international stature, although artists such as Victor Meirelles and Pedro Américo were known abroad and are today the object of a renewed interest in Europe and in North America. On the whole, with the exception of a few pleasing regional colorists, there had been comparatively little native painting of any sort, and it is in good part to the visiting nineteenth-century foreigner that we must look for an aesthetically satisfying pictorial record of the national scene. The Frenchman Debret, the German Rugendas, the Dutch painters Franz Post, Zacharias Wagner, Albert van Eckhout — it is they who bring us the day-to-day life of the Brazilian family and the city streets.⁸ And even when an artist like Debret invades the jungle, it is to depict the aborigine in conflict with the white man. Similarly with Portinari today, as with the Mexican Rivera and Orozco, it is man that counts, as anyone may see who views his magnificent murals in the Library of Congress

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There well may be too much "scenic" beauty The landscape must be redeemed by man

Inseparably associated with landscape is the factor of climate, and while the geographic determinism of M. Taine, which would explain English literature by reference to the fogs of London, is long since out of fashion, the climatic influence upon the civilization and culture that grew up in Brazil is by no means to be ignored.⁹ Looking out over the residential roof tops of Rio de Janeiro not long ago, in one of those moments when the observant subconscious seems to come to the surface and remind us of something we had vaguely sensed but had not been able to put into words, I suddenly realized that there was not a chimney to be seen anywhere, at most there was but a small vent where fire was employed for cooking purposes. And then the thought came here is a civilization that on the whole does not know fire as an agent for providing human warmth. It does not know the warmth of meaning in that good old Anglo-Saxon word, "fireside," center of the home. Instead, one might say, it is a civilization that has barely withdrawn beneath a roof as a shelter against the inclemencies of the weather, but that still lives in good part out of doors. A symbol of this is the patio of the better-to-do homes, while in the poorer districts the population hangs out of windows and overflows into the street.

A few days later, as it happened, I was discussing with my class at the University of Brazil the background of our own early New England culture, and had occasion to mention Whittier's *Snow-Bound*, only to find that my auditors did not know what snow was except on the motion-picture screen. How, then, was I to bring them to feel the sentiment that the poet was endeavoring to convey to his readers? And do not we of the temperate zone, with its sharply alternating seasons, face a similar problem when we strive to comprehend the life that is lived in the river huts of the Amazon, the parched backlands of the *Sertão*,¹⁰ the cacao groves of Bahia, or the *fazendas* of Minas Gerais and Mato Grosso? The gulf between the two civilizations is a wide one in many respects, and it goes without saying that the ideal way to span it is by travel, personal contact, and, where possible, prolonged residence,

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but one may travel in mind as well as in body, and good will — the will to understand — prolonged application, and a trained use of the imagination can accomplish much

Otherwise one is likely to fall into the egregious error that the historian Buckle made when he penned the following passage

Such is the flow and abundance of life by which Brazil is marked above all other countries of the earth. But amid this pomp and splendor of nature no place is left for Man. He is reduced to insignificance by the majesty with which he is surrounded. The forces that oppose him are so formidable that he has never been able to make head against them, never able to rally against their accumulated pressure. The whole of Brazil, notwithstanding its immense apparent advantages, has always remained entirely uncivilized, its inhabitants wandering savages, incompetent to resist those obstacles which the very bounty of Nature had put in their way. Indeed, those difficulties are so serious that during more than three hundred years the resources of European knowledge have been vainly employed in endeavoring to get rid of them.¹¹

This, it is to be remembered, was written by an English scholar in the middle of the nineteenth century. Seated in his study, Buckle was tailoring the facts to suit his preconceived theory of civilization. The utter distortion that results from a purely mechanistic interpretation is all too apparent here. The physical environment is but one of a number of factors involved, and not the decisive one. Race, nationality, the historical era, cultural antecedents, religion — all are to be taken into account.

As we think of our witch-hunting Puritan forebears poring over the pages of the Old Testament as they sternly combated the works of Satan and the powers of darkness, we may be tempted to see a connection between their oppressive theological gloom and the frozen, inhospitable landscapes of a New England winter, but this would be a flagrant oversimplification. It is not here that the difference between the New England spirit and that of colonial Brazil is to be discovered. That difference has its roots in the Old World, in Protestant England and in the mellow Catholic civilization of Portugal with its large admixture of pagan elements — a Catholicism that in the new land was soon to be still further

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tempered by contact with native animism and an imported African fetishism

It is the two different ways of looking at life, the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon, developed over long centuries and given a religious embodiment, that present the basic contrast. The character and objectives of the colonizers and the social circumstances attendant upon their coming are vastly more important than northern snows and equatorial vegetation. In search of the fabled riches of the Orient, the Portuguese had stumbled upon Brazil by accident, and for a considerable time the crown remained indifferent, feeling that the new land had no spices and precious gems to offer. It was not until the possibilities of sugar raising for the European market were envisaged that the colony began to loom in the imperial scheme of things.

The first settlers were accordingly of the adventurer type: penniless noblemen, military men and soldiers of fortune, exiles, including those who for one reason or another had incurred the royal disfavor, and not a few common criminals, Jews or "new Christians," and others fleeing the Inquisition, a handful of zealous missionaries, and a sprinkling of artisans to perform the manual toil. These men came without their wives or other womenfolk, and the inevitable consequence was miscegenation, a mating first with the Indian and later with the African woman, a circumstance that has given to Brazil its most distinctive national trait.

The New England colonists, on the other hand, fleeing Old World tyranny and religious persecution, came with their families to seek freedom of worship and with the intention of founding homes in the wilderness. They not only felt no need of intermarriage with the aborigine, but had a positive distaste for such unions, having brought with them an Anglo-Saxon attitude of racial superiority, while their religious scruples forbade illicit intercourse. The Portuguese were conscious of no such barriers, for they had long been accustomed to living side by side and mingling with a dark-skinned people — with Moors and Africans — and, during the period of the Moorish domination, had even looked up to the blacks as their social superiors. Miscegenation, therefore, meant no fundamental change in mores, and the

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Church was inclined to be easygoing where such matings were concerned

For the North Americans the Indian was always more or less an enemy against whom it was necessary to defend oneself, one's women and children, and who was to be driven back and exterminated. It is true that, theoretically, he had a soul to be saved, and some effort was made to evangelize him, as in the case of John Eliot and his Bible, but the fact remains that after a prolonged and bloody warfare the Red Man was driven west and is today all but wiped out. This has left its impress upon our literature, as may be seen by studying the romances of James Fenimore Cooper and comparing them, as will be done later on, with those of José de Alencar. With the Portuguese colonizer, it was assimilation, with the English, annihilation for the native encountered on these shores.

If there is any near parallel to be found between our own country and Brazil in the colonial era, it is in Jamestown and the other Southern settlements that we must look for it. The aristocratic plantation owners of Virginia and the Carolinas and the Lisbon *fidalgos* were very similar in many ways, and here too there was a sizable criminal element and women were scarce. After Negro slavery is introduced the parallel becomes closer still, and to this day there exists a peculiar affinity between our South and the Brazilian northeast where the slave-owning, sugar-planting patriarchs held sway. There was, none the less, an important difference even here in the attitude of the white toward the black, for the Virginian was after all an Anglo-Saxon and could not forget his instinctive color prejudices. While interracial sexual contacts might occur outside the marriage bond, anything in the way of a recognized miscegenation was beyond the pale, and the effect of this persisting superiority complex has been the tragic situation that we have today below the Mason and Dixon Line, a situation that most Brazilians would find difficulty in understanding.

In Brazil miscegenation has come to be viewed as the means of racial assimilation in the achievement of national unity,¹² and this will account for the prominent part that the Indian and the Negro play in literature. José de Alencar was not the only one to glorify

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the aborigine, the *caboclo*, or descendant of Indian and white, is likely to be met with in any regional novel, and a comprehension of such terms as *mameluco* (equivalent to *caboclo*), *cafuso* (offspring of Indian and Negro,) etc., is indispensable for the reader of these tales. But it is the African who, especially since the rise of the abolitionist movement in the last century, has had the major share of attention both as a literary theme and as a producer of literature. The great Machado de Assis was a mulatto, as was another turn-of-the-century novelist, Lima Barreto, who is being enthusiastically rediscovered by the present social-minded generation, and the same is true of one of the finest Brazilian poets of any age, the contemporary Jorge de Lima.¹³

Since the early 1930s the interest in the Negro has been particularly intense on the part of the anthropologist, the sociologist, the poet, and the novelist. There have been a number of scholarly studies by essayists like Freyre, Arthur Ramos, Oliveira Vianna, and others, Jorge de Lima has published his *Poemas Negros*, and in his novel, *Jubiabá*, Jorge Amado has given us a masterly portrait of the black man of Bahia.¹⁴

All this is running ahead of the story, but it is necessary to anticipate by way of bringing out the long-range consequences of racial attitudes in colonial times, attitudes that were owing to circumstances surrounding the colonization, to differing religious outlooks and practices, and to ethnic and national traits imbedded in the past experience of European peoples. In any comparison of the Portuguese with the English colonies there is one point to be kept in mind: that political democracy, as evolved in the New England town meeting, for example, did not necessarily imply racial democracy nor was a monarchical-aristocratic regime incompatible with the latter. A William Penn and a Roger Williams were the exception, so exceptional as to evoke comment by the historian. One can but think of that incident at the court of the last Brazilian emperor, Dom Pedro II, when, the other ladies having refused to dance with the famous Negro engineer André Rebouças, the Princess Isabel asked him to dance with her.¹⁵ Down to the present moment one cannot conceive of this happening at the White House!

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Much has been made of the numerous and colorful "contradictions" to be found in the Portuguese character. Portugal's own Eça de Queiroz, the Brazilian Freyre, and Mr. Aubrey F. G. Bell all have had their say on the subject. But there are two aspects mentioned by Freyre that deserve to be stressed: the Portuguese colonizer had a good deal less race consciousness than the Spanish conquistador, and he was far from being so stern in his Catholic orthodoxy.¹⁶ With regard to religion he was against the heretic but not against the Indian, the Negro, or the Jew as such. For this reason if for no other it would be a mistake to assume that the cultural and literary history of Brazil follows, save in broadest outline, the same pattern as that of Spanish America.¹⁷

There is, to be sure, a certain parallelism here as in the political history of the nations of the Western Hemisphere, and we may distinguish a colonial period, a period of the struggle for independence, a modern autonomous era, and the like, but there are at the same time deep-going divergencies. The Inquisition, for one thing, while it invaded Brazil, never became the force there that it was in the Spanish-speaking countries, and fierce racial hatreds and conflicts were absent — such a feeling as that which existed between the *gachupín* or the *criollo* (the Spaniard or the American of Spanish descent) and the aboriginal population in Mexico, Peru, and elsewhere was unknown in the Portuguese colony. And differences of this sort could not but be reflected in literature.

Where the culture of the Spanish countries has been, at least until a recent revolutionary epoch, predominantly one created by and for *criollos*, that of Brazil has been and remains a *mestizo* culture, the result of racial and cultural fusion. It is no longer the Portuguese with whom we are dealing, but the Brazilian, the Portuguese transplanted to a new land that has become one of the world's greatest melting pots, even more of a melting pot than our own. Only the Soviet Union exceeds it in this respect. The Brazilian is the Portuguese who in the tropics has met and mated with Indian, African, Dutchman, Jew, and later with German, Italian, and other stocks, he is, in Freyre's words, "the ideal type of modern man for the tropics, a European with Negro or Indian blood

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to revive his energy," the first to found a modern society in the torrid zone ¹⁸

Accepted from the start as a necessity, *mestiçagem* (miscegenation) has been turned into an asset, and among the results has been a literature that is unique, vital, often fascinating, almost never dull. It would be misleading to give the impression that Brazilian writers have always unquestioningly acquiesced in their people's destiny. Some like Machado de Assis have experienced a bitter, soul-torturing inner revolt at having been born a mulatto or a Negro, and while this revolt may not be explicit in their works, it has none the less colored, when it has not determined, their life view, giving rise to an unredeemed pessimism with regard to humankind ¹⁹. Others like Euclides da Cunha and Graça Aranha, led astray by nineteenth-century theories as to the "inferiority" of mixed races, have despaired of their country's future, as the English-language reader may see by perusing such works as *Canaan* and *Rebellion in the Backlands* ²⁰.

In the early years of the present century the entire nation may be said to have gone through an era of doubt, a purgatorial epoch that may be compared to our own *fin de siècle* period represented by such writers as Henry Adams, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, the Muckrakers, and others. In our case, however, the cause was different: the doubt inspired by a seemingly overpowering industrial civilization. Both in Brazil and in the United States the spiritual crisis proved a fruitful one, maturing in its effect, and there has since been a deepened consciousness of national and social problems on the part of writers and other intellectuals and of the people as a whole.

With the Brazilians, however, the doubt persists to an accentuated degree. In the 1920s Paulo Prado published an essay entitled *Portrait of Brazil* that is a classic expression of the mood of despair that lays hold of his countrymen from time to time, the latter respect the book highly, although most of them probably would disapprove of its being translated into another language: it is too intimate, a family discussion that is not for strangers' ears ²¹.

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The Brazilian character is rather a curious combination of alternating pessimism and optimism, in which may be seen, perhaps, a reversion to Portuguese type. Last year, I spent an evening with a Brazilian economist, who proceeded to paint the gloomiest picture imaginable of present conditions and immediate prospects. At length I decided to interrupt my visitor with a blunt question: "Well, what do you think the outcome will be, anyhow?" The reply was: "Oh, I think everything will probably turn out all right in a year or so. Brazilian economy is like a cat: it has a habit of landing on its feet." This attitude is fairly typical. Back of it lies a certain faith in miracles, and, not infrequently on the part of the masses, a Messianic complex that is looking always for "the man," the leader — it may be an Antônio Conselheiro of the backlands, a Getúlio Vargas, a Plínio Salgado, a Luiz Carlos Prestes — who will appear to save the situation.²²

This peculiar variety of pessimism, seeming or real, that one encounters in Brazil is hard for the foreigner to grasp and may readily lead to false conclusions. During my recent stay in the country I was visited several times a week by a young novelist, who would sit for hours detailing the hopeless (to hear him tell it) economic and cultural plight of his native land: its enormous area (considerably larger than our own) and scant population (some forty-five million), resulting in a chronic shortage of manpower in agriculture and industry alike, the lack of communication and transport, as a consequence of which the Amazon region and Rio Grande do Sul are almost two different worlds, the distinctive admixture of races and difficulties of assimilation, the undernourishment of all classes of society from earliest colonial times, the physical frailty of the Brazilian people, the devastating diseases to which they are subject, and the lack of medical care, the alarmingly high death rate, the paralyzing effects of the one-crop system and big landownership, the excessive number of state functionaries and the governmental abuses that prevail, the lack of a civic consciousness, the indifference of intellectuals, the high degree of illiteracy (at least sixty per cent) and the absence of an adequate system of university education, with the result that most

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Brazilian intellectuals are self-taught, and accordingly are likely to exhibit a lack of philosophic depth and cultural background in their thinking and writing, etc , etc

The young man of letters, in short, was engaged in listing all the outstanding social themes, the age-old laments, that are to be found in the pages of Brazilian writers from the seventeenth century to the present time, and refuting him, playing a polite and sincere devil's advocate to his arguments, arguments buttressed by the documentation that only a native could possess, was by no means an easy task. It was in fact impossible. One might remark that Brazilians impressed him as being as civilized and truly cultured a people as any in the world. "But why?" the visitor would insist. One might then go on to cite the almost universal gentleness and courtesy of the *Cariocas*, not only toward foreigners, but toward one another, the rarity of street brawls and arguments, the patient orderliness of the long lines — those famous "*filas*" — waiting for the bus, the consideration shown for other passengers on the fantastically overloaded *bondes*, or streetcars, as contrasted with the fierce battle that takes place in the New York subway at the close of a working day.

"But are you sure that this gentleness and courtesy of which you speak is not merely the passivity of a people too long accustomed to repression?"

At this point my wife entered the room, and our guest turned to her and said. "Senhora, your husband has a very great faith in Brazil." His tone was a fervent one and there was a glow in his eyes, and then suddenly it was all clear. What this young man and his countrymen craved, what they needed, was to be contradicted, refuted, convinced in spite of themselves, or, in lieu of this, they demanded of the stranger from abroad a faith that would hold out against the worst they might say of their country or of themselves.

This is something for the foreign visitor, and above all the casual tourist, to remember as he listens to the conversations about him, if he has fallen in love with the land and the people, he will probably find himself a number of times a day defending Brazil against the Brazilian. It is something for the reader to keep in mind as he makes his first acquaintance with Brazilian writers.

the latter do not always mean what they say the way it sounds, which is not to imply any insincerity on their part, they are, as a matter of fact, passionately sincere

There is a difference in national manners to be taken into consideration. The North American who for the first time arises to deliver a lecture or make a public address of any kind in Brazil, if he is unfamiliar with the institution of the *conferência* as it is practiced there, will be surprised and possibly a little alarmed when the gentleman who is to introduce him, looking him straight in the eye, begins reading a eulogy of him which may run into many pages, and which to our more restrained taste may seem excessive. The guest of honor in turn is expected with becoming modesty to deprecate the praise bestowed upon him, whereupon he will be greeted with a polite murmur of disagreement from the audience. And his self-disparagement may even upon occasion be carried to extravagant lengths. This is a very old and charming custom, both in Portugal and in Brazil, and certainly compares favorably with our own after-dinner ritual, but inasmuch as customs reflect the psychology of a people, the point to be noted is the tendency to praise of others and depreciation of oneself. Bearing this in mind, we shall understand why it is that Érico Veríssimo, writing about the literature of his country for foreign readers, begins with an apology for that literature.²³

There is more than mere modesty involved however. Brazil, it is to be remembered, possesses a culture that is perhaps the least provincial, the most cosmopolitan and urbane of any in Latin America. For good or ill, so far as originality is concerned, she has ever been keenly aware of currents in the outside world, and has reacted sensitively to the mind and art of Europe and, in modern times, of the United States. Her standards are not parochial, economically a semi-colonial nation, she has judged and continues to judge her cultural and other achievements by those of the great powers, which in the past have been the producers of the great literatures.

It is in the light of this psychology that such a statement as that made some years ago by the distinguished literary scholar Afrânio Peixoto is to be read. Speaking of the racial mixture represented

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by the fusion of Portuguese, Negro, and Indian, Senhor Peixoto goes on to inquire what traits one might expect to find in the resulting Brazilian type, and he answers the question as follows

The Brazilians will be keen-witted and grasping, sharp in their dealings and wasteful in their economy, at once adventurous and idealistic, like the whites, they will be sentimental and servile, licentious and undisciplined, and at the same time capable of enduring the most severe hardships, like the blacks, they will be haughty and indolent, incapable of reacting against prolonged oppression but resentful of coercion and humiliations, like the primitive Brazilians, and these frequently antagonistic qualities may exist side by side in two different individuals or alternately in the same individual where the component elements have not as yet been purified and united into a perfect whole

Then comes a note of hope.

This process of slow fusion, incomplete as yet, and of repeated cultural selection, together with the enforced discipline of social life will fashion out of this mass a strong and happy folk We have the example of the United States to inspire us, for the situation there is in many respects comparable to ours

Meanwhile

They [the Brazilians] have all the faults of young peoples and their other qualities as well They are very proud of their land, which they hold to be the best in the world and are forever running the gamut of its praises This nativism dominates our entire literature, to the point where we are unwilling to recognize our country's shortcomings We imitate European models while refusing to admit it and arrogantly pretending to originality We have little imagination, whatever may be said to the contrary, and small power of reflection, but we do possess a great gift for showy verbal expression Orators, poets, journalists abound, but thinkers, historians, investigators are rare, we have no philosopher and but few novelists or men of learning The young have great ambitions but lack the patience for those things which are acquired with time and labor; whence their pessimism, their discontent, their disrespectful criticism of those who do something even though it may be far from what we should like to achieve.

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In Brazil as in the United States there are an infinite number of Babbitts and almost as many critics—more critical than they are productive in any form of activity. Critics who write, and those who do not write. In either case they are boastful, egotistic, Utopian, but generous and idealistic to a degree, and out of these qualities, with time and patience and the discipline that results from work and study, something in the end may come.

And the conclusion is

Literature in the Americas is not as yet a necessary and therefore sincere revelation of the mind and spirit that is fully formed, it is, rather, a precocious and almost always boastful imitation and for this reason is usually artificial, lacking in spontaneity. But there is still time for us to grow up and attain that maturity and perfection that go with art.²⁴

The foregoing mournful passage appears in a volume that was published in 1931. And yet, half a century before, the very culture that Senhor Peixoto is describing had produced in Machado de Assis a novelist with whom we have none to compare, and during the past decade and a half there has come out of Brazil a literature that merits and is receiving the attention of the world. This spirit of self-criticism continues to be manifested by Brazilian writers, and numerous other examples might be cited.²⁵ It may be looked upon as a hopeful sign when not carried to excess, for whatever the defects from which such a literature may suffer, complacency is not one of them.

This, when all is said, is what makes a journey down the centuries with these authors so rewarding and often so exciting a one. It was in the year 1618 that the Portuguese Jew and Paraíba planter Ambrósio Fernandes Brandão sat down to compose his *Dialogues on the Resources of Brazil*,²⁶ and from that day to the present, Brazil has been a nation in search of its soul, and its literature has in large part served to reflect that agonized quest. There have been moments of terrible doubt, a doubt enhanced at times when Brazilians have paid too much heed to incompetent voices from abroad. Was Buckle right in terming this a land of "wandering savages"? Were there grounds for the conclusion of

that expounder of Aryanism Vacher de Lapouge, who in a book published at Paris in 1899 declared that Brazil was "an enormous Negro state on its way back to barbarism," and that its importance, like that of Mexico, was "only numerical"?²⁷ This theme of racial and national doubt constitutes a leitmotiv that from beginning to end will be found running through the symphony of the best Brazilian writing

Ambrósio Fernandes Brandão had written of the "*grandezas*" (material resources, plural of *grandeza*, meaning greatness or grandeur) of Brazil *Grandeza* and *tristeza* (sadness or melancholy) — these may be said to be the two keynotes to the Brazilian character. The Portuguese language has a beautiful but in reality untranslatable word *saudades*, the nearest English equivalent for which would be "nostalgia" or "vague longing." Brazilian and Portuguese alike know what *saudades* means, for it is a common heritage, but in addition to this there is a sadness that only the man of the tropics knows and that the transient no more than faintly senses in the languorous eternity of noon or as the quick night falls without the dividing line of dusk. There is also a melancholy peculiar to *mestizo* peoples, and the modern inhabitant of Brazil well may experience at times something of the depressive mood called "*banzo*" that drove the African slave to a self-inflicted death, or it may be the somber introversion of the aborigine whom the Jesuit padres had vainly transplanted to their schools and settlements and a civilization that was deadly in its effects."²⁸

But for all of this — and here lies the paradox — Brazil is still a young nation, at once young and very old, and to approach its culture and literature, the first that may be described as truly modern to come out of the tropic regions of the earth, is to enter a door that opens upon a new world bright with the promise of tomorrow.

II. CUTTING THE UMBILICAL

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY was a golden age of literature in Western Europe, an epoch that came as the brilliant fruit of the Renaissance with its boundlessly expanding geographic, intellectual, spiritual, and æsthetic horizons, and that reached its peak in the Iberian peninsula and in England during the first decade or two of the century following. To bring back to mind just how marvelous a flowering this was, we have but to repeat those names that "every schoolboy knows"· Rabelais, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Camões. And there are others equally well known to the cultivated reader· Clément Marot, Montaigne, Regnier, Ronsard, and the Pléiade in France, Lope de Vega and Góngora in Spain, John Donne and the whole galaxy of the Elizabethans, and the Portuguese Sá de Miranda and Gil Vicente.

The French were to go on to their great century, that of Louis XIV, and of Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, but in English and Hispanic letters the foreshadowings of an imminent decline might have been discerned in the obscurantism and the tortured preciousities of a Góngora and of John Lyly and the Euphuists, while in Italy, where the heyday was somewhat past, the same tendency was visible in the *concetti* ("conceits") of Giambattista Marino and his followers. And Gongorism was soon to make its appearance in Brazil and the other Americas.

At the time America was discovered, Portugal was a great and growing empire, far flung and prosperous, so prosperous that, if tradition be true, the clerks in its treasury were unable to count all the gold that poured in.¹ But with the imposition of the Spanish yoke in the seventeenth century and the struggle with the Dutch to preserve its colonies, its power and wealth were to diminish and its culture wane, the high point of the latter being marked by the publication in 1572 of *The Lusads* of Camões. In the course of the succeeding centuries it was to become merely another small nation with only the remnants of its former splendor and its clinging memories of the past, whence that tendency that

has so often been noted on the part of the modern Portuguese to live in history rather than in the present and haughtily to bedeck himself with the glories of a vanished era ²

In the closing decades of the nineteenth century, the age of Eça de Queiroz, it seemed as if there was to be a renaissance of the Portuguese genius, but owing in good part to social and political conditions of the time, this hope was frustrated and, like the famous "generation of '98" in Spain, the writers of Lisbon turned to moods of despair and suicide ³ Today Portugal is a literary wasteland that may best be described in the words that Georges Bernanos applied to Franco Spain *cimetières sous la lune* Pick up its leading reviews and you will find them devoted almost exclusively to a rummaging of the archives and an incessant debating of questions of philology and textual criticism, a practice and habit of mind that have been aptly termed *memorialismo* ⁴

Yet with it all one is inclined to agree with Aubrey F G Bell when he asserts that "the Portuguese is the greatest literature produced by a small country with the exception of ancient Greece" ⁵ And Portuguese literature is the parent of the Brazilian

Something has already been said as to the more sophisticated character of colonial writing in Brazil as contrasted with that of our own country during the same period In addition to the factors of racial, national, and religious backgrounds, and the differing social circumstances and objectives of the colonizers, there are two points that may be taken into consideration The first settlement in Brazil, at São Vicente in the present state of São Paulo, was founded in 1532, ⁶ exactly three quarters of a century before the founding of Jamestown, while the Pilgrims did not set foot on Plymouth Rock until 1620, and in 1553, "the first Brazilian author," Father Anchieta, landed to begin his lifelong work as a missionary All this was some twenty years before Camões published his masterpiece Portuguese literature, that is to say, was still on the upgrade, whereas by the seventeenth century the falling-off in British letters had begun The Protestant Milton and his epic were yet to come, but the turmoil attendant upon the Puritan revolution and the Restoration was not favorable to the

production of great works and what is to be seen is largely survivals from the age of Elizabeth

The second point that may be noted is the pronounced difference of attitude toward literary creation discoverable in comparing the English colonists with the Portuguese. In Brazil the bearers of culture and the first writers — or among the first — were Jesuits, educated men with a high respect for literature and without the hampering scruples in this regard that the Puritan felt, and even laymen of the upper class — plantation owners, for example, such as the one who wrote the *Dialogues on the Resources of Brazil* — were not infrequently possessed of a surprising erudition that showed a close contact with the Old World and the mind of the Renaissance. Not a few of the first comers, and this is true of both priests and laymen, divided their lives between the mother country and the new land, to such an extent that it is sometimes, in the case of literary figures, a subject of debate as to whether they are to be classified as Portuguese or Brazilian.

An intellectual interchange of this sort did not exist to anything like the same degree between England and her American dependencies. It is true that the Puritans were a minority, but their influence was a strong one in the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonies and was destined to become more and more powerful in American cultural life. In their case religious prejudice served as an effective barrier against such ungodly diversions, fit for the followers of King Charles, as the drama, the novel, and profane poetry. Their view of the novel, one they had brought with them from overseas, is at once typical and illuminating: being fiction, that is something that was not true, the novel was in essence a lie and therefore immoral. The drama with them was unthinkable, poetry meant hymns, and prose consisted of sermons and theological tracts. There were notable exceptions to be sure, but the attitude described was a common one and is not to be overlooked.

In colonial Brazil the literary trends of Spain and Portugal are clearly reflected even in the sermons of the padres, and we hear a seventeenth-century Father Vieira on the one hand inveighing against Gongorism in the pulpit ("Is it possible that we who

are Portuguese are to have to listen to a preacher in the Portuguese language without understanding what he says?" and on the other hand employing in his own compositions the same hyperboles, obscure and tortuous turns of phrasing, and subtle conceits that characterize this school.⁷ Gongorism, indeed, is the strongest æsthetic influence that is to be made out in the writers of this period, and in this may be seen an instance of the close bond that prevailed from the start between the parent literature and its offspring.

By contrast, if we turn our eyes northward we shall discover little reflection of what is going on in the England of Cowley and Herbert, Suckling and Crashaw, the Milton who wrote *Comus* and *Lycidas*, of Wycherley, Congreve, Sir Thomas Browne, and all the others. It is true that Anne Bradstreet had read her Quarles and Herbert and the French du Bartas, and out of them had fashioned a weird kind of Gongorism of her own. But when all is said, the one New England figure that stands out as of more than provincial importance or purely historical interest down to the middle of the eighteenth century or the pre-Revolutionary era is that of Jonathan Edwards, who, far from being merely the hell's fire and brimstone exhorter that he has been pictured, was an able metaphysician who achieved a European reputation.⁸ It was not until the age of Franklin, Jefferson, Tom Paine, and Philip Freneau, marked by the influence of the Encyclopedists and the stirrings of French revolutionary thought, that North America began to lose the intellectual insularity that had marked its earlier history.

Preachers north and padres south — the great difference between them was a matter of horizons. The sermon was a prominent genre in sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Brazil, but the interests of the clergy were not confined to theology. Anchieta is a good example here. He was not only a priest, but a poet, historian, and philologist as well, writing in Portuguese, Spanish, Latin, and the Indian language Tupi. Where our literature in its beginnings remained parochial, the Brazilian, even though it might frequently be overimitative of Continental models, was far less narrow in outlook.

One reason for this lies in the fact that the men (without wives

and families for the most part) who settled Bahia, São Paulo, and Rio de Janeiro, while they may have been voluntary or involuntary exiles or fugitives, were not rebels in the sense that the members of persecuted sects who found refuge in North America were. Consequently they did not have the same feeling toward the land of their birth and its culture as did the Puritans, Pilgrims, and others. They continued to look to *o reino*, the Kingdom, with a great deal of respect, and just as the wealthy sugar planters of the northeast would import from Lisbon fine wines and other delicacies for their table, so would the writers bring over the literary fashions of the day. It is not surprising then if early Brazilian literature has the appearance of Portuguese literature transplanted to the edge of the tropical jungle.

But it could not in the nature of things remain a mere transplantation. The jungle saw to that. Had not the landscape impinged at once upon the consciousness of Anchieta and his brother missionaries? The landscape and the naked, red-skinned native roaming the forests and, a little later, the black man from Africa. And sugar, coffee, all the things that go to spell Brazil, a land that takes its name from the wood of a tree.⁹ For this, after all, *was* the New World, not the Old. The horizons of imperial Portugal were soon to contract, those of her colony to expand immeasurably, and so it was inevitable that a new culture should spring up on this side of the Atlantic and a new literature that should reflect that culture.

The history of Brazilian writing is very largely that of an attempt to escape the formative mold, to free itself of the Portuguese influence and achieve an individuality of its own. In this connection it is interesting to compare the shifting relations of our own literature to that of England, from Washington Irving to the present time.¹⁰ In both countries it was the growing urge to political independence that stimulated the striving for literary-cultural autonomy, but where in North America our writers for a long time after the Revolution continued to exhibit a certain subservience to English models and a wavering allegiance to the native theme and native forms, in Brazil the æsthetic revolt began much earlier, about the middle of the eighteenth century or some seventy-five

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years before the political yoke of Portugal was thrown off¹¹ The explanation of this will be found in the vastly expanded national consciousness and national pride that followed upon the opening of the interior of the country by the *Bandeirantes* of São Paulo, corresponding roughly to our "forty-niners" and other Western pioneers¹²

It is the struggle for autonomy that in general determines the various stages into which the literary history of Brazil is commonly divided Native authorities differ as to the number of periods to be distinguished and the precise lines of demarcation, and several chronological schemes have been proposed varying only slightly from one another and showing a tendency to simplification¹³ As I see it — and my view, it is to be remembered, is that of a foreign observer, but may have its value for that reason — the following classification might well be adopted.

- (1) Colonial Period, or Period of Formation, 1500–1750,
- (2) Period of Transformation and Struggle for Autonomy, accompanying the struggle for political independence, 1750–1825
- (3) The Romantic Liberation, marked by the dominant influence of French Romanticism, 1825–1870,¹⁴
- (4) The Anti-Romantic Revolt, signaled by the rise of realism and naturalism and of the Parnassian and symbolist schools of poetry, 1870–1901,¹⁵
- (5) Era of National Doubt, marked by such works as *Canaan*, *Os Sertões*, etc., 1901–1922,¹⁶
- (6) The Modernist Interlude, 1922–1928,¹⁷
- (7) Literature of the Social Struggle, 1928 to the present time

With this scheme it may be of interest to compare the recognizable epochs in the development of our own literature

- (1) Colonial Era, 1607–1765 (or –1776),
- (2) Revolutionary Era, 1765 (or 1776)–1789 (or, some would say, 1815),
- (3) Beginnings of a National Literature, 1789–1821, or 1815–1830,¹⁸
- (4) Age of Romanticism, with Emerson's address, "The American Scholar" (1837) as a cultural declaration of independence, 1821 (or 1830)–1867,¹⁹

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(5) Rise of Regionalism, following the Civil War, serving as a transition from romanticism to realism, 1867-1888,²⁰

(6) Period of Social Realism, embracing the expatriate-modernist decade of the 1920's (which corresponds in a general way to *modernismo* in Brazil), 1888 to the present day

The similarities in general outline must strike anyone and may be taken as evidence of a cultural history common to the hemisphere. We should not, however, indulge in oversimplification, and points of likeness should not be stressed to the obscuring of fundamental differences. In both countries, for instance, romanticism was the dominant movement of the nineteenth century, but in Brazil it was directly and heavily French in inspiration, while in the United States, where the Gallic influence upon letters has never been a strong one, our romantics like Cooper and Melville either looked to Britain when they turned their eyes abroad, or else drew spiritual sustenance from American transcendentalism, the philosophic sources of which were ultimately Germanic. Romanticism represented the *Zeitgeist* and naturally assumed different forms in different countries. Both with us and with the Brazilians it was put to social uses and served well the cause of abolition. It also, with José de Alencar and James Fenimore Cooper, gave the native red man a place in literature before he had disappeared completely.

So too with the modernist movement of the twenties there is a basic distinction to be noted. Our "lost generation" of that era migrated to Paris's Left Bank, there to discover such masters as Joyce, Stein, Pound, and Eliot, and to produce a Hemingway and others who were to rediscover their own America. The young Brazilians, chiefly Paulistas, for the most part stayed home, and their revolt had more of a native character, being concerned with asserting the rights of the popular speech as opposed to the literary idiom that writers previously had employed. But in either case there is evident a rebellion against the past or against the shackles of academic tradition, which is characteristic of the period that followed World War I and had for its noisiest representatives the French Dadaists and surrealists — the *Zeitgeist* once again was at work.

These points of likeness and difference will become clearer as the story goes on, they are mentioned here by way of illustrating the care that is to be observed in comparing the literary history of one people with that of another

One important trait that is common to Brazilian literature and our own is the prolonged effort to sever the umbilical cord between the new body of writing and the parent one. This does not mean that the child is to disown its parent, it means simply that it must eventually stand upon its own feet. A bond of another sort is thereupon formed, which is all the more valid for not being a tangible one. Such a process takes time — decades and even centuries. Here in the United States it is only in the present century that American literature has attained an academic respectability alongside the literature of England and has come to be adequately taught in our schools. It is now too vital to be relegated to second place — it is perhaps the most vigorous of any in the world — but this does not imply any depreciation on our part of literary Britain's glorious past, to which we owe so much. The bond of a common language should alone be enough to preserve the sense of kinship.

As for the Brazilians, who found in French romanticism the liberating force that was to enable them to achieve literary "autonomy," they have sometimes wondered if they had not exchanged one bond for another.²¹ The Portuguese influence, it goes without saying, still persists, it would be impossible to do away with it wholly even if writers in Portuguese America desired such a thing. During the last decade cultural relations between the two countries have been growing constantly closer, and today it may be said that Brazilian men of letters are more deeply conscious of their ancestral heritage than they ever were before.²²

One of the chief agents in the differentiation of a literature that has been transplanted to another land is the process of linguistic change that inevitably occurs. It has been believed by some in the past that language, the mold of thought, determined thought itself, and while there now is a tendency to see it rather as a reflex of culture, there would seem to be little doubt that the instrument of expression does have its effect upon our thinking.²³ In any

event it assuredly has its effect upon form, which is the primary concern of the literary or other artist. In a new and particularly in a radically different environment, there must be a host of new names for new things as experience broadens, and the experience and as a result the consciousness of the Portuguese in Brazil were indeed broadening, horizons were continually expanding while those of "the Kingdom" were shrinking, closing in.

There are also to be encountered strange tongues that cannot but affect that of the invader or colonizer. In Brazil it was first the aboriginal speech and later the numerous African dialects that were to alter the character of spoken Portuguese. Wrestling with the problem of racial and tribal intercommunication, the Jesuits by a feat of ingenuity evolved a *lingua geral*, or common tongue, which became the everyday household idiom for the early colonists, the language of the homeland being reserved for official use and state occasions.²⁴

Portuguese continued to be the literary medium as it was that of the educated class in general, but it was a Portuguese that, as Freyre has pointed out, not only contained many new and barbarous sounding words but had been agreeably softened in the mouth of the African slave, especially the Negro nurse, who had effected changes even in its syntax.²⁵ As a consequence of these contacts there is now as much difference between the Portuguese spoken in Brazil and that of Portugal as there is between American and British English or between Castilian Spanish and the Spanish-American variety. In the Brazilian dictionary there are some ten thousand words that are not to be found in the lexicons of the mother country.

Is this sufficient to constitute a Brazilian language? That is a question that has been much discussed these last few years. In 1936 a resolution was introduced in the Chamber of Deputies at Rio with the object of making the term official. The proposal was defeated after a spirited debate, but the controversy has been going on ever since. The outcome appears to be a generally accepted opinion that the Brazilian language, when all is said, is no more than a variety of Portuguese, the kind that is spoken and written in Brazil.²⁶

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In our country we have had a similar controversy ever since Mr Mencken published his book *The American Language* in 1919, but the interest in the subject has been lukewarm, perfunctory, and academic, we have not become as excited about it as our Brazilian friends. Neither the aborigine nor the Negro has had an influence upon the English language comparable to that which they exerted upon the Portuguese. The Indian was too soon decimated, all but exterminated, and linguistic memories of him are largely limited to place names. If American English differs to the extent that it does from that of London and Oxford, this has been due not so much to racial contacts or geographic environment as to American commercial and industrial dynamism as reflected in our culture — in our philosophy, even, as in the pragmatism of John Dewey and his disciples.

What we have then in Brazil is a people, a language, and subsequently a literature that are at once Portuguese and not Portuguese, very like their prototypes and at the same time notably different. Without being overly mystical one might perhaps say that there was something in the very atmosphere of the Americas that transformed the soul of man, and this transformation in the slow procession of the centuries was bound to find its expression in the written word.

III: LEGACY OF THE TROPICAL FOREST

AND THEN, of a sudden, on a stormy night, here on the edge of the forest, men discovered that awesome nook of the universe where the goblins dwelt. Here amid this tangled vegetation, amid the creeping lanas, in company with the venomous snakes, the fierce jaguars, the evil-auguring owls, those who had been transformed by a curse into fantastic animals were paying now for the crimes they had committed. It was from here, on nights without a moon, that they set out for the highways to lie in wait for homebound travellers and bring terror to men. And so now, amid the tumult of the storm, the men stopped, feeling very small indeed, stopped and listened to the despairing ghostly cries that came from the heart of the forest. And when the lightning ceased, they beheld the flame-spouting mouths and caught a glimpse at times of the inconceivable countenance of the caipora as it did its horrible goblin dance. The forest! It is not a mystery, it is not a danger, a menace. It is a god! The giant wood is the world's past, the beginning of the world.¹

FEW WRITERS have ever penned a more poetic, and poetically accurate, description of the tropical jungle and its effect upon the mind of man than the one the contemporary Jorge Amado has given us in his brilliant novel *The Violent Land*. Amado is here speaking of the cacao workers of southern Bahia in the early years of the present century as a group of them were brought up to the edge of the forest at nightfall, but he might have been describing the reaction of the aborigine, of the first white comers, or of the African who had been brought from another jungle overseas, for these plantation toilers of Ilhéus of whom he is telling us, and this is generally true of the Brazilian working class today, were men with the blood of all three races in their veins – and with the awe and fear of the forest in their blood.

If the *selva*, the virgin forest, plays so prominent a part in the novels that Brazilians write, the reason is that it lies like an inescapable incubus upon their spirit from the earliest years of childhood. It haunts the cradle songs that lull them to sleep and the tales their nurses tell them, tales of the *carrapatú* and other mysterious, terror-inspiring *bichos*, animal shapes half imaginary and half real, that people the depths of the secular wood. It mingles with the games the children play and with the diversions of adults (for instance, the game of chance known as *bicho*). It is, in short, a complex that is carried through life. As Freyre observes: "The Brazilian, above all in his childhood, when he is more instinctive and less intellectualized by European education, feels strangely close to the living forest, filled with animals and monsters known to him by their indigenous names and, in good part, through the experiences and superstitions of the Indians."²

For the Indian was there before him, and it is the animistic life view of the forest-roaming savage that he has absorbed as a substratum to his European or European-imposed culture. To quote Freyre again: "We still dwell in the shadow of the jungle, the virgin forest. In the shadow, likewise, of that *culture of the tropical forest* — of America and of Africa — which the Portuguese incorporated and assimilated with his own as no other colonizer of modern times has done, and it is for this reason that we are subject to frequent relapses into the primitive mentality with its instincts and its fears."³ The aborigine, accordingly, could hardly have failed to affect the literature of Brazil even if he had not bequeathed to it, as he has done, a valuable folklore legacy in the form of a number of charmingly poetic tales that have become a part of the national patrimony.

The Indians inhabiting the part of South America that is now Brazil, including the Tupis, Guaranis, Gês, Caribas, Cariris, and other tribes, were far less advanced in civilization than those of Mexico, Central America, and Peru, the Aztecs, Mayas, Incas, and others.⁴ Like the North American Indians, they lived chiefly by hunting and fishing, practicing only a little rudimentary agriculture in plots near their dwelling places, this kind of labor being left as a rule to the womenfolk. They did, however, engage in such

crafts as basket weaving, dyeing, and ceramics, at which they attained a high degree of proficiency, as is indicated by those antiquities of the Amazon region which the modern Brazilian collects so avidly.⁵ They occupied communal houses known as *ocas*, and their rude social organization represented a form of primitive communism.⁶ But despite its primitiveness their existence was anything but a simple one, being ridden with superstition and complicated with all kinds of totemistic taboos, for all nature to them was animate and every creature was either an enemy or evil spirit or else a friend and brother.⁷

While he was assuredly not the free, unspoiled, and noble savage whom Rousseau was to conceive and whom Bernadín de Saint-Pierre was lachrymously to immortalize in *Paul et Virginie*, the American Indian was nevertheless a poet at heart, for poetry was thrust upon him by the universe that he knew and the need that he felt for explaining it. That this is true of the North American as well as the South American native is shown by such a collection of indigenous poetry and prose as the one George W. Cronyn published some years ago, a distinguished anthology entitled *The Path on the Rainbow*.⁸ It is instructive to compare the pieces in this volume with the Indian legends of Brazil as they have been preserved for us by the literary scholar. Many similarities will be found, pointing to a common fund of racial experience, but with the red man of the tropics there is perhaps a deeper-brooding sense of mystery and fear, he is more inclined to the poetic tale as a means of exorcising his fears, and less to the love song, which is so favored a form of composition with our own aborigines.

Ronald de Carvalho has vividly described the terrors that beset the *caboclo*, or "copper-skinned" Brazilian with Indian blood, whether as of yesterday or today.⁹

The *caboclo* is brave, daring when needs be, calm in the fight even when all the odds are against him. Numbers do not intimidate him, nor is he downcast when his foe has a more advantageous position or superior weapons. But after a formidable encounter in which he has performed marvelous feats of courage, if a sudden ray of light should fall upon his lonely path or he should hear a crackling

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in the forest, he will at once lose his manly bearing, a shudder will dart up and down his spine, and, without further hesitation, he will take to headlong flight through the weeds and underbrush, will leap ditches and wade rivers until he sinks exhausted to the ground, overcome with a panic fear

Superstitions, oral traditions, and terrible stories of ghosts and goblins make up a good part of his psyche. Who of us has not as a child trembled at the laughter of the *caipora*, the perversities of the "*Mãe d'Água*," or water-siren, and the fiery eyes of werewolves? Here are to be found the bonds that unite us to one another, for all of us, though we come from the most diverse social classes, are a reflection of that great popular soul that is fashioned at once of melancholy and of dazzling light, of timidity and of high achievement¹⁰

But it was the Indian's lyric sense of kinship with the animal world that was responsible for some of his most pleasing contributions to the folk literature of Brazil. At least one tribe, the Jíbaros, believed that there once had been a golden age when the beasts had talked and acted like man and every animal possessed a soul, which meant that he was man's equal. The result was a number of tales in which animals are the protagonists, tales that at times make one think of the fables of Æsop, La Fontaine, or the Russian Krilov, or of the Uncle Remus stories of our own Joel Chandler Harris.¹¹ Living as he did in an environment that so dwarfed him and made any means he might employ seem so puny, it is not strange that the savage came to exalt the quality of craftiness and loved to portray the triumph of cunning over strength, as he does in a number of his oral legends.

As will be perceived by anyone who studies them, these native tales exhibit considerable imagination, vivacity, and occasionally a broad popular brand of humor. Some of the legends have put proverbial expressions into the language which are still in current use. Such is the case with the concise little story that follows.

THE JAGUAR AND THE CAT

The jaguar asked the cat to teach it how to leap, and the cat promptly did so, after which they both went to the fountain for a drink of water and on the way laid a wager as to which could jump

the farther Arriving at the fountain, they found a lizard there, and then the jaguar said to the cat "Come, my friend, shall we see which of us can land upon Comrade Lizard's back with a single leap?" "Let us," said the cat "But you must jump first," the jaguar said So, the cat jumped upon the lizard and the jaguar leaped upon the cat's back The cat then jumped to one side and escaped The jaguar was disappointed "Friend Cat, that's a trick you didn't teach me! You started but you never finished—" To this the cat replied "Teachers don't tell their pupils all they know"

From this legend is derived the popular expression, "*pulo de gato*," or "cat's leap," meaning a trick up one's sleeve as we should say There are other tales that, beautifully poetic in substance, appear to belong to a realm of cosmogonic mythology such as is common to primitive peoples everywhere One of these, entitled "How the Night Came to Be," recalls the legend of Pandora and her box ¹²

Only fragments of the Brazilian Indian's poetry have come down to us, and these are not very impressive He seems to have put his poetic impulse into his tales ¹³ His love songs cannot compare with those of the North American tribes as collected by Cronyn and others Most of them are prayers addressed to the moon or a deity of the skies to keep the loved one faithful:

O Rudá,
 Thou who art in the heavens
 And who lovest the rains,
 Thou who art in heaven,
 See to it that he,
 However many women he may have,
 May find them all ugly,
 And let him remember me
 This afternoon when the sun
 Goes away in the west ¹⁴

There is a note of melancholy in these songs as in Amerindian poetry in general, of melancholy and of disillusionment with the feminine sex, a theme that is to be a recurring one in Brazilian popular poetry for centuries ¹⁵ The verses that follow were col-

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lected by the famous nineteenth-century German travelers, Spix and Martius

I do not want a woman who has
Legs long and slender,
For fear that she will entwine them
Like vipers about me

I do not want her to have
Hair that is so long
That I shall be lost in it
As in a jungle growth

When you behold me lifeless,
Do not weep for me, no,
But let the caracara bird
Mourn my sad end

When you behold me lifeless,
Drag me to the dark forest
And let the armadillo
Hasten to give me burial ¹⁶

After the Indian has come under the influence of the missionary there are also to be found hymns and prayers in the Christian tradition. But it is as a maker of exquisite legends, not as a poet in the more formal sense, that the Indian has left his impress upon the popular psychology and literary productions of Brazil.¹⁷ It may be of interest here to recall that one of our greatest living novelists, Thomas Mann, had a Brazilian mother and a great-grandmother who was a full-blooded Indian.¹⁸

The Indian was not the only one who brought to Brazilian folk literature the breath and spirit of the jungle, the fears and imaginative creations inspired by the tropical forest. The influence of the African is by no means to be overlooked. Sílvia Romero would divide the popular tales of the country into four groups: those of Portuguese origin, those of American (Amerindian) origin, those of African origin, and those of more recent *mestizo* deriva-

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tion ¹⁹ Until a comparatively recent period, however, there has been a tendency to undervalue the Negro contribution. If the former slave and his descendants have come to be given a larger share of credit than in the past, this has been due to the pioneer early-century labors of the Bahian scholar Nina Rodrigues and those of contemporary anthropologists and sociologists such as Arthur Ramos, Gilberto Freyre, and Edison Carneiro.

It seems rather strange, in view of the intimate domestic relations that prevailed between whites and blacks, that the formative influence of the latter, of the nurse, the house maid, the Negro playmate, should have been neglected, but this is perhaps to be explained by the social attitude toward the slave and the idealization of the old *caboclo* type ²⁰ Yet who was it if not the *ama*, the Negro "mammy," who put the *carrapatú* and all the other *bichos* of the forest into the white child's lullabies, dreams, and waking consciousness? And these with her were not things that were foreign to her own experience and temperament, but very close and familiar, being intertwined with personal or ancestral memories of the slave coast and the jungles of Africa.

The three strands that went to form the national folk tapestry were sometimes blended in the same bit of popular verse, one line being in Portuguese and the next in the Tupi tongue or an African dialect, just as in the Middle Ages, Portuguese is to be found alternating with Latin in the same poem ²¹ When it came to legends the Negro had his own that were closely akin to those of the aborigine where the experience of the two peoples corresponded or overlapped. Thus the turtle is found on both continents and appeared to hold a fascination for black and Indian alike. Here is one of the turtle legends of African origin.

THE TURTLE AND THE ELEPHANT

One day God called all the animals together in order that He might assign to each its own special qualities (for He naturally wished to set each species apart to do a certain thing and fulfill a certain destiny). And He told them all to come back in one week's time.

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All the animals were making ready to return, when they began to mock the turtle, saying that she would not be able to go because she had no legs. But she said that she would show them she would go mounted on an elephant. The others laughed heartily at this; they would just like to see anyone as little as the turtle riding horseback on an elephant. "Leave it to me," she replied, and procuring a bridle, she proceeded to make friends with the huge beast.

On the appointed day she placed herself in the elephant's path and said to it, "Friend Elephant, I'll never get there at this rate, couldn't you give me a lift?" "Yes," said the elephant, "I will", and he knelt down so that the turtle might be able to climb up on his back. Then the turtle said, "But this way I'll fall off, if I only had something to hold on to—would you let me put this bridle on you?" And he let her do it.

When they had assembled, God said, "Good folks, I don't see the elephant." The animals then told Him that the turtle had promised to come mounted on the elephant's back. And surely enough, she did. There was a great clapping of hands as the other animals exclaimed, "How could a tiny turtle have an elephant for its horse!"

As for the elephant, it was ashamed and fled, and nothing more was seen of it.²²

If the Brazilian of today has a tale, an anecdote, a proverb, or a jest for every occasion—in drawing-room or business office, on the street, in the cafe, on bus or trolley—it is for the reason that storytelling like the forest is in his blood. A part of the folk heritage was brought over from Portugal: such tales as that of the stepmother (a favorite theme), of *Maria-Sit-by-the-Fire* (a version of the Cinderella legend),²³ various stories dealing with Moors, etc. But the Indian and the Negro have made an important contribution.

The popular imagination in Brazil, as Ronald de Carvalho has noted, is quite different from that of Oriental countries. "In our native tales," he says, "there are no splendid palaces nor sumptuous castles with costly masonry as in the *Thousand and One Nights*. The Brazilian Scheherazade is witty rather than opulent, she educates more than she dazzles. In the aboriginal legends, nature dominates man, and as in the fables of *Æsop* and *La Fontaine*, it is the animals whose function it is to reveal, through

their ingenious wiles, the virtues and shortcomings of human life" ²⁴

There is one folk character who has given rise to an entire cycle of tales and who has become a literary as well as a popular figure. He is Pedro Malasarte (Peter Bad Tricks), a kind of Portuguese-Brazilian Till Eulenspiegel ²⁵ In the old country he is sometimes a knave, sometimes a fool, but in Brazil he has taken on a new set of traits, for the story has here merged with an Indian and an African legend in such a manner as to constitute practically a new creation ²⁶ This affords an admirable example of the blending of the three cultures

In view of his storytelling background and proclivities, one may ask why it is that the Brazilian, as many North Americans see it and as he himself frequently will admit, has not as yet mastered the modern art of the novel. ²⁷ It was not until the romantic era of the nineteenth century that he seriously tried his hand at the form, and then, while his themes were for the most part native, regional, highly colorful, it was to European models that he turned first the French romantics and later Zola and the naturalists, or, as in the case of Raul Pompéia, the English Dickens. As for that serene, Olympian master craftsman Machado de Assis, he belongs not to Brazil alone but to the world

Since 1928, since the publication of José Américo de Almeida's *Cane Trash*, a new type of novel has come out of the intense social struggles and heightened social consciousness of the last fifteen or twenty years, a type that, showing the influence of Marx and Freud and Bergson, of Proust, Joyce, D H Lawrence, and others, seems less alien to us, often for the reason that it is less Brazilian. For the truth is that Brazilian writers are still largely engaged in telling anecdotal folk tales, and if in reading their productions one senses a certain disharmony, this is owing to the attempt to run the folk material through a new and foreign mold. When the attempt is successful the result may be (for those who have eyes to see) a new and glamorous kind of novel like Amado's *The Violent Land* one that is modern in technique but with the acrid tang of the tropical forest still clinging to it ²⁸ At first, however, the failures are naturally more numerous than the successes, and

even in those cases where the author has come nearest to achieving his æsthetic aim, there are bound to be flaws of technique, imperfections of form

The important thing is not to be astonished if the fruit of the tropical imagination is quite as strange seeming at times as the fruit that comes to us from the jungle trees

PART II

Toward Autonomy

IV. PRIESTS, PLANTERS, TRAVELERS, AND THE BIRTH OF A LITERATURE

ALTHOUGH THE BEGINNINGS of the colonization of Brazil antedated the founding of Jamestown by three quarters of a century, and although there was a considerable amount of writing from the year 1554, when Father Anchieta published the first of his *Letters*, to 1595 when he produced his *Grammatical Art of the Language Most in Use on the Coast of Brazil*, there are none the less those who will tell us that there was no Brazilian literature in this era. This is the opinion of Érico Veríssimo, of Viana Moog, of the academician and most recent literary historian Osvaldo Orico, and others. Another historian, Sílvio Romero, feels that the sixteenth century is important from the point of view of the formative forces that were at work and that were to shape the literature to come, and alludes to Anchieta as "the most venerable figure in the history of our intellectual development." But he is still inclined to believe that these first missionaries were essentially teachers rather than writers.¹

With this the distinguished present-day scholar Afrânio Peixoto would disagree. "The founder of our Brazilian literature," he says, "was Father José de Anchieta, who from the time of his arrival in 1553 taught the children of Portuguese and natives and, in addition to his letters, sermons, and documentary works, wrote poems for their edification and composed *autos*, or dramatic representations, for them to perform. This is the first literature written 'for' Brazilians or in Brazil, other than the prevailing literature 'about' Brazil for Europeans."²

The distinction that Senhor Peixoto makes here is worth noting, for much of the sixteenth-century writing that had the newly discovered land as its theme came from travelers, beginning with Amerigo Vespucci, who visited Brazil in 1501 and whose *Letters* were published five years later. It was Vespucci who first employed the phrase "earthly paradise," which was to be picked up by later rhapsodists. Then in 1557 from the presses of Marburg,

Germany, came the *True History* of that amazing adventurer Hans Staden, an account that is available to the English-language reader in the Malcolm Letts translation.³ This record of Herr Staden's captivity among the "wild, naked, fierce, man-eating folk of the New World, America" is the first book on Brazil ever to see the light of print, and the following year the Frenchman Friar André Thévet published his *Singularities of Antarctic France, Otherwise Known as America*. For the French also, dyewood hunters for the most part, had their economic stake in the early colony, at Maranhão and other points along the northern seaboard.⁴ Thévet's book, as Freyre observes, should be read "as one reads a novel." That of his Huguenot countryman Jean de Léry, the *History of a Voyage Made to the Land of Brazil*, published in 1587, is a good deal more factual.⁵ But these works all belong to the foreign literature of discovery, and while they furnish us with valuable background material they are in no sense Brazilian products.

Even as to the writing that was done in Portuguese, Osvaldo Orico would make a distinction between a literature produced *in Brazil* and one *for Brazilians*. There has been some dispute as to whether or not Anchieta is properly speaking a Brazilian author. Born on the island of Tenerife in the Canaries in 1530 and educated at the University of Coimbra in Portugal, he came to Bahia at the age of twenty-three in the company of the governor general Duarte da Costa and at once began his apostolate of more than half a century. This would certainly seem to entitle him to be looked upon as a Brazilian, and that day when, according to tradition, he wrote his first poems in the sand of the seashore may in a very real sense be regarded as the beginning of a new world of letters. Humanist, historian, philologist, poet, Anchieta was a citizen as well and played a prominent role in the early history of Brazil, being a participant in the founding of São Paulo in 1554 and of Rio de Janeiro in 1565. His *Historical Data and Fragments* (1584-1586) are in themselves an inestimable contribution. Yet for all of this the Portuguese critic José Osório de Oliveira, in his *History of Brazilian Literature* published a few years ago, finds that Anchieta remains a European.

His prose is that of a European dazzled by the spectacle of tropical nature, but the very fact that he is dazzled is proof that he is beholding the tropical scene from without, as a foreigner. A foreigner not by reason of birth or of the blood that runs in his veins, but an alien in mind

And so the argument goes on. As to the æsthetic quality of Anchieta's writings, it is generally conceded that they are of documentary rather than literary significance. In his verse he displays a touching religious fervor and at times, as in his poem "To the Most Blessed Sacrament," an unusual gift of imagery, but as a poet he is not of first rank. Much the same may be said of his prose descriptions: many of them are quite remarkable but do not constitute creative prose.⁶

Two other missionary writers were Fathers Fernão Cardim and Manoel da Nóbrega. The former in 1585, two years after his arrival, composed an *Epistolary Narrative of a Voyage and Jesuit Mission* and was also the author of a treatise on the *Climate and Land of Brazil* and one *On the Origin of the Indians of Brazil*. His work is of interest as affording a contemporary view of the country and its people, but there is a large element of fantasy in his account of the aborigines.⁷ Nóbrega, on the other hand, is seen by Afrânio Peixoto as "the first apostle of Brazilian civilization." His letters reveal not merely the scholar, the moralist, the saint, but the observer as well, who has already fallen in love with the soil. "Brazil, as the good padre sees it, is 'a very large, broad land . . . we found it a good land and healthful.'" He is not favorably impressed by the character of the colonists, many of whom were exiles. "The Christians are the prime source of scandals. . . . Of all who come here, none has a love for this land, all wish to exploit it, whatever the cost to the land itself, because they do not expect to remain . . . their real love is for Portugal!"⁸

Whatever their literary qualities or lack of such qualities, the Jesuits were unquestionably the founders of Brazilian culture, and this accounts for the high prestige that the Society of Jesus enjoys in the country today. They had their faults, but they had at the same time many conspicuous virtues, and their energy was enormous. As a result they have been both praised and damned. In

the nineteenth century they were the object of a certain narrow positivistic criticism, as in the pages of Sílvia Romero

The major part of those authors who have written on Brazilian literature in the sixteenth century have let themselves go in festive hymns to the great services that the Jesuits rendered, but a more impartial examination of the facts will diminish this enthusiasm somewhat. In the first place, of the fathers of the Society who came to Brazil in those days none were truly outstanding for their individual qualities. Moreover, the Jesuit influence, though it may have been responsible for the conversion of a few hundred Indians, was not at all a fortunate one for a young nation, from the intellectual and aesthetic point of view. Their *ponderous and abstract humanism*, their empty and casuistic formulas, their paucity of artistic intuition very soon began to show in the mentality of the creole populations. And so it is that we do not have in this century a single literary production other than those of Anchieta that deserves to be remembered. It was only after the Jesuit dream of a theocratic nation had gone up in thin air, and especially after a large-scale economic development had taken place, that Brazilian letters entered upon their period of sturdy growth.⁹

It is interesting here to compare what Osvaldo Orico has to say:

"We must turn the page an entire century and wait until the influence of religious instruction and that of the classic Portuguese culture shall have diminished, until the language shall have undergone the inevitable modifications due to milieu, until *nativism* as the expression of a soul state less literary than social shall have attained consciousness and consistency — it is necessary to wait until then for the hoped-for revelation brought us by a work which shall define, in an acceptable manner . . . and with talent and originality the true meaning of the term *Brazilian*."¹⁰

But nevertheless, so far as the Jesuits are concerned, it is to be noted that two of their severest critics in modern times, Euclides da Cunha and Gilberto Freyre, have become reconciled to the historic role of the Order and have tempered their former judgments to a considerable extent.¹¹ The point that is stressed by Romero and by Orico is the differentiation between Portuguese and a native Brazilian culture, and here much depends upon

definitions and upon the distinction between culture in the broader and literature in the narrower sense of the words

The fathers of the Society of Jesus were not the only writers that the sixteenth century produced in Brazil, there were at least two others. Pero Magalhães Gandavo, author of a *History of the Province of Santa Cruz* (Santa Cruz being the name originally given to the colony), and Gabriel Soares de Souza, who wrote a *Descriptive Treatise on Brazil in 1587*. Gandavo's work was published in Lisbon in 1576, preceded by an epistle in verse by Camões, and in the nineteenth century (1826) his *Treatise on the Lands of Brazil* was printed for the first time. These compositions, though lacking in style, are a rich source of information. Soares de Souza's prose likewise has few embellishments, but he has a way of putting things which is all his own and which makes his descriptions extremely effective. He is a close observer and reports faithfully what he sees, and is endowed, moreover, with a wide erudition and a profound love for the land of his adoption. He was a sugar planter in Bahia.¹²

Speaking of planters, they are very much in evidence in the literary-cultural annals of the first centuries of Brazilian life. They were by way of being the Mæcenases of the nascent literature, and were not infrequently writers themselves. Gabriel Soares de Souza owned a sugar plantation, as did the author of the *Dialogues on the Resources of Brazil*. And as the century draws to a close we have at Olinda the patriarchal figure of Jorge de Albuquerque Coelho, a *fidalgo* of illustrious lineage who encouraged the poet Bento Teixeira Pinto, of whom we are soon to hear, and who from his own pen left us a book of memoirs on the *Wars of Brazil*, dealing with the struggles attendant upon the first explorations.¹³

The role played by these *fazendeiros* is indicative of the character Brazilian culture has had from the start. That culture has been, and remains very largely to this day, a monopoly of the well-to-do and leisured class, and the same might be said of Latin American culture as a whole. True it is made up in good part of popular elements, but these have been lifted from below; and as a result it has become more or less an appanage of those with time and money on their hands. Brazil possesses an upper and upper-

middle class that is as highly cultured as any in the world, yet sixty per cent of the population is illiterate. Its men of wealth — and this must be said for them — do not as a rule go in for the “conspicuous waste” that characterizes our own social register set. They do of course like luxurious homes and tables, and, thanks to the North American and Riviera influence, there is a Copacabana and Jockey Club fringe, but the average Brazilian of means who lives in Rio de Janeiro or São Paulo and whose living comes from ancestral coffee or sugar plantations is more likely to spend his money upon books, old prints, and colonial works of art, and the chances are very good that he himself is a writer of one sort or another. In this respect he may be compared with the best representatives of our own country gentleman and leisure class from Thomas Jefferson down through Henry Adams to the present day.

One could cite numerous examples. Oswald de Andrade, the modernist, Roberto C. Simonsen, the economic historian of São Paulo, now a member of the Academy, and others.¹⁴ The life of a writer without funds is a hard one in Brazil, as it is in other countries, but in many cases the man of letters will be discovered to have a good sound financial rating behind him.

At the same time, and it is here that the anomaly comes in, it is predominantly the culture of the people that interests the Brazilian intellectual. He has his background of Old World interests, and in recent years North America has had its effect, but he is none the less fiercely proud of his national and popular heritage, however much he may criticize it upon occasion. What we see then is a popular culture that has been taken over, appropriated, by an elite, and it is not until the present century, especially since the 1930's, that we find the beginnings of a literature that comes from the masses themselves, and hear a critic like Astrogildo Pereira demanding a return of art to the people.¹⁵

The center of Brazilian wealth for several hundred years was the northeast and in particular the Bahia and Pernambuco regions. This was true until the nineteenth century when the European sugar market dropped off and sugar began giving way to coffee as the principal crop with the state of São Paulo as the

heart of the productive zone. Today, high up on the ridges of the city of Bahia and in the long fertile strip of land known as the Reconcavo that skirts the Bay of All Saints, may be seen the dwellings, some of them old and others very modern and even modernistic, of those whose ancestral fortunes were built by the bent backs of slaves in the cane groves of a former era. Similarly, in Pernambuco one does not have to go far from Recife to encounter what was once a thriving *engenho*, or sugar plantation, with a crumbling manor house that dates from the early colonial epoch.

Inside the homes of the present generation, as in those of the retired *fazendeiros* of Rio and São Paulo, there will be found a high degree of culture and refinement, and one need not converse long with their occupants to discover the intense love they have for everything that pertains to their region, whether it be the paintings of Debret, the engravings of Rugendas, or an altarpiece from one of the old churches. In the Rio de Janeiro mansion of a descendant of the Pernambucan planters, I was a bit startled at first when my eyes fell upon one of Cândido Portinari's largest and finest canvases hanging between two others that had come from dismantled sacristies of the northern province. It is perhaps significant that the Portinari seemed perfectly in place there, showing the artist as being essentially in the classic Brazilian tradition and revealing the cultural continuity that may be traced from the sixteenth century to the present time.

During the last decade a new regionalism has come out of the northeast, one that is given expression in *Region and Tradition, Brazil: An Interpretation*, and other works by Gilberto Freyre and in the novels of José Lins do Rego, Jorge Amado, and Graciliano Ramos.¹⁶ This section has long produced more than its share of literary figures, and while regional novelists of the nineteenth century turned their attention for a time to the westward-lying states of Minas Gerais and Mato Grosso, and while there has been of late a growing literature from Rio Grande do Sul, the *nortistas* still continue to hold the field to a large extent, and some years ago there was considerable talk of the "invasion" that the writers of Bahia and Pernambuco were staging.¹⁷ The origins of this

hegemony are to be glimpsed at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, in the days when Jorge de Albuquerque Coelho held court at Olinda and when Bahia was a capital that in its refinements of living, its luxury and gaiety was a worthy rival of Lisbon

Owing to its revenues from brazilwood and sugar, the aristocracy of that era had no need to spare expense, but was free to indulge in a constant round of balls, banquets, and other social functions. Father Cardim, who was deeply shocked by it all, tells us that "The men go clad in velvet, silks, and damask and spend their money freely on thoroughbred horses with saddles and other trappings of the same materials. The ladies as well make a show of luxury and are fonder of gay parties than they are of devotions . . . One encounters more vain display here than one does in Lisbon."¹⁹ It was in brief an imitation of the Portuguese capital that had been set up in the wilderness, and a very close imitation at that: the same costly apparel, the same diversions, the same wines for the table, the same fondness for literature and the arts as the crowning touch of gracious living. Portugal, let us remember, had just produced a Camões

Bahia was to remain the viceregal capital until 1765, when the seat of government was transferred to Rio de Janeiro, and for the better part of two centuries it was also the capital of Brazilian intellectual life. The highly sophisticated society that Father Cardim has described for us, one that was in full bloom some while before the first colonist had set foot in Jamestown, afforded a subject ready-made for the pen of the moralist and satirist, and it was not long before Bahia was to have its Juvenal in the person of the early-seventeenth-century poet Gregório de Matos, yet there was, after all, a fundamental difference between this society and that of Lisbon: the economic base here was solid and achievement lay ahead, whereas in Portugal there were soon to be left only memories and the refuge of a haughty, stubborn, somewhat ridiculous pride. Those black-skinned slaves from Guinea and the lucrative slave trade that was springing up might have been taken as the symbols of a prosperity to come, a new nation, a new people that were to be born on this side of the

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ocean, and a new culture also as soon as the new and native elements should have been absorbed and the shackles of the old thrown off

Here too may be discovered the essential difference between the literature of colonial Bahia and what the writers of the northeast are bringing us today. What José Lins do Rego, for example, is engaged in portraying is an aristocratic-patriarchal society in process of disintegration. He is a kind of Brazilian Thomas Hardy whose theme is the saddening conflict of the old with the new, of the civilization that grew up around the plantation manor house with the urban and industrial one of the twentieth century, while Jorge Amado, who incidentally is a mulatto, may be said to represent the revolt of the masses, and Graciliano Ramos may be seen as depicting the "anguish," the inner struggles, of the middle-class intellectual who feels himself trapped by it all.

It is the difference between twilight and dawn, and it was the dawn that was breaking when that bounteous-living patriarch Jorge de Albuquerque Coelho poured the wine and penned his memoirs, and Bento Teixeira Pinto composed the first Brazilian epic, the *Prosopopéa*.

V: THE EPIC SPIRIT AND THE DAWN OF NATIONALISM

IF EVER THERE WAS an age that was suited to the production of an epic, one might think that it would have been the sixteenth century, or in general the Renaissance era, when seemingly of a sudden (though in reality it had been long preparing) the world that man had known was limitlessly expanded, and not merely his geographic but his intellectual and spiritual horizons as well appeared to be lifting on a realm of undreamed and infinite possibilities. Had not Copernicus discovered a new heaven to go with the new earth that Columbus and his successors were engaged in revealing? How matter-of-factly we employ the phrase "New World" today without a thought as to the wealth of meaning and exciting connotations that it held for the European of four hundred years ago!

It was Vasco da Gama and his voyage to the semimythical Indies that provided Camões with his theme in *The Lusads*, which becomes a hymn to the glorious achievements of the Portuguese people, but Camões's contemporary the Italian Tasso in his *Jerusalem Delivered* turned back to the Crusades, while the English Spenser in *The Faerie Queene* combines a Renaissance sensuousness with a late-medieval chivalry and a moralism that is the fruit of the Protestant Reformation. In all these works there is to be felt a breath of heroic inspiration that is distinctly of the age, but at the same time there is a clinging to the past, especially on the side of form, and Spenser is obliged to defend his metrical innovations against his friends Harvey and Sidney even as he apologizes for his archaic vocabulary. All in all it is *The Lusads* out of imperial Portugal at the apex of her glory that affords us the one great expression we have of the impact made upon the spirit of man by the post-Columbian world. And Camões of course was the revered master and model of Brazil's first poets.

Meanwhile in connection with the task of clearing away what the humanists regarded as the debris of medievalism to make way

for a new learning that had been inspired by classical antiquity, there was growing up in Europe a spirit of ironic laughter, which, given a typical embodiment in the works of François Rabelais, was not favorable to the production of historical epics, and in the early years of the following century (in 1605) Cervantes began the business of demolishing the romance of chivalry with the publication of the first portion of his *Don Quixote*. A couple of centuries later Hegel was to speak of the impossibility of creating an epic in the modern world. Was it already impossible at the dawn of the seventeenth century? ¹

Certainly the primitive "epic of growth" or accretion, such as the Anglo-Saxon *Beowulf*, was long since a thing of the past, and if we except Milton's *Paradise Lost* the "epic of art" was likewise on the wane. As for the virgin continent of the Americas the bloody wars that were waged to subdue the fierce Araucanian tribes of Southern Chile had inspired in the latter half of the sixteenth century a poem that has been described as "the only great classic epic in the Spanish language" *The Araucana* of Alonso de Ercilla, but thereafter the harvest was scant. ² This is true not only of Spanish America but of the hemisphere as a whole. In our own country we would hardly point with pride to *Evangeline* or *Hiawatha*, and in Brazil while a number of attempts were made in the genre they were not highly successful.

A distinction is to be made between the epic spirit and the epic as a form deriving from another, more primitive age and carrying with it a metrical-linguistic baggage as well as a traditional tone that tends to imitation, artificiality, and a resulting hollowness of impression. That the life of the Brazilian colonist of this period had its moments of dramatic and even epic intensity is shown by such an unpretending yet remarkable document as the *Account of the Shipwreck*, by an unknown hand, which was first published some time late in the sixteenth century and reprinted in 1601. The adventure was one that befell Jorge de Albuquerque Coelho and his fellow passengers on the good ship *Santo Antônio*, "the skipper of which was André Rodrigues and the pilot Álvaro Marinho, men skilled in the art of navigation." The following passage takes us into the midst of the storm.

PART II TOWARD AUTONOMY

We then ordered them to clew the foresails, to see if by this means we could bring the craft under control, and no sooner had we done so than a fearful thing happened and one which we never before had witnessed although it was no more than ten o'clock in the morning, it suddenly became as dark as night, the only light being that which the sea gave off as the huge waves clashed, spattering everything with foam So thunderous was the noise made by the sea and wind that we hardly could hear one another when we spoke

In the meantime, a wave much larger than the first⁶ arose and made directly for the ship, so dark and black below and so gleaming white above that those who beheld it realized they were soon to see the end of their lives Breaking over the prow, it rolled across the ship in such a manner as to carry with it the foremast along with the sail, the yard, and the bowsprit, it bore away the spritsail, the bulkhead, and the forecastle, and five men that were in the forecastle, and three anchors that were attached there, two on one side and one on the other, it brought down the bridge, killing a seaman who stood beneath it, shattered the small boat into four or five pieces, and washed away the water kegs and all the provisions that were left us In brief, it smashed the ship from prow to mainmast, causing it to fill with water, and for the space of half an hour there was nothing but sea overhead and not a man aboard could have told you where he was³

This is but a sample of the exciting subject matter upon which the writers of that day might draw, for if it was not a shipwreck it was Indian wars, or a raid by English corsairs, or a battle with the Dutch invader, or some other experience that was equally thrilling And many of these first rude chroniclers, like the one just quoted, who made no pretensions to being literary men, showed themselves to be possessed at times of a power of vivid description that is often somehow lost in more self-conscious efforts, as was the case with Bento Teixeira Pinto and his epic *Prosopopéa* This poet has been credited with the authorship of the *Account of the Shipwreck*, although it is not even known that he was on board when his patron made the fateful voyage in 1565 (the nineteenth-century scholar Varnhagen and others attribute

the work to a pilot) * If he did indeed write both pieces then he was a better reporter than he was a poet

Dedicated to Jorge de Albuquerque Coelho, then Captain-Governor of Pernambuco, the *Prosopopéa*, written in ottava rima, celebrates the exploits of Duarte Coelho Pereira, hero of the battle of Alcacer-Quebir (1587) in which King Sebastian of Portugal lost his life in the war against the Moors, an event that also led to the loss of the Portuguese throne to Philip II of Spain. The poem was published in Lisbon in 1601 and is commonly regarded as "the first book by a Brazilian-born writer" * As an epic it does not come off, being a confessed and feeble imitation of Camões. It is comparatively short, consisting of ninety-four strophes, and is uniformly uninspired and undistinguished in style. Sílvia Romero has praised it for its "descriptions of nature and of the savage," as representing the twofold tendency, as he sees it, of Brazilian literature. "Nativism with us," he remarks, "is four centuries old." And Torres-Ríosco observes that in this work "American nature and the American man appear for the first time in Portuguese poetry." But that is about the most that may be said for it. As Afrânio Peixoto sums it up "The birth-cry of the Brazilian muse, without originality . . . but made in Brazil" *

In passing it may be noted that Bento Teixeira Pinto has been identified as a Portuguese-born "New Christian." The role played by the Jew in the early literature of Brazil is to be remarked.

If there is one portion of the *Prosopopéa* that stands out, it is the author's description of the *Recife*, or Reef, of Pernambuco (from which the city of Recife takes its name), and this would seem to be merely an attempt to relieve the mediocrity of the poem as a whole by introducing a seemingly exotic note * The real significance of the work undoubtedly lies in the fact that it is the first definite literary expression of that "*brasilidade*," or love for the soil of Brazil, of which more and more is to be heard as time goes on. For something was happening in the Portuguese colony: a consciousness of Brazil as a separate entity with a destiny of its own was forming, the sentiment of nationality was being born. A contributing factor was the resentment against the domination of

the mother country by the Spaniards, and there is possibly a certain defiance to be seen in the act of a colonial poet who sends back to Lisbon for publication there an epic glorifying Dom Sebastian and praising the patriotic virtues of those who had struggled against Philip⁹

But a national consciousness was bound to arise sooner or later in any case, just as it did in the Spanish-speaking countries and on the northern continent. For one thing, it was on the very threshold of the century in 1602 that the great and colorful movement of the *Bandeirantes* began when intrepid pioneers from São Paulo made their way to the headwaters of the São Francisco River. Here in the adventures of these bold and hardy if frequently unscrupulous *sertanistas*, or backland explorers, was a real-life epic that was to have much to do with the fostering of a spirit of political and cultural independence. For as boundaries were thrown back toward the west the national pride at the same time expanded. The movement was to reach its height in the early years of the eighteenth century, attaining a climax in 1729 with the discovery of the diamond mines of Minas Gerais, but it was already in evidence even as Bento Teixeira Pinto, who as well as Anchieta has been called the "first Brazilian author," was publishing his work. By 1671 the *bandeiras* of São Paulo and Bahia had ascended the Paraguassú River on either bank, and two years later they are to be discovered founding settlements along the upper reaches of the São Francisco and the Rio Doce.

The only direct reflection of the first *bandeiras* in the contemporary literature is to be found in the few stanzas that have been preserved of a poem on "The Discovery of the Emeralds," by Diogo Grasson Tinoco, of whom nothing more is known. If it is true that Bento Teixeira Pinto was a native of Portugal, then this would be "the first Brazilian epic" (1689).¹⁰ In any event the author may be looked upon as a precursor of the late-nineteenth-century poet Olavo Bilac, whose "Hunter of Emeralds" is a masterpiece of the Parnassian school.

For the Bandeirante spirit lives on, as any visitor of today who picks up a São Paulo newspaper or listens to a public address by a Paulista may verify for himself. It is a tradition similar to that

of 1776 and the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution with us. In a manner of speaking the cultural history of Brazil after Bahia ceased to be the capital has been a tale of two cities: São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. Gilberto Freyre has spoken of "the carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, butchers who to a large extent made up São Paulo society" in the early days, and who "must have come originally from the Mozarabic masses" in the Iberian peninsula. There was to be found there "a lesser number of representatives of the military and foot-loose aristocracy." And this will perhaps help to explain the greater amount of energy that was displayed by the Paulistas from a very early date.¹¹

The contrast is one that has continued to the present time, with Rio as the indescribably lovely, easygoing, nonindustrialized cosmopolitan capital, and São Paulo as the "Chicago of Brazil," with its humming factories, its working throngs, its commercial skyscrapers, and busy-paced thoroughfares. There is also a marked differentiation in literature and the arts, the Cariocas being inclined to a more quiet and conservative attitude, while the Paulistas are likely to be daring and rebellious, fond of innovations. It was in São Paulo that the modernist movement of the 1920's, with its revolt against academic tradition, was to start.

Another thing that tended to increase the dawning consciousness of nationhood in the seventeenth century was the united struggle that was required to repel the invading French and Dutch. The effort to oust the former from Maranhão resulted in the two well-known and valuable historical works in French by Claude d'Abbeville and Yves d'Évreux.¹² As for the wars with the Dutch, they were marked by such exciting events as the attack on Bahia in 1624 and the capture of Recife and Olinda six years later. An account of this long-drawn-out conflict is given by Brother Raphael de Jesus in his *History of the War between Brazil and Holland* (1679).¹³ As a consequence of the Dutch stay in Brazil we have the Latin treatises of Caspar Barlaeus and Piso and Marcgraf and a poem, the *Mauritados*, in honor of the Count of Nassau by his chaplain, Franz Plante.¹⁴

It may be seen that we are dealing still with works of a more or less marginal character from the point of view of literature in the

proper sense of the word. But in Brazil writings of this sort, and, in general, socio-economic, geographic, and historical backgrounds, have an importance that is not always attributed to them in other countries. However much one may be inclined to purely æsthetic criteria, he here finds social criticism forced upon him, for never anywhere, probably, was there a literature more intimately and inseparably connected with the life of the people that produced it.¹⁵ Brazilians accordingly have a habit of regarding as a part of their own literary heritage all works of value written by foreigners about their country.

In the seventeenth century Brazilians and Brazilian writers were engaged in discovering their land, and were also simultaneously acquiring a historical sense with regard to it. And so it seems fitting that the two outstanding works of the first twenty-five years or so should have been the *Dialogues on the Resources of Brazil* already mentioned, published in 1618, and Friar Vicente do Salvador's *History of Brazil*, which saw the light in 1627.

The authorship of the *Dialogues* has been the subject of much research and some little controversy, but it now appears certain that they are the work of Ambrósio Fernandes Brandão, a Portuguese "New Christian" who came to Brazil in 1583 as a collector of taxes, who remained there until the year in which he composed his book, and who in the meantime had acquired several *engenhos*, or sugar plantations. He was a captain of infantry in the wars against the Indians and the French, and on one occasion in 1591 was denounced for Hebraic practices before the Inquisition in Bahia. It was on his Paraíba plantation that these imaginary conversations were penned.

In his book Brandão describes vivaciously and with an astonishing amount of erudition, which however is never unduly paraded, all the enormous natural wealth of Brazil. In doing so he had, it would seem, a political purpose in mind. According to some he was the first advocate of Brazilian independence, while others have suggested the possibility that by this tempting portrayal of *grandezas* he was inviting the Dutch to come in and take the country, a thesis that has little if anything to support it.¹⁶

Whatever the object the author had in mind he succeeded in

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producing an admirable piece of prose, simple, fluent, easy-reading. The arrangement is clear, precise, methodical, while on the side of content the *Dialogues* are a mine of information. They further touch upon an economic problem that in modern times has become a not uncommon theme for the essayist and creative writer. Briefly stated this theme is starvation in the midst of plenty. Brandão, one of the two interlocutors, who is Brandão himself, is refuting the contention of the other that Brazil is a "*rum terra*," a vile land.

BRANDÃO

I am certainly sorry to hear you express so unreasonable an opinion, and in order that you may not persist in so gross an error, I propose to show you that things are just the opposite of what you imagine them to be. But if I am to do so, you must first answer me this: if Brazil is a vile land, is that the fault of the country itself or of its inhabitants?

ALVIANO

How could the inhabitants be blamed for the vileness of the land, seeing that they cannot make up for what it lacks nor turn its sterility into abundance . . .

BRANDÃO

That is where you are wrong, for the land is so fertile that every variety of crop in the world could be raised here, the climate is good, the heavens smiling, the temperature mild, the air wholesome, and it has a thousand other pleasing attributes as well.

ALVIANO

If that were true, I should think that in all the time the Portuguese have been here they would have discovered these secrets, which up to now they have not done.

BRANDÃO

I see that I am going to have to give you a picture of things, by way of showing you how wrong you are . . .

[He then goes on to enumerate all the foodstuffs that Brazil is capable of producing.]

ALVIANO

Well, then, how does it come that all these things are so scarce, when you tell me there is such an abundance of them?

BRANDÃO

That is due to the negligence and lack of industry of the inhab-

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itants, for as you must know, there are in this State of Brazil five sorts of people

Brandônio mentions the seafaring folk, the merchants, the artisans, and what might be described as the hired help of plantations and cattle ranches. None of these groups, he asserts, has the welfare of the country at heart but is interested solely in self-aggrandizement —

There is a fifth group composed of those engaged in agriculture, and here there are two kinds to be distinguished: the richer ones who hold the title of lords of the plantation, bestowed upon them by His Majesty in letters-patent, or else have allotments of land, and those who, not so well off, are engaged in vegetable farming. And they all of them make use of slaves from Guinea whom they buy for this purpose at a high price, and their living is wholly dependent upon these slaves, nor do they allow the latter to perform any other kind of labor, regarding it as so much time lost to plant a tree which will not bear fruit for two or three years, a very long time as it seems to them.

For each one expects to go back to the Realm very shortly and end his days there — and so it is that in all this State you will not find a man who is disposed to plant fruit-bearing trees or to take that care of them that they would in Portugal, nor do they wish to raise cattle or other livestock, or if they do, it is on so small a scale that all the proceeds go for the maintenance of the individual and his family. This it is that explains the lack of everything, this is why it is we do not see here in Brazil farms, orchards, gardens, water reservoirs, big country houses as we do in our Spain, and not because the land is not suited for such things. My conclusion accordingly is that it is the fault of the inhabitants who do not make use of the possibilities that are offered them.

Brandão may not have been born on Brazilian soil, but he certainly had a love for it. And while we have already heard Father Cardim speaking of those who "have their affections in Portugal," the passage quoted above is the first clear-ringing protest that is to be met with in Brazilian literature against the imperial exploitation of a colonial country, against those who come and go bent only upon their personal gain with no concern for the condition

in which they leave the land that has given them their wealth. It is a protest that is frequently echoed in the twentieth century, by writers like Paulo Prado or Humberto Bastos. The latter's volume *Production or Pauperism*, published in 1946, reads like a modern elaboration of the Brandão point of view.¹⁷

It was nine years after Brandão had composed his *Dialogues* that Friar Vicente do Salvador's *History of the Province of Brazil* appeared in 1627. And it is with this work that, in the words of the nineteenth-century critic Capistrano de Abreu, Brazil becomes something more than a geographic expression and takes on a historical and social significance. Up to that time the term *brasileiro* had served to designate an occupation, that of dealer in brazilwood, and was employed by the Portuguese as a nickname for those of their countrymen who had made their fortunes in the colony. Those Europeans who were born in the new land were disdainfully known as *mazombos*, and everyone pretended to be a native of "the Realm" whether he was or not.

Then came Brother Vicente do Salvador (born Vicente Rodrigues Palha), a hearty friar who loved a good laugh and was fonder of Carnival time and the bonfires of St. John's Eve than he was of his devotions. In his instincts for the people — white man, black man, red man, all of whom provided him with material — he had in him much of the Franciscan, and as a consequence his book, which is not based upon archival research or painstaking documentation, has an anecdotal, folklore character. While his language may be a trifle less correct than that of his Jesuit predecessors, it is freer of classicizing influences and of the pulpit Gongorism that was so common in his day, and shows that the national tongue, Brazilian Portuguese, was beginning to form. His style is clear and precise, and the *History* makes ingratiating reading. All of which would seem to justify José Veríssimo in calling him "the one Brazilian prose writer of the initial phase of our literature."¹⁸

The *homo brasiliensis* had been born and had begun to express himself in the domain of letters.

VI: BOHEMIA IN THE WILDERNESS

GREGÓRIO DE MATOS has been called by some the Brazilian Villon. Others have seen in him a seventeenth-century Verlaine of the tropics. One leading critic declares him to be "the founder of our literature." Another terms him a charlatan. There are those who attribute to him a high degree of New World originality, and those who find him merely a plagiarist of Quevedo, Góngora, and Lope de Vega. Some say that a modern critical evaluation of his work will leave little of the reputation that has been accorded him, the legend that has grown up about him, yet the young of today appear bent upon a rediscovery of him. For the latter he is a symbol of bourgeois revolt against a feudal aristocracy, an early apostle of independence, a pioneer abolitionist, despite the fact that he came of an aristocratic and wealthy slave-owning family and is frequently none too kind to the Negro in his verses, even while parading his passion for mulatto women. He is by turns a moralist flaying the vices of Bahian society, and an embittered profligate taking out his spite on others. But all are agreed upon one thing. Gregório led a life that was anything but moral, that was in fact a scandal, and he had at the same time one of the wickedest tongues of any writer that ever lived, so wicked as to earn him the title of "*boca do inferno*," or devil's mouthpiece.

He was, to put it in a few words, the first Bohemian to make his appearance in Brazilian letters, and whatever his merits or lack of merit, he is without a doubt the most striking literary figure to be encountered in Brazil down to the middle of the eighteenth century¹ — the one, at any rate, most likely to hold the interest of the cultivated foreign reader whose concern is with the art of literature as manifested in various parts of the world rather than with the local and national aspects of the development of a particular body of writing.

Gregório de Matos was the product of his age and of the society in which he lived, and it is impossible to speak of his work without reference to these factors. He is the Brazilian counterpart of the

Peruvian Juan del Valle y Caviedes, his near contemporary, who in his poems assailed the aristocrats of Lima quite as fiercely as Gregório did the "lordlings" of Bahia.² For this, after all, was the immediate post-Cervantes epoch. The creator of Don Quixote had died in 1616, and Gregório de Matos was born in 1633, Valle y Caviedes in 1653 or thereabouts. It was an era of doubt and challenge, the age of Descartes in France. But in the Spanish-American and Portuguese-American colonies under the conditions that prevailed there, the great laugh of the sixteenth century was likely to turn to a bitter snarl as it did with the two poets we are considering here.

This in itself, however, is not enough to explain the phenomenon of a Gregório de Matos. A writer is something more, a good deal more, than the sum of his age, his environment, and the literary influences that are brought to bear upon him. There is always in the end, shaping or shaped by these things, the undefinable element of personality. This would seem to be especially true of those rebel spirits that, defying every convention, turn upon the society that gives them birth and flay it for the very sins of which they themselves are guilty and for a hypocrisy of which they are innocent. The Villon type occurs but rarely. The average artist in the same period will be found going along like the average burgher, conforming more or less to the accepted code, or at least not flaunting it, while intent upon his own æsthetic purposes.

In the case of the Brazilian poet, though the factor of temperament must remain an unknown quantity, we are able to descry some of the forces that went to mold his character, since fortunately we are in possession of a contemporary account of his life.³ The son of a Portuguese gentleman who had married a respected matron of Bahia, heiress to a couple of lucrative plantations, Gregório de Matos Guerra⁴ was essentially the product of a land-owning aristocracy whose wealth was based on sugar and the Negro slave. In addition to their *fazendas* his parents had 130 slaves, and it was in these surroundings that the young Gregório was reared. It may accordingly be assumed that he was subjected to influences very similar to those Gilberto Freyre has described in his classic treatise, and Machado de Assis has depicted in *The*

Posthumous Memoirs of Braz Cubas Both sociologist and novelist stress the sadistic impulses that were stimulated in the white lad by his relations with his Negro playmate or with household servants, the psychic effects of which were carried over into the adult life of the Brazilian of the Big House⁵ It was here too, quite likely, that the poet acquired his fondness for brown-skinned women⁶

In any event his father could well afford to give him the best that was to be had in the way of an education, which in those days meant a course at the historic University of Coimbra in Portugal Here the young scion of the new sugar nobility, preparing himself to become an *advogado*, or man of law, became famous almost at once for his extraordinarily brilliant mind and his mordant wit Having received his doctor's degree, he practiced his profession in Lisbon for a while, where he distinguished himself by his "sprightliness and learning," the legalistic subtleties of which he was capable in winning the most complicated cases His talents soon earned him a position as minor magistrate In the meantime at the court of Dom Pedro II and in the fashionable salons of the Portuguese capital he was making himself feared by the gentry, being especially noted for the ruthless manner in which he exposed pedants and pretenders Already he was manifesting those restless and rebellious qualities that were later to shock the townspeople of Bahia and give him a lasting reputation.

Finally, his abilities having attracted the attention of the throne, the King, "by reason of the particular esteem which His Majesty had for his (Gregório's) exemplary conduct," promised to elevate him to the Court of Petitions (Casa da Suplicação) But when the unscrupulous Dom Pedro wished to dispatch him to Rio de Janeiro to "investigate the crimes" of the governor of that province, victim of a royal grudge, the fledgling jurist declined to undertake the commission Some say it was this that caused him to fall out of favor at court, while others assert that it was simply his unbridled tongue and the satires that he composed One thing is known he went back to Brazil bitter and disillusioned, suffering as he saw it, "for the crime of being a poet." It seems that he had attacked a luminary of the bench.

However much they may defy a conventional code of ethics in their own lives, the Villons and Gregórios of the world possess, to begin with, a certain bedrock of integrity that may turn the profligate into a moralist at times, and it is from this vantage ground that they thunder their denunciation of major sins and loose their barbed shafts against the foibles of their fellow men. For them the enemy is cant, their archfoe the hypocrite.

Upon the boat that brought him back Dr. Guerra, as he now was called, had fallen in with the Archbishop of Bahia, who conferred upon him an ecclesiastical post, but this he did not hold for long, as he soon quarreled with his associates. He refused to take orders in the Church for the reason that, "knowing the weakness of his own nature," he felt that it would be a sacrilege, and that it was "worse to be a bad priest than a bad layman," an attitude in which his native honesty is to be discerned. In Bahia those who had enjoyed the advantages of a university education at Coimbra constituted a kind of inner aristocracy in themselves, and it is possible that, as one of the select few and because of his superior mind and attainments, Gregório expected to find more deference than was accorded him.

As it was, he continued to make even more enemies and more rapidly than he had in Lisbon, and as his bitterness grew, his writings became increasingly venomous. Troubles descended upon him, not singly but as his manuscript biographer puts it, "in bunches, like cherries." The resentment and ill will that he aroused and might have anticipated turned into something like a persecution. And to cap it all, he found himself financially in straitened circumstances.⁷

The disillusionment he experienced is reflected in his poems, and each of the three races that make up the Brazilian population in turn becomes his target. First there is the "Portuguese of the Realm"

Is there a miracle more strange —
Hear me well, you who have ears —
Than a man from Lisbon or Minho Province,
A Kingdom worthy, who in our midst appears?
Some lad who flees his father's wrath,

PART II TOWARD AUTONOMY

A criminal who here must roam,
Or else he comes that he may eat,
For there is nothing to eat at home.
Barefoot, naked save for his rags —
Ah, there upon the wharf he springs,
And a few lice and filthy bags
Are all the capital he brings

The Negroes and the *pardos*, or mulattoes, have their own racial pride, what Silvio Romero calls *negrismo* or *pardismo*, and they too come in for his scorn

Why should a man who's honored, white,
Ever be born in this land of blight,
If he claims no other *race*?
A land so lacking in any grace
That no one here is at all respected,
But is bound to be rejected,
If he can show no trace
Of *mulatto* features . .

As for the native and those who boast of Indian blood

Unreasoning rustic, brute without God,
With no other law than appetite,
A faun turned into an ugly clod
How it happened, I do not understand,
But this clay-soil Adam, this horrid sprite
Begot certain gentry of this land.

This will serve to convey an idea of the poet's savage humor, though it cannot give the rich flavor of some of the indigenous expressions that he is the first to introduce into Brazilian verse.⁸ It is scarcely to be wondered at if every man's hand was against him. The following lines have somewhat of the flavor of Villon's *Testament*

All here hate me very well,
Yes, I am sure of that,
But there is one thing I can tell.
I give them tit for tat
I am but one and they are not few,

BOHEMIA IN THE WILDERNESS

Yet my hate seems to be
By far the stronger of the two,
I loathe them so heartily
Some friend of mine (have I a friend?)
Says I should hold my tongue,
My songs, he'd have me comprehend,
Had best be left unsung
He tells me this, another warns
He is no friend to you
When each the other thoroughly scorns,
Then, what am I to do?

It was hardly to have been expected that a Gregório de Matos would ever find happiness in matrimony, but he tried the experiment by marrying "a widow as respectable as she was comely" who was quite as poor as he. In order to maintain the ménage he had set up he opened an advocate's office in Bahia, but this venture did not prove highly successful. Once again his basic integrity is evident, for as his biographer puts it, "His clients were few, for the reason that in suits at law he brought all his abilities to bear to see that the right prevailed and was the sworn enemy of those advocates who, by way of increasing their fees, involved the parties concerned in a labyrinth of conflicting opinions." As in Lisbon, he became known for his laconic humor in pleading a case and sometimes won out simply by improvising a satirical stanza.⁹

If Gregório did not prosper as a lawyer this was in good part owing to the fact that he did not take his profession seriously, for him it was another way of amusing himself. If he did not like the case that was offered him, even though the client had money, he would refuse to take it. On the other hand he would sometimes defend the poor for nothing. As a result there was little to eat at home, and his wife soon left him. It is said that he himself was responsible for her eloping with another man.¹⁰ From then on he became, if possible, even more bitter than he had been before. He was now the perfect Bohemian, living from day to day and taking his meals wherever he could find them. This kept up until finally (for it seems that he did have a few friends left after all) he found

refuge among the old aristocratic families of the Reconcavo region outside of Bahia. Amid these surroundings he appears to have been more tranquil for a time. In lines that remind one of the Roman poet Martial he pictures himself lying "in my garden plot," which is "a superb little country place," eating a banana, toying with an orange, with no neighbor, male or female, near. He is disillusioned with the city, content for a moment with his lot.

But if such an environment was good for his peace of mind, it did not tend to improve his conduct. For on all sides of him were "lascivious Negro and mulatto women," and they were his weakness, inspiring him to some of his best love poems. He could be, when he chose, a charming lyricist.

That mouth of yours, my sweet,
Needs not the rose's red,
The rose is but a cheat
When to your lips 'tis wed,
And if it would exchange
Its carmine for your own,
'Twould be a bargain strange,
So leave that mouth alone,
For you are fairer far
Just as you are

Then listen, Angel, do,
Listen to one who knows
When a maiden's fair as you,
Her mouth's a rose.¹¹

In the original, for no translation can carry them over, these verses are comparable to some of the lyrics of seventeenth-century England.

But the poet was not to continue his bucolic existence for long. While he may have felt that he had no friends, Gregório had his admirers, one of them being none other than Dom João de Alencastre, governor of Brazil, who had the compositions of the wayward bard specially copied for his own pleasure. Under such distinguished patronage things might have gone along smoothly enough for a time at least if it had not been for the arrival in the

colony of a Portuguese gentleman whose father had been lampooned by the satirical versifier. Upon complaint of this *fidalgote* the author of the satire was placed under what today would be termed "house arrest," and within a short while he was on a boat bound for exile in the African colony of Angola. He is said to have made himself popular with his fellow voyagers by strumming his guitar and singing folk songs, and reaching his destination, he soon had gained the good will of the governor of Angola also, perhaps by similar means. Through the mediation of this official he was enabled to return, not to Bahia, but to Pernambuco, on one condition that he stop "making verses" and keeping company with "musicians, songsters, and idlers."

He was now a sick old man, and nothing was left him but his guitar. One can picture him with all his pent-up rancors, twanging the strings of this instrument as the only vent for the feelings that he dared not put into words. He died in 1696 at the age of sixty-three, and like a good *roué* he turned penitent before his death, leaving behind him a poem addressed to the crucified image of Christ and expressing hope of forgiveness.

For there is an end to all sinning,
But Thy love, it is infinite

During his lifetime there was a volume preserved in the governor's palace in which all of Gregório's verses were inscribed. This volume was open to the public, and numerous copies were made from it, as a result of which varying codices have come down to posterity. A printed version did not appear until some two hundred years later at Rio de Janeiro in 1882.¹²

Though he may not be among the most original of poets Gregório de Matos had an impressive and many-sided talent. He was at once a satirist, lyrist, moralist, and he also wrote religious poems.¹³ It seems a bit strange that Brazilian critics should not have thought of comparing him at times to the free-living, free-speaking Martial and at other times to Juvenal, a Juvenal on the edge of the jungle. For personally motivated satire and invective with him not infrequently become a social sermon, as in the lines that he wrote as a farewell to the city of Bahia upon the occasion

of his banishment in which he speaks of the Brazilians as beasts of burden who toil all their lives to support "the knaves from Portugal" We hear him belaboring a gentry whose only claim to nobility "consists in much money and in holding on to it. . . ." As Ronald de Carvalho sums it up

Gregório de Matos, let us say it once again, represents in the history of Brazilian letters the revolt of bourgeois good sense against the ridiculous and childish pretensions of the gentry of the Realm He bravely, and often at peril to himself, passes judgment on the cowardice of cringing courtiers, he stands for nobility of character against nobility of blood, strength of mind and loyalty against sinuous and slippery intrigue He is, when all is said, the first virile spirit the Brazilian race has to show . . . ¹⁴

In saying this, Carvalho is thinking of François Villon of the *Grand Testament* He sees Gregório as belonging to the company of Coquart, Jean de Meung, Rutebeuf, and Gringore. And certainly the resemblance to Villon is sufficiently striking, particularly in such a piece as the "*Romance*" addressed "to all the thieves in various forms that are to be found in the City of Bahia" On the other hand one can agree with Goldberg that Carvalho's comparison of the Brazilian poet to Verlaine is farfetched, unconvincing

In the end Gregório de Matos remains what the literary historian José Veríssimo has called him "our first Bohemian," the first in the New World, it may be, and the forerunner of a long line that in Brazil is still flourishing today In the nineteenth century we shall come upon an entire school of Bohemian poets inspired by romanticism And until recently the well-loved bard of Ceará, Catulo da Paixão Cearense, valiantly carried on the tradition, one that represents a fusion of the Villon-Gregório de Matos type with the wandering native singer who is a kind of modern troubadour ¹⁵ In our own literature we have nothing to compare with this A Carl Sandburg and his guitar, a Kreymborg and his "mandolute," Vachel Lindsay taking to the road and hawking his poems these are sporadic and artificial manifestations, whereas in Brazil the Bohemian minnesinger is a natural phenomenon, a part of the

scene, and he sometimes, as in the case of the late Catullo da Paixão Cearense, breaks into the printed page

As for Gregório de Matos Guerra, he is, if nothing else, an exciting personality, symbol of a literature that was beginning to grow up, becoming at one and the same time more native and more sophisticated. And he was a contemporary, let us again recall, of the Mathers, father and son.¹⁶

VII: MUSIC OF PARNASSUS

NAMES OF PRIESTS continue to figure in the literary annals of Brazil throughout the seventeenth century. The padres no longer have a monopoly of the scene, laymen, both poets and prose writers, are beginning to appear, but such wearers of the cassock as Antônio Vieira, Antônio de Sá, and Eusébio de Matos are not to be overlooked.

Vieira especially is important and has been the subject of almost as much controversy as Gregório de Matos. Born in Lisbon in 1608, he was brought to Brazil when he was only six years old, and died in Bahia in 1697 at the age of eighty-nine. His apostolate, as may be seen, like that of Anchieta in the preceding century, was a long one. A portion of his adult life was spent in Portugal, but he lived on Brazilian soil for nearly fifty years, where he won fame as a missionary, educator, pulpit orator, and for the role he played in politics. In view of all this it may seem strange that his right to be considered a Brazilian author should ever have been challenged. In a letter written in 1673 he speaks of Brazil as the land "to which, by a second birth, I owe the obligations due to one's fatherland." Yet Sílvio Romero, in comparing Father Vieira with the poet Gregório de Matos, can say

The former (Vieira) is a Portuguese who lived in Brazil, the latter is a Brazilian who resided in Portugal. One symbolizes the Portuguese genius in all its arrogance of action and vacuity of ideas, the other is the perfect incarnation of the Brazilian spirit with its facile and ready facetiousness, its disdain of formulas, its disrespect for the great, its ironic laughter, its flexibility and superficiality, its incapacity for producing new doctrines along with a proneness to distrust the pretensions of European pedantry. Vieira is the Jesuit, product of a society and a religion that are spent. Gregório goes to school to the padres and begins by slapping at them, bantering them, doubting at once their wisdom and their sanctity. The one is a kind of tribune in a priest's robe who deludes both himself and others with the sound of his phrases, the other, a reveler, precursor

of the *Bohemians*, lover of *mulatto girls*, dissolute, unconventional, who has the courage to attack bishops and governors ¹

This view, expressed in his *History of Brazilian Literature*, Romero later corrects to some extent in his *History of Brazil through the Lives of Its Heroes*, but it none the less represents a certain anticlerical spirit due to the influence of positivism which tended to warp critical judgments at the end of the last century ² And even Carvalho, who came a little later and who is usually inclined to rectify Romero's too-pronounced sociological bias, in which respect he is in agreement with the æsthetic-minded José Veríssimo — even he apparently regards Vieira as an ally of John IV working against the true interests of the colony by advocating the abandonment of Pernambuco to the Dutch as a means of "saving the Indies" And he goes on to observe that "Vieira's character was as florid as his style" ³

Today however Padre Vieira is coming into his own again Afrânio Peixoto declares

The major part of his life and the better part of his work was Brazilian It would be an injustice to him and a stultification for all concerned not to give him his due as the most Brazilian of the classic Portuguese writers, the greatest of our Brazilian classic authors, for at his best, he is as Brazilian in his thinking as in his gentle, flowing style, free of those complicated over-refinements of which the Lusitanians of his time were so fond We have a two-volume anthology, *The Brazilian Vieira* (Paris and Lisbon, 1921) which brings this out clearly enough In this collection, his life and work may be viewed In addition to defending to the point of self-sacrifice those first Brazilians, the Indians, against the men of the Realm who enslaved them and killed them off with hard labor, he is, when all is said, as between Portugal and Brazil, always a citizen of the latter country, manifesting a patriotism that is truly nationalistic in character ⁴

The attitude of these two modern critics, Peixoto and Carvalho, toward the two seventeenth-century writers, Gregório de Matos and Padre Vieira, is indicative of the process of literary revaluation that is constantly going on in Brazil, and at the same time it reveals a certain partisanship the foreign reader would do well to

watch for and for which he should make the proper allowance. Thus Carvalho would re-establish Gregório while practically ignoring Vieira, while with Peixoto it is just the reverse. But is there any good reason why one may not give them both their rightful places the roustabout, guitar-strumming poet who died in the odor of sanctity, and the austere cleric who could still be so human, both in life and in those sermons and letters of his that fill fifteen substantial volumes? ⁵ Is one to be condemned because he was a social rebel, the other for being a priest? Does either the guitar or the cassock in the last analysis have a great deal to do with the matter? With all due modesty and respect for native opinion, one who is not a Brazilian may sometimes find it necessary to make such adjustments.

The search for indigenous roots is essentially a retrospective one. Writers of the early colonial period were not too conscious of it, although they cannot be said to have been wholly unaware of the fact that a new civilization, a new culture was developing under their eyes, and there were some who as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century were beginning to feel that this must inevitably be reflected in literature. This is the meaning of that phrase one encounters so often in the pages of Romero and others who have dealt with the evolution of letters in their country "being Brazilian" (*ser brasileiro*). Romero gives us a definition

Being Brazilian does not consist in writing about the Sugar Loaf, or Tijuca, or Tide Island, or the Paulo Affonso Falls. No one has better described scenes of this sort than Dranmor, the German poet, who lived among us. One must be Brazilian in the core of one's mind and spirit, accepting all the faults and all the virtues that are ours. To be Brazilian is to have within ourselves an undefinable but very real something that belongs to us and to us alone, that no one else has. This national character is not as yet well marked, by reason of . . . the tendency toward imitation, which is properly one of its elements but which stands in the way of a cleancut self-determination. ⁶

In his prose style there can be no question that Father Vieira showed a heavy Iberian influence, that of the Spanish Góngora in

particular His sermons, despite what Peixoto says, are ornate, hyperbolic, full of Latinisms, antitheses, repetitions, and the like Indeed he was in a way the founder of a school of pulpit eloquence, and both Eusébio de Matos and Antônio de Sá were his obvious imitators Yet there is a vigor that bursts through it all and that is of the New World rather than of the Old One has but to compare the Brazilian preacher with his Portuguese contemporaries in order to sense this

Friar Eusébio de Matos, who started as a Jesuit and left that order to become a Carmelite, was far from being the Bohemian that his brother was, but he too had a fondness for playing the guitar and for the harp as well, which led to his being dubbed "another Orpheus" He was hardly that, nor could he compare as a writer with Vieira, who is reported to have admired his gifts ⁷ The same may be said of Father Antônio de Sá, the "Portuguese Chrysostom" of his day ⁸ Both men were in reality imitating in an uninspired manner an imitation that was close to genius.

The tendency to a false classicism and Gongonistic affectations was one that died slowly, being still in evidence throughout the latter half of the seventeenth and the early years of the eighteenth century, and as will be seen, it was eventually to merge with the revolutionary impulse and provide a mold for the expression of the sentiment of political independence It is visible in the overwrought, rhetorical style of Sebastião da Rocha Pitta's *History of Portuguese America*, a work that for "being Brazilian" cannot compare with the *History* of Friar Vicente do Salvador but is valuable chiefly for the documentation it affords ⁹ And it is to be observed at its very worst, perhaps, in the verses of Manoel Botelho de Oliveira, who, as José Veríssimo and others have noted, was the first Brazilian-born poet to publish a collection of his poems

Oliveira's *Musica of Parnassus*, containing pieces in Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, and Latin, appeared at Lisbon, in 1705 ¹⁰ He was an accomplished linguist, correct always in his diction and versification but utterly lacking in poetic inspiration In attempting to chronicle the agricultural wealth of Brazil, he merely succeeds in producing something that, in Isaac Goldberg's pithy phrase,

"reads like a seed catalogue" ¹¹ A vain effort has been made to save for the cause of poetry at least a brief passage from his work, one descriptive of Tide Island, but even these lines, which show him at his best, will not bear critical scrutiny Nevertheless José Veríssimo, whose taste is too fine to permit him to approve Oliveira's bathos, discovers in him one of the first nativists, and it is with the author of *Music of Parnassus* that, in Afrânio Peixoto's opinion, Brazilian literature really begins ¹²

By now the reader cannot have failed to notice the number of "firsts" that are constantly being discovered, this is an indication of the seriousness with which the subject of *brasileidade* is treated Apropos of Oliveira and his "Tide Island" poem, which most critics have seen as at least possessing the virtue of being an expression of nativism, Ronald de Carvalho has this pertinent remark

Nativism, so far as that goes, is not something that characterizes our poetry alone, this "beating of the drum for the land of one's birth" is not an exclusively Brazilian trait but one that is common to all races In this respect, the Greeks, Romans, Provençals were nativists, ancient and modern peoples alike have in their poetry a faithful mirror of surrounding nature, for nature always was and always will be the great inspirer of works of art ¹³

The first half of the eighteenth century, that century that was to be so meaningful a one for the destiny of modern man, saw the two tendencies nativism and classicism running parallel and not infrequently intertwining On the one hand there was the continuing and intensified movement of the São Paulo *bandeirantes*, who created a folklore and a dialect of their own, there was the "War of the Mascates," or nativist revolution in Pernambuco, there was the discovery of diamonds in Minas Gerais and the erection of that province into a *capitânia*; and finally there was the appearance upon the scene of Brazil's great sculptor, the "little cripple" Aleijadinho, who with artificial hands strapped to his leprous stumps wrought miracles out of stone for the churches of Minas, works that have been compared to the paintings of El Greco.¹⁴

On the other hand early in the century there began springing up a great number of literary "academies" in imitation of those of Marino and his followers in Italy.¹⁵ We accordingly come upon groups with such weird sounding names as the Academy of the Happy Ones and the Academy of the Select in Rio, and the Academy of the Forgotten Ones, the Academy of the Reborn in Bahia. All this of course was a reflection of the decadent late-Renaissance influence, the delicacy of Petrarch having long since been lost in the stylized eccentricities of Góngora and Marino.¹⁶ As has previously been stated, our nearest parallel in English is John Lyly and the Euphuists in the sixteenth century. It was belatedly that the impulse manifested itself in Brazil, and it seems strange indeed to find these "academicians" thus parading their artificialities in the wilds of tropical America where so many brave new things were occurring.

But the members of the "academies" were often concerned at the same time with the native theme. In addition to the Gongorizing Rocha Pitta, whose *History of Portuguese America* has been mentioned, Nuno Marques Pereira now gives us his *American Pilgrim*, José de Miralles his *Military History of Brazil*, and Soares da Franca his poem *Brasília*.¹⁷ Listen to Rocha Pitta

In no other region are the heavens more serene or the dawn more beautiful, in no other hemisphere does the sun have such gilded rays or nocturnal reflections that are more brilliant, the stars here are more benign and always joyous, the horizons, where the sun rises or where it sets, are ever bright, the waters, whether in the fountains of the countryside or the aqueducts of the city are the purest that there are, the short of the matter is, Brazil, where the mighty rivers rise and flow, is an earthly paradise.¹⁸

As for the work by Nuno Marques Pereira, some have thought to discover in it the beginnings of the Brazilian novel.¹⁹ Bearing the title *Narrative Compendium of the American Pilgrim, Consisting of Various Spiritual and Moral Discourses, with Many Warnings and Documents against the Abuses That, by Diabolic Malice, Have Been Introduced into the State of Brazil*, it is an account of a journey from São Paulo to Bahia in the new land,

undertaken "without any other provisions than a shepherd's crook, a knapsack, and a water-gourd" The author is a good deal more of a moralist than he is a nature lover, but he is occasionally unable to resist the beauties of the landscape "The densely tufted groves, the fragrant flowers, the spacious meadow all covered with fine silver in the form of those pearls with which the opulent dawn enriches it at no stint to herself" The birds likewise seduce him with their plumage and their song, "merrily greeting the dawn with so much of sonorous harmony that they may well compete with the best counterpoint that art knows how to invent" He is inspired to verse by their melody and indulges in an ornithological catalogue

The *American Pilgrim* today is little read, but throughout the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth it was enormously popular in Portugal as well as in Brazil and ran through five or more editions. Silvio Romero pronounces it "sterile and soporific," but this judgment is perhaps a bit harsh. For after all we are here dealing with what is distinctly a work of the people, and whenever the people take a work to themselves there is usually something to be found in it if one looks hard enough, no matter what the aesthetes may say The *Pilgrim* is not unpleasant reading but has a certain naive and primitive charm that is reminiscent of Friar Vicente do Salvador and his anecdotal folk history.²⁰ José Veríssimo, however, would deny even its standing as popular literature, what in Brazil is known as *literatura de cordel*, so called because usually displayed hanging on a *cordel*, or cord This, he asserts, is fiction but has no relation to the novel, yet he adds that it is "the first imaginative prose work by a native to be put into print"²¹

Meanwhile the urge to produce an epic is once more apparent, although Soares da Franca's *Brasília* has little more than its length of 1,800 octaves to distinguish it, and the *Eustachados* of Friar Manoel de Santa Maria Itaparica, a long poem on the life of St Eustachio, is redeemed solely by a well-known passage on the "Island of Itaparica."

One prose work that may be noted, for the reason that it represents a continuation of that tendency to catalogue the resources

MUSIC OF PARNASSUS

of Brazil we have already observed in the *Dialogues* of Ambrósio Fernandes Brandão and the poems of Manoel Botelho de Oliveira, is the *Culture and Opulence of Brazil in Its Drugs and Mines* of André João Antonil (João Antônio Andreoni),²² who incidentally was an Italian by birth

It is perhaps fitting that this first period of Brazilian literature, the formative-colonial era, should be brought to a close with the appearance of a native-born dramatist. He is Antônio José da Silva, more commonly known as *O Judeu*, the Jew, sometimes as "the Brazilian Jew." At once a significant and a tragic figure, he was a social rebel like Gregório de Matos and had in him something of the spirit of Molière, who has been seen as influencing his technique.²³ But the Portuguese Gil Vicente was his real master, who inspired him to revive a more primitive and vigorous kind of comedy to supplant the mannered performances deriving from Italy, France, and Spain that up to then had been in vogue.²⁴

Da Silva's life was a short one. Born in Rio de Janeiro in 1705, he accompanied his father and mother to Portugal when eight years later they were sent back by the Holy Office. There he saw his mother tormented by the Inquisition. His father, in the meantime, had set himself up as an advocate and young Antônio studied canon law at Coimbra. At the age of twenty-one the son in turn was accused of Judaism and is said to have been compelled to abjure his faith. As a result of his sufferings he was unable to write for a while, but for ten years, at least, from 1727 to 1737, he was not molested by the authorities, and this was the period during which he produced the numerous comedies that delighted Lisbon society. Then in the autumn of 1737 he was once more denounced to the Inquisitors by a Negro woman whom he had chastised, and after two years of imprisonment and interrogation he was burned at the stake in Lisbon on October 19, 1739.²⁵

In considering the dramatist in that one decade of prolific activity that life accorded him, I find myself thinking of an author who may seem to have nothing whatsoever in common with the Brazilian-born Jew of Lisbon, but who indeed appears to be, and in many ways is, his exact opposite. Oscar Wilde. The two differed widely in social background and in their outlook upon the

world Both were rebels against society and both paid dearly for it, but there any analogy between them might seem to end Wilde's revolt was of an essentially personal, hyperesthetic, Bohemian character, one directed at middle-class Philistinism, he was by way of being a snob whose *métier* was keeping the snobs amused even as he insulted them *O Judeu*, by contrast, while the personal element, the fact that he was a member of a persecuted race, is to be given its due weight, was in reality a spokesman for the people, for those of whom, later in the century, Marie Antoinette was to say "Let them eat cake!"

"The people," says Ronald de Carvalho, "speak vibrantly through his bold and scoffing voice The famous Bairro Alto Theater became a true battlefield where a fierce struggle was waged between the impostures of the nobility and the sufferings of the people, between the grandiloquence of the official poetasters and the bitterness of a few great souls, oppressed and sorrow-ridden" ²⁶

While it is true that Wilde made his bow to socialism, a circumstance that probably hastened his downfall,²⁷ the bent of his mind and the quality of his art cannot be said to have been in any sense plebeian Where then does the analogy lie? In the attitude that the ruling class was compelled to take for a time toward these two entertainers, whom it found indispensable even while it feared and hated them and only waited for an opportunity to bring about their undoing

It was not merely the pretensions of the nobility that da Silva offended, in assailing the pedantries of his age he made quite as many enemies as Wilde did by attacking the cherished art of the late-Victorian bourgeois In a period when the sentiment of love was decked out in all the idealizations and Cupid trappings of a false classicism, one can imagine what the reaction must have been upon hearing such lines as these

This love that devours the soul beyond all hope,
What is it but soft soap?
The one who rubs with it will lose his stride,
Slip and slide,
Like a blind goat he'll glide,

MUSIC OF PARNASSUS

Fall here and there, his gait askew
So, one whom love has dubbed,
Well scrubbed,
Soaped and rubbed —
What foolish things he will not do! ²⁸

This is the authentic voice of popular comedy and farce in the spirit of Gil Vicente and Molière. The same writer could compose a beautiful love poem, and in such forms as the sonnet, the ode, and the madrigal shows himself master of an intricate technique, but his real forte was comedy. His output was large, filling four volumes in the popular edition that was put out in Rio de Janeiro in 1910-1911. ²⁹ During the last years of his life, from 1733 to 1739, he produced no less than eight highly successful plays, or operettas, the last of which was not staged until after his execution. These included *Life of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza*, *Life of Aesop*, *The Enchantments of Medea*, *Amphitryon*, or *Jupiter and Alcmene*, *Labyrinth of Crete*, *The Wars of the Rosemary and the Marjoram*, *The Shapes of Proteus*, and *The Downfall of Phaethon*.

And now the question once more arises: is José da Silva to be considered a Portuguese or a Brazilian author? Most of his years were spent in the mother country, but his theatrical pieces were also performed in the land of his birth, ³⁰ and Carvalho feels that in any account of Brazil's intellectual development *O Judeu* must be accorded a place. With this certain other literary historians would not agree, they find that he is Portuguese in inspiration when not under the influence of the Italian Metastasio. The Jews, also, not unnaturally, point to him as one of their own. Sílvio Romero sees in him "a Brazilian and a Jew" ³¹ The truth of the matter would seem to be that Portugal, the land that witnessed the flowering of his talent, has all but forgotten him, and Brazil, the land of his birth, has, justifiably or not, claimed him as her son.

Of recent years there has been a tendency on the part of foreign critics to attribute da Silva's reputation to his personal tragedy rather than to his abilities as a playwright. Aubrey Bell takes this view, and the French authority on Portuguese litera-

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ture Professor Georges LeGentil is of much the same opinion ³² The latter is probably right in asserting that the two best products of *O Judeu's* pen are the *Life of Don Quixote* and *The Wars of the Rosemary and the Marjoram* All the pieces, it is to be kept in mind, were written for marionettes, and whatever else may be said about them, they are swift-moving, full of verve and astonishingly clever word play In this respect they represent something like a mating of the *commedia dell' arte* and the theater of Molière

If the "Brazilian Jew" did nothing else for Brazil, he rendered a distinct service in helping to bring to an end that "music of Parnassus" that for a century and more had been sounding too sweetly, to the detriment of more native airs.

VIII: ARCADY AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN

IN ORDER TO COMPREHEND the literary and political events that occurred in Brazil in the latter half of the eighteenth century, with poet-conspirators dying in prison and in exile in a brave and glorious but premature struggle for independence, even as they sang of shepherd lads and lasses in the wilds of Minas Gerais — in order to understand all this it is necessary to recall what was going on in Europe during the same period. For Brazil from its beginnings as a nation, from the sixteenth century to the present time, whether she was conscious of it and whether she willed to be or not, has been a part of the larger world of culture and ideas.

On the one hand Diderot is to be heard declaring that "Liberty would seem to be the spirit of our century", and he and his fellow Encyclopedists, Montesquieu and his *Spirit of Laws*, Voltaire with his ironic, skeptical, but somewhat hollow-ringing laugh, and Rousseau with his "noble savage" and theory of the *Social Contract*, had for some time been preparing the way for that revolt against monarchism, clericalism, and the feudal nobility that was to culminate in the stirring drama of the French and American revolutions. Tom Paine would soon be producing his *Rights of Man* and *Age of Reason* and carrying the new evangel across the Atlantic, where Jefferson was reading his Diderot, and the sentiments that inspired the Declaration of Independence were forming in men's minds.

If ever there was an age that brings out clearly the sometimes hidden relation of human thought to the course of history, it is surely the eighteenth. But at the same time if we take thought as including the manifestations of the creative spirit in literature and the arts, there is discoverable what may seem at first to be rather a curious contradiction, one that is brought out in the thinking of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who even as he idealized the untamed existence of the savage was concerned with rationalizing the communal life of the species. This is but an instance, the contrast is evident throughout the revolutionary epoch. While the forces that

were to lead to the storming of the Bastille gathered strength, Watteau's shepherdesses still gamboled on the green, Marie Antoinette in her theater at Versailles was diverting herself and her courtly playmates with *bergeries*, and the French pastoral ballad was at the height of its popularity

Nor is it to be assumed that this was merely an escapist whim on the part of a ruling class that was going swiftly to its doom. Art was then very largely an upper-class affair, and the people and the nobility alike in their æsthetic impulses appeared to be instinctively drawn to the Arcadian theme. There was as always a historic reason for such a phenomenon, and upon investigation the apparent contradiction dissolves into a synthesis, with Arcadianism in itself revealed as a form of revolt against the Gongoristic excesses of the preceding century — as a return to a sylvan and bucolic simplicity, marked by an idealistic purity of manners and modes of thinking. This trend in literature had begun in Italy under the influence of Christina of Sweden, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, and the brilliant salon that she kept. Having abandoned her throne and the Lutheran faith to embrace Catholicism and the life of a Bohemian patroness of the arts, Christina had found refuge in the peninsula and there had gathered about her Metastasio and other leading men of letters of the day, and out of this circle in 1690 the first Arcadian "academy" was born, as distinguished from the ones that had gone before, of the school of Góngora and Marino. This was the formal starting point of the movement, but precursors have correctly been found in such writers as Tasso, Guarini, and Sannazaro.

What have these European trends to do with Brazil? The truth of the matter is that in each century from the sixteenth on we find in the Portuguese-speaking colony or nation a reflection or imitation — somewhat belated as is usually the case, especially in an age of slow communication — of the literature and literary tendencies of the Continent. In the sixteenth century, with due allowances made for overlapping, it is the classicism of the Renaissance. In the seventeenth, it is *gongorismo*. In the eighteenth, Arcadianism. In the nineteenth, French romanticism and later a Zolaesque naturalism. While in our own era those writers and

movements that come under the head of modernism will all be discovered to have had their effect upon Brazilian authors, with the European influence diminishing as a national consciousness increases, but never entirely disappearing. In other words, as with the relations between Brazil and the mother country, it has never been possible, even if it were desirable, to sever completely the umbilical cord that unites the culture of Brazil to that of the Old World in general.¹ We accordingly shall not be surprised to find the poets of Minas penning Vergilian eclogues and all the while studying Diderot and Jefferson as they surreptitiously circulate the Declaration of Independence and set about preparing their ill-fated conspiracy.

The so called "School of Minas" consisted of six poets in all: José Basílio da Gama, José de Santa Rita Durão, Tomás Antônio Gonzaga, Cláudio Manoel da Costa, Ignácio José de Alvarenga Peixoto, and Manoel Ignácio da Silva Alvarenga. Two of these, Basílio da Gama and Santa Rita Durão, cultivated the epic genre. The others were Arcadian lyricists, but Cláudio Manoel da Costa also wrote a heroic poem, *Villa Rica*, in honor of his native Minas, while to Gonzaga is now definitively ascribed the authorship of the famous *Chilean Letters*, a long verse composition of satirical intent and with political implications.

It is with the *Uruguay* of Basílio da Gama that the Brazilian ambition to produce an epic is at last realized in what has been described as "the best, the most nearly perfect poem to be produced in the entire colonial period."² Breaking away from the old classical manner and the imitation of Camões, the author writes in a run-on blank verse that affords him freedom of expression and is conducive to spontaneity. He is a real poet with a feeling for words and for his native soil that has caused him to be viewed as a "true forerunner of the romantics." His own life was romantic enough in a way. Born near a little town in Minas, he came to Rio at the age of fifteen to study with the Jesuits and had had four years of schooling with them when upon the orders of the Marquis of Pombal, high-handed but capable minister of the Realm, the members of the Order were expelled from Brazil.

He thereupon fled to Portugal, where he cast aside his novice's

robe and went on to Rome, being admitted there to the academy known as the Roman Arcadia. After a number of years he returned first to his native land and then to Lisbon, only to find himself accused of Jesuitism. Imprisoned and sentenced to exile in Angola, he composed a poem in honor of the Marquis of Pombal's daughter upon the occasion of her marriage, an act that led her father to forgive the author for having once been associated with the Society of Jesus.³

From then on Basílio became an avowed anti-Jesuit. How sincere this attitude was on his part is one of those questions that cannot be answered, but in any event it would seem to have guided him in his choice of a theme for his epic, a theme none too inspiring in itself but of which he succeeded in making real poetry for the reason that he happened to be a poet. His success in this regard may be taken as an answer to those who would overstress the importance of subject matter. The poem deals with the swift campaign waged by Spain and Portugal against the seven missionary villages of Uruguay, the Indian inhabitants of which had been incited by the Jesuit padres to revolt against the provisions of the treaty of 1750. Such an episode, for one thing, does not allow much room for action of an epic variety, but the author makes up for this by sheer descriptive power and beauty of language, as in the following passage, which attempts to depict the view that lay before the army as it crossed a mountain top.

How pleasing is the scene that meets the eye!
 In the immensity of space that lies below,
 A broad expanse of fields carved here and there
 With tremulous rivulets — how very bright
 The fountains and how crystalline the lakes,
 Where the wanton wind sprinkles with morning dew
 Light-lifting wings of birds that ride the air,
 The gracious slopes, deep valleys, and the dense
 And tufted groves, a verdant theater
 Where one may well admire the lavishness
 Nature has here produced. The patient earth
 Shows its plow-torn bosom and the various plants
 Join hands to form a long woven avenue

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Down which the yearning gaze goes wandering, lost,
As through the shades of greenery from afar
White-gleaming huts are glimpsed and temple spires ⁴

It is not so much the nativist who is speaking here as it is the romantic in love with nature and engaged in painting a word picture of a landscape that suits his mood. This is not as yet pure romanticism but rather an Arcadianism that foreshadows the later school. At other times the poet revels in a rich, decorative effect

From far around the purple canopy
The captains come to the merry, laden board,
Their weighty cares are exiled, banished all,
As they pour the wines of Europe in cups of gold
To the melodious sound of the eburnean lyre ⁵

Once again a translation must of necessity be a betrayal, since it is impossible to bring out the metrical skill and subtlety of the original. Reading him in the Portuguese, one feels that here is a poet who can as a rule accomplish what he sets out to achieve. *Uruguay*, needless to say, has its faults, but they are on the whole minor ones. And so far as the Portuguese language is concerned, the judgment that Garrett was to pass upon the work in the first half of the nineteenth century is probably accurate. "The *Uruguay* of José Basílio da Gama is in my opinion the modern poem that is possessed of the most merit." ⁶ Brazil's writers might still go, flee, or be deported to Lisbon and have their books published there, but Brazilian literature may none the less be said to have come into its own at last. It had become a fact.

"*Uruguay*," declares Ronald de Carvalho, "will remain a point of reference in our literature, where we may encounter the hidden roots of that romanticism that was to mark the dawn of our intellectual independence." ⁷

But Portugal also may claim Basílio da Gama if it chooses, and he will be found treated in the literary histories of that country. M. Georges LeGentil so includes him in his volume on Portuguese literature. After criticizing the poet for his anticlerical, anti-Jesuit bias, the French writer continues

This is the displeasing side of a work that may at least plead the excuse of having saved its author from deportation. But the merit of the epic, stubbornly anti-clerical though it may be, is beyond compare. We here see rivers overflowing, troops taking refuge in trees, natives capturing wild horses with their lassoes, scouts making their way along the rivers in a skiff made of animal hide. We may here listen to the nativist demands of Cacambo (a name taken from Voltaire), who is the inventor of the doctrine of America for the Americans. Basílio da Gama, champion of downtrodden races, is a precursor of the Indianism of the romantics.⁸

All of which, it must be admitted, sounds a good deal more like Brazil than it does like Portugal.

A work that is customarily and inevitably compared with *Uruguay* is the epic *Caramarú* of Santa Rita Durão, which appeared twelve years later in 1781. There are some who see in this poem more of real "Brazilianism," if less art, than is to be discovered in Basílio da Gama. While he also went to Portugal and became Rector of the University of Coimbra, Santa Rita Durão never ceased to be a Brazilian at heart, and he confessed that it was "from love of country" that he wrote.⁹ Feeling that, as he puts it, "Brazil is no less deserving of a poem than the Indies," he set himself the task of composing a national epic that would portray the history of the colony from the discovery of Bahia to the expulsion of the last foreign invader. For this purpose he does not make use of blank verse as Basílio had done, but returns to the classical ottava rima of the sixteenth century, for he is essentially a humanist of the finest type with, as Carvalho observes, more culture and less sensitivity than the author of *Uruguay*. His verse is at times reminiscent of Camões, at other times of Homer, and he occasionally achieves a truly Homeric or Vergilian passage, as when he describes the tremendous life-and-death encounter between two Indian chiefs. Description, indeed, is his strong point, especially where the movement of great masses of men is involved. Speaking of *Caramarú*, Romero says

The poem is false in its principal intention and in its context, it is prosaic in some of its passages, but in spite of these defects, it pleases us, lays hold of us. . . . It must be read as a whole in or-

der to be appreciated . . . The *Uruguay* and the *Caramarú* may be looked upon as preparing the way for our independence ¹⁰

The same cannot be said for the *Villa Rica* of Claudio Manoel da Costa, which in the words of the critic just quoted is "vulgar, prosaic, harsh, futile." The chief importance of the piece lies in the fact that it is the most typical example we have of the Arcadian school in Brazil in its most artificial aspects. Claudio was one of those who know all the tricks of the artist's trade but lack the artist's sensibility.¹¹ That sensibility was possessed in a far larger degree by Manoel Ignácio da Silva Alvarenga, author of the collection of love poems published under the title of *Glaura*. He was the youngest of the Minas group and is commonly looked upon as a transitional figure, one who anticipates in his verse the subjectivism that was to be displayed by the great nineteenth-century poet Gonçalves Dias.¹² As for the fifth member of the "school," if it was a school,¹³ Alvarenga Peixoto, only fragments of his work have come down to us. He would appear to have had real poetic talent, but was overly fond of palace life and the society of *fidalgos*, which lent an artificial quality to his writing. He is seen as a continuator of Basílio da Gama.¹⁴

If the "Escola Mineira" had done nothing else, it could still be said that in Tomás Antônio Gonzaga it had produced the most popular love poet who has written in Portuguese. Gonzaga's *Marília de Dirceu* is second only to *The Lusiads* of Camões in the number of editions it has had. The first printing was in 1792, and down to the 1920's there had been a total of thirty-four. How many there have been since then, I cannot state.¹⁵ The adjective "popular," however, when applied to the poetry of Gonzaga, is not to be construed in any derogatory sense. So astute a critic as José Veríssimo grows eloquent in praise of these songs:

Marília de Dirceu is the noblest, most nearly perfect idealization of love to be found in all our poetry. Although classical in language and poetic technique, it is a personal work free of the rivalries and superior to the formulas of the schools. The author sings of love in a tone that gives evidence of sincere feeling and is therefore deeply affecting. He sings of love as a great and honorable, a fruitful hu-

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man passion, in its relations to life as a whole and in its prosaic aspects, embracing the entire gamut of emotions, vulgar or sublime. For this reason, Gonzaga is a great poet. He was, indeed, the first in Brazil to sing of love so constantly, so exclusively, and so tenderly ¹⁶

Gonzaga's lyrics fall into two parts, those in Part I being expressive of a joyous optimism, a faith in life and love, while those in Part II reflect the bitterness and disillusionment that followed upon his imprisonment, exile, and forced separation from his Marília. In his second book we see him struggling to erect a philosophy that will withstand the blows of fate, and hear him crying out defiantly

Mine is a heart that is larger than the world's!

But in his more Arcadian moments, he can write a poem that reads like an eclogue of Vergil or one of Theocritus' idyls

Thou shalt go divert thee in the pleasant wood,
Supported by my arm, there we will nap
In noontide heat, for it is very good
To pillow my weary head upon thy lap
As round about, the shepherds in their bowers
Disport themselves and while away the days,
I'll deck thy tresses with the loveliest flowers
And on the trunks of trees I'll carve thy praise
Then thanks, Marília, O fairest far,
Thanks to my star! ¹⁷

There is a connotation of the *Song of Songs* in the imagery of such lines as these

The one I love is more fair
Than the white lily that sways on the air,
Where glows
The budding rose
For its brief hour,
Fairer than the cinnamon
In leaf and flower

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A field of wheat
Rippling in the breeze
In the noon's heat
As do the trees
Cannot compare
To your floating hair . . .¹⁸

There is another side to the picture, one that Gonzaga brings out in his poem describing the meeting and mating of love and death. Here he strikes an almost modern note

Oh! the tyrannic blows!
Oh, hands that deprive of breath!
The wounds of Love, I know,
Are but the darts of death.

From this, the dream I paint,
Marília, mayest tell
If it be death or love
That constitutes my hell¹⁹

Nevertheless it is always the vision of his loved one that sustains him in his sufferings and at which he clutches in his dungeon dreams

He who has not a beauteous form
In which to put his trust,
When the heavens are covered with clouds
And the wind is an angry gust,
Will not have the strength to hold
Against his fate's cruel thrust²⁰

At such a time it is his Marília's dreamed countenance that comes to pierce his night and restore to him the breath of life

There is no doubt that Tomás Antônio Gonzaga is one of the fine love poets of the world. He is of the lineage of Petrarch, and if one had no other reason for learning Portuguese, the desire to read his poems would be sufficient motive. Gregório the reprobate, the epic Basílio, and the amorous Gonzaga—these are the three outstanding poets of Brazil down to the nineteenth century

and the beginning of the romantic era. From the purely æsthetic point of view many would say Basílio and Gonzaga.

For a long while literary students found it hard to believe that the delicate lyricist of the *Marília* could also be the author of the celebrated *Chilean Letters*, that mordant political satire directed at the real or alleged misdoings of the governor of Minas, Dom Luiz da Cunha Menezes. This work was variously attributed to Alvarenga Peixoto, Claudio Manoel da Costa, and others, but the arduous researches of a distinguished present-day scholar, Sr Afonso Arnos de Melo Franco, have definitely shown that this tract, which becomes a sharply etched picture of manners in the interior of Brazil at the close of the eighteenth century, is by the same hand that penned the songs to *Marília's* tresses.

As usual in such a case the original political motivation comes to mean little or nothing to a remote posterity, and if a poem of this sort survives it must be by its own merits. And the *Chilean Letters* is a composition possessed of merit. In it we come upon much the same vein of social satire that was exploited by Gregório de Matos as the poet depicts the laxity of morals that prevailed in the town of Villa Rica, which was then the provincial capital.²¹

No one who surveys the Brazilian scene during the latter half of the eighteenth century can fail to be impressed by the great increase of literary activity. It is not merely an outstanding writer here and there that makes a literature, but rather a general and intelligent interest in the art of writing that results in a certain quantitative production out of which a number of works of high quality emerge. In this sense Brazil now had a literature, and — the point may be stressed once more — a far more impressive one than what the English colonies of North America could show for the same period. But if the northern continent did not have the poets that Latin America did by this time, it had the political thinkers — a Jefferson, a Paine, a Franklin, and it was the newly formed United States of America that was to be the teacher on the political plane, the leader and inspirer of the forces of hemisphere democracy.

Life had changed in Brazil. The expansionist *bandeirante* impulse had to a large degree spent itself, and those "mountains of emeralds" of which Claudio Manoel da Costa speaks in his *Villa Rica*²² now served only to enrich the Portuguese crown. Meanwhile as the precious stones, the nuggets and bars of gold piled up in Lisbon warehouses, the inhabitants of the colony found themselves growing poorer and poorer as a result of the heavy taxes imposed by the mother country. It was the old story of taxation without representation. And matters were not helped any by tales of the unbridled extravagance that reigned at the court of John V and his successors. The feeling between those who called themselves Brazilians and the Portuguese had been growing for some time as evidenced by the "wars" against the *mas-cates*, or peddlers, as the men of the Realm had come to be known. As for the descendants of those hardy pioneers who had opened up the interior and laid bare its hidden wealth, they had coined a contemptuous term of their own for the later comers from across the sea "*emboabas*," a word for which there is no equivalent in a foreign tongue.

As in the British colonies so in Brazil it was the rising and educated middle class that first felt the pinch of foreign oppression, and it was members of this class who were to be the leaders of the abortive bourgeois revolution that was soon to follow. A number of the poets belonging to the Minas School had been educated at Coimbra, becoming doctors of the law and some of them magistrates, while other sons of well-to-do provincial families had studied at Montpellier, Bordeaux, and elsewhere in France. Not a few of these young men had naturally enough been affected by French revolutionary thought, and when the American Revolution of 1776 came it seemed like the realization of their dreams from an unlooked-for quarter. From then on their spiritual allegiance was divided between the land of Washington and Franklin and that of Diderot, Rousseau, and Voltaire, and it was France that was to provide the common meeting ground for the liberty-loving spirits of three continents.

In the meantime back in Minas the intellectuals of that province

were keeping in touch by correspondence with their friends abroad. They too were reading the Encyclopedists and other French writers of the day, and it is possible that they pored over *The Sorrows of Werther* as well. And one of them, a dentist and army lieutenant whose name was Joaquim José da Silva Xavier, but who was to go down in history as Tiradentes, the "Tooth-puller," was in the habit of going around with a copy of the Declaration of Independence in his pocket, which he would produce and read aloud in public whenever occasion offered.

And so it is not surprising that one day Thomas Jefferson, who had succeeded Benjamin Franklin as minister plenipotentiary to France, should have received a communication that bore the signature "Vandeck" but that came in reality from a young Brazilian student, José Joaquim da Maia. The correspondence continued for some while, and then in 1787, feeling in need of a rest, Jefferson undertook a journey to the baths at Aix, the capital of Provence, and suggested to Maia that the latter meet him at Nîmes, which was on the way. The meeting took place in April of that year in the historic Roman amphitheater of the city of Nîmes, and this event, although most North Americans have never heard of it, has since become for the Brazilians one of the strongest of bonds between their democracy and our own.

The interview in itself was none too satisfactory in the eyes of the enthusiastic, possibly overzealous Maia. As the official representative of the world's first modern republic, which was having troubles of its own just then, Jefferson was understandably cautious, diplomatically reserved. He is said to have alluded not only to his position as envoy but to his country's international interests, all of which prevented him from being as frank as he would have liked to be. The implication, so it is said, was that while he could not definitely commit himself or his government, Brazil should go ahead and seek its independence and it might look for moral support from the north.

Present-day Brazilians are the first to excuse Jefferson for any seeming lack of warmth in the reception that he accorded the young Maia. The late Oliveira Lima, well known in this country, observes that Jefferson's response was "a model of diplomatic re-

serve," marked by "the rigorous precision of an official communiqué" ²³ The historian Francisco Adolfo de Varnhagen states

Maia was dissatisfied with the interview. He was under the impression that the illustrious statesman did not think much of the plan put forward by the self-appointed negotiator. This, however, was not so. Fine diplomat that he was, [Jefferson] was cleverly concealing in the presence of this inexperienced youth his own enthusiasm for such ideas, for on May 4 of this same year (1787) he wrote to John Jay from Marseille, giving the latter an account of what had taken place, and projects such as these were ever in his thoughts ²⁴

Maia returned to Lisbon and there, just as he was about to sail to Brazil, fell ill and died. But word reached Minas that the conspiracy that was fast brewing had Jefferson's support. The leaders accordingly grew bolder and more vehement, and the result was that their plans were discovered and they were arrested in 1789. Claudio Manoel da Costa committed suicide in prison, and the others, including poets, priests, and military men, were sent into exile, all except Tiradentes, for whom the authorities reserved their most savage punishment. He was put to death in brutal fashion, and his house was torn to the ground that there might be no monument left to serve as a shrine for his memory. Today any tourist visiting Rio may stop and gaze at Tiradentes's statue in front of the Chamber of Deputies in the Praça Quinze de Novembro, and many a newspaper reader who has never been to Brazil has heard of the Praça Tiradentes, scene of huge mass meetings, demonstrations, and sometimes riot and bloodshed. The memory of the "Tooth-puller" lives on.

Why did the *Inconfidência Mineira*, as it is commonly known, thus meet with so tragic a failure? Because it was, in Érico Veríssimo's words, "a conspiracy of poets"? ²⁵ This is also the view of Ronald de Carvalho.

Without any acquaintance with the soul of the people, without any previous careful sounding of popular sentiment, without so much as knowing whether or not the masses were prepared to fight for their political and social independence, the heroes of the *Incon-*

fidência, as was to be expected, were misled by their intuitions and their plans went wrong. Those plans were too visionary, they lacked clarity and practicality. It is not with poets and theorists that the freedom of a people is achieved, they may serve at best as powerful stimuli, but never as bold and ready leaders. The French Revolution was not made by Voltaire with his satires nor by Rousseau with his romances, it was brought about by hunger, suffering, and privation. The Brazilian people were suffering, it is true, but they were not as yet prepared to resort to revolution as a means of fulfilling their desires for a better and more abundant life.²⁶

The upshot of it all was that a number of the best poets, the best writers of the age, died in prison or in exile on the inhospitable shores of Africa. The entire "Minas School" was wiped out in this manner. Here lies the difference between our men of '76 and the little band of dreamers in Brazil: the former were hard-headed, driving, successful, the latter are accompanied by an aura of tragedy that lends a heightened interest to their work.

Arcadianism, none the less, died slowly, and survivals of it are still to be met with in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. In this transitional period there are a number of poets but only two or three names that stand out: those of Antônio Pereira de Souza Caldas, José Eloi Ottoni, Francisco de São Carlos.²⁷

Souza Caldas is one who just missed being an important figure, he might have been the first of the Brazilian romantics. He is of neither the eighteenth nor the nineteenth century but somewhere in between.²⁸ His earlier poetry is morbid, melancholy, pessimistic, and should have an appeal for readers in this present age of postwar disillusionment and skepticism. The poet feels that man has lost his "ancient grandeur," that all is in eclipse, peace is a will-o'-the-wisp, and liberty is in chains. Then as so often has happened with the great pessimists he finds refuge in the Church and from then on becomes a religious bard. His *Poetical Works* in two volumes were published at Paris in 1820-1, and an edition of his *Religious Poems* appeared at Rio in 1872.

José Eloi Ottoni, who was under the influence of Souza Caldas, has been termed "the most Arcadian of all the Arcadians."²⁹ He

too is deeply perturbed by the spectacle of human misery and is torn between pity and resentment. In addition to his original work, significantly enough, he translated the *Book of Job* and the *Proverbs of Solomon* (Souza Caldas had rendered the *Book of Psalms*)³⁰ If we add to these two names that of Friar Francisco de São Carlos, author of a mystic poem on *The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin*, we shall have about completed the list — the others would be no more than names.³¹

There was now a sadness in the air, a sadness that seems always to accompany those epochs when man makes, is compelled to make, a change of worlds, and filled with doubt, very often looks to another world than this for the fulfillment of his deepest longings and the satisfaction of his restless spirit. It was in this same period that Lamartine in France was writing his *Meditations* (published in 1821), and he was to exert a considerable influence upon Brazilian poetry of the next few decades, for Paris was rapidly displacing Lisbon as the source of inspiration. In all this may be glimpsed the seed of a romanticism that was soon to flower in the religious verse of Gonçalves de Magalhães, representing the first phase of the movement in Brazil.

Throughout the era discussed in this chapter the poets have held the center of the stage. The prose writers are few. Indeed there is probably but one of them who would be of interest to any but the special student. He is Mathias Aires, whose *Reflections on the Vanity of Men, or Moral Discourses on the Effects of Vanity*, is a work that has led him to be compared to Vauvenargues and Pascal, Montaigne and La Bruyère. Essentially an erudite moralist, he sees life very much as does Ecclesiastes the Preacher.³² In contrast to Brazil the English colonies during the revolutionary epoch had but one poet of any distinction, Philip Freneau, most of the significant writers being political pamphleteers of one sort or another.

The colonial period of Brazilian literature and the period of transformation are thus brought to an end. Political freedom and literary freedom alike are in the offing now.

PART III

The Romantic Liberation

IX: WHERE THE SABIÁ SINGS

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY may be said to have begun to the strains of Beethoven's "*Eroica*" Symphony Heroism, a heroic striving for freedom, for the casting off of all chains, human and artistic, was in the very air that men breathed And once again as in the Renaissance epoch the world grew too small for the spirit of man, and it seemed as if anything might be possible, if not in reality, upon the wings of dream If such dreams were all too soon to be frustrated in life by the great Napoleonic betrayal and its bitter aftermath, the composer was not the only one to sense the disillusionment and to find at once an expression and escape in the realm of art, by dreaming the more intently

For when all is said, the nineteenth century — that "stupid" century as a Léon Daudet views it, but for the liberal an age of progress in spite of bloody, heartbreaking defeats — was essentially a prolongation of the revolutionary era of 1776 and 1789 It was the period of bourgeois triumph and ascendancy and of the growth and maturing of capitalism and modern democracy Tremendous battles, it is true, remained to be fought, among them the Revolution of '48 and the Commune of '71 Nevertheless the new economic, social, and political system had attained a state of equilibrium by 1830, and it was in that year, significantly enough, that French romanticism was born, although it might be regarded as dating from the publication three years before of the preface to Hugo's *Cromwell*, which was by way of being the manifesto of the movement ¹

From that time on, capitalism, with those fluctuations that would appear to be inherent in it, was to flourish for many decades, and in England under Victoria was to take the historic form of liberalism, imperialism, and free trade This was to have its effect upon the economic life of Brazil and upon her culture and her literature as well As the capitalist regime developed, slavery and the slave trade were to become less and less profitable, cooler labor being much cheaper, and at the same time they were to take

on an aspect repugnant to the moral sense of mankind. As to what relation is to be discovered here between morality and economic interest, that is a question for the social psychologist or the philosopher of history to answer. The fact remains that England, with that shoddy and hypocritical assumption of virtue for which the Empire is famous, was eventually to find it advantageous to suppress the traffic in black bodies, and this, together with the decline of the European market for Brazilian sugar, was to lead to the downfall of the old patriarchal system in Brazil and the freeing of the slaves on the sugar plantations and elsewhere.

But these events were in the future. As they stood on the threshold of the century Americans and Europeans alike could not but be conscious of that thrill that comes to men in periods of deep-going change when history appears to be on the upgrade and the boundaries of life are expanding, as contrasted with the *fin de siècle* eras of crepuscular gloom such as the one at the turn of the present century or the one that we are living through today. It would seem that man's outer universe must in this manner ever shape and color his inner world, which in turn is reflected and objectivized in the productions of his creative mind. For this reason it is hard for us in this atomic age, with all its promise and all its portent but with the latter thus far outweighing the former, to realize how bright the dawn could have been. It seems to us an exaggeration at which we smile benignantly and wistfully. While it may indeed be an exaggeration to picture the whole of humanity as going about with joyous, elastic step and a sense of direction which the broad masses do not possess, it is certainly none the less true that the intellectuals, the artists, those nerve centers of society, did possess such a consciousness, for their works show it.

Romanticism has been seen, not inaptly, as the French Revolution in the domain of letters.² Manifesting itself in art as a revolt against classicism, against such inflexible rules of antiquity as those laid down in the seventeenth-century Boileau's *L'Art Poétique*, it was clearly a superstructural expression of the revolution in man's philosophic, social, and political thinking that came to fruition at the close of the eighteenth century but that may be traced as far back as Descartes. It is an expression of the youthful

stage of the bourgeois revolution, which also has its juridical and other reflections, for it is impossible to understand the art forms of this epoch without taking into consideration such documents as the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Declaration of Independence. In Latin America romanticism was to be associated with the struggle for national liberation, which began around 1809-10. In Brazil it was the "patriarch of independence," José Bonifácio de Andrade e Silva, who was to be the first writer of the romantic school.

Freedom was the watchword that the romantics inscribed upon their banners: social, political, and artistic freedom. Never was the relation of art to society more clear than in the case of this movement, which represented the revolt and triumph of the individual and whose goal in the beginning was a democratic art. Although, later, romanticism came to serve for some as a means of evading, through a flight into exotic realms, the unæsthetic reality of the world that capitalism and the bourgeoisie had created. The ideal of the early romantics was the all-embracing one of human brotherhood, an attitude that not infrequently led them to break through the narrow confines of country and go in quest of the foreign and the strange. Byron and Stendhal were scarcely model patriots, and Hugo looked to Spain, Mérimée to England.³ On the other hand, where romanticism was an accompaniment of the movement for independence or democracy, it was capable of becoming, as in the republican verse of Victor Hugo, a powerful weapon in the fight, and it was to provide the literary vehicle for the newborn nationalism of Brazil and other Latin American countries.

Because of the dominant position that French culture has occupied in the past, there has been a tendency to identify the romantic impulse with that country, whereas the truth is that it originated in Germany in the latter half of the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth century, in the Germany of Goethe, and Schiller, and Schlegel, of Lessing, and Winckelmann, and Klopstock, of Humboldt, and Niebuhr, and Savigny.⁴ It is of course impossible, here as always, to circumscribe the deeply traveling *Zeitgeist* or spirit of man within the bounds of any specific

time or place There can be no question, for example, that the "Cartesian doubt" of the French, the spiritual torment of Pascal, the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and the *Confessions* of Jean Jacques, the writings of Chateaubriand and de Maistre — the same de Maistre who said "*Il faut absolument tuer l'esprit du dix-huitième siècle*" — all had their effect upon the Germans, but what of the latter's own romantic precursors, what of Kant, Novalis, Herder, Wieland, and all the rest?

It was from Germany that the impulse radiated, being brought back to France by Mme de Stael and reinforced by Chateaubriand with New World elements derived from his American experience The fact is also that English romanticism, represented by Blake, Wordsworth, Cowper, Burns, Gray, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and others, antedates by a half century or so the movement launched by Hugo While its roots were native, it too felt the influence out of Germany as well as that from revolutionary France A new and intense love of nature, particularly on the part of the "Lake School," and a democratic discovery of the common man characterize the British poetry of these years As Keats put it "The poetry of earth is never dead," and Burns is to be heard declaring "The man's the gowd for a' that" Like the Germans and the French, the English romantics had their forerunners among the philosophers, economists, historians One has but to think of Hobbes, Locke, Shaftesbury, Hume, Adam Smith, Bentham, Gibbon, all of whom exerted an influence upon Continental thought

It thus may be seen that, whatever its apparent place of origin, romanticism was not an affair of any one country, nor of one continent even Between the various nations of Europe and between Europe and North and South America there was a constant ideological interchange and æsthetic interaction The point is that in each land it tended to assume a differing and more or less indigenous form Coming in part by way of the Scottish Carlyle, Emerson's friend, German thought of this period furnished the philosophic basis for North American transcendentalism A number of the first Brazilian romantics wrote and published their books, on Brazilian themes, in Europe, and both of the Americas gave to the

Old World a longed-for breath of the exotic, a taste if nothing more of the native Indian heritage, in the pages of Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Bernadin de Saint-Pierre, and other writers

Whatever the regional variations, there are certain traits that are common to the school as a whole. Wherever one encounters him, the romantic poet or novelist is likely to display at times a profound sadness or *Weltschmerz* that is reminiscent of the youthful Werther and his famous sorrows. Whether it be Byron's Manfred, Chateaubriand's René, or the Brazilian Alvares de Azevedo's Conde Lopo, the chances are that the hero of the poem or drama is addicted to what came to be known as the "*mal du siècle*" Goethe, Musset, DeVigny, Shelley, Leopardi — the note is the same. This may seem to stand in contradiction to what has been said above concerning the lift and joyousness that marked the early stage of the movement, but the contradiction is more apparent than real, and there is an explanation to be had.

To begin with, the sadness of the romantic is in essence the melancholy of youth, as different from that we know today as youth is from age. True, there is in it an element of doubt, of challenge and questioning of life and the world, but when did the intelligent, sensitive young not doubt and challenge, above all when they happen to have a touch of genius? Their sorrows readily take on a quality of voluptuousness that goes with a defiance of the conventions and with the Bohemian life. Bohemia in such a case becomes their refuge and heightens their melancholy and their morbidity, their "*Wille zur Krankheit*," and the result of it all may be suicide, alcoholism, hashish, or a lingering but premature death by that once most poetic of all diseases, pulmonary tuberculosis.⁵ This was precisely what happened to an entire school of poets in Brazil.

There is, however, a sense in which the *mal du siècle* of the mid-nineteenth-century romantics is real and understandable. That is when it is seen as the effect of the disillusionment that came with the failure of bourgeois society, as many believed, to fulfill by high morning the promise of its revolutionary daybreak — the disappointment of adolescence over the betrayal of childhood dreams and fantasies. And the new society *had* failed the artist, in that in

place of a soul-stirring beauty it had given him the unrelieved drabness and increasing mechanization of a stable, well-ordered, respectable civilization that seemingly left no room for dreaming, whence Hegel's lament over the impossibility of a modern epic and Marx's conviction that the century was one "hostile to poetry" ⁶

To those who felt this way about the matter romanticism became an evasion, an escape. It might be as with Leconte de Lisle a flight to some far Orient of dream, or as with Baudelaire and the decadents in general a resort to the *paradis artificiels* of the artists' quarter. But this was merely one aspect of the romantic movement. There was the other, popular-democratic side, whose most typical representative is Victor Hugo. The Bohemians and decadents not only fled society but were inclined to despise it, wrapping themselves in an aristocratic aloofness. The republican bards espoused the cause of the people, of the downtrodden and oppressed, and employed their new-found artistic freedom to this end.

Both of these tendencies were to be visible in the Americas, although if we exclude the tragic figure of Edgar Allan Poe, who does not properly belong in such company, the Bohemian cult may be said not to have existed in the United States of North America. The French influence in our country was comparatively slight, our romantics deriving rather from a German-inspired transcendentalism, and in so far as it was felt at all, it showed itself in the ardent republicanism of Whitman and other poets who had read their Hugo. In Latin America the revolutionary aspect was more pronounced, and in Brazil romanticism, in the poems of Castro Alves, was to deal a telling blow to slavery and hasten the coming of abolition.

The first years of the century were eventful ones, in Brazil as in the rest of the world. In 1807 Napoleon's army invaded Portugal, and the Prince Regent João Maria José and the royal family thereupon fled to Brazil. They landed at Bahia on January 22, 1808, the first time that a reigning European prince had ever set foot on American soil, and from there proceeded to Rio. This

meant a great change in Brazilian life, for Rio de Janeiro was now the capital of what was left of the once mighty Portuguese empire. The old provincial status was gone, and with it went many of the hateful distinctions between Brazilians and the *reínóis*, or men of the Realm. One of the Prince's first acts was to throw open Brazilian ports to foreign trade, and this in itself was a step toward economic independence.

There were cultural changes also that were revolutionary in character. In the same year in which the Prince Regent landed, the first Brazilian printing press was established. Up to that time the works of native writers, when they were fortunate enough to see the light of print, had been published in Lisbon. From now on, that city was no longer to be the literary capital, and after the overthrow of Napoleon, Paris was more and more to loom as the *Ville des Lumières*. The first Brazilian newspaper, the *Gazeta* of Rio de Janeiro, appeared at this time (1808), and two years later the first Brazilian book, Gonzaga's *Marília de Dirceu*, came from the presses, followed by Basílio da Gama's *Uruguay* in 1811.

Before the turn of the century, in 1795, the conscious process of linguistic differentiation had begun with the publication of Friar J. M. da Conceição Velloso's *Portuguese and Brazilian Dictionary*.⁷ The National Library was founded in 1810, the National Museum in 1818, and the Academy of Fine Arts in 1820. A Junta of Commerce, a National Bank, a Military Academy, a National Institute — all were established during this period. Restrictions were lifted from industry, and immigration was not only permitted but stimulated. In short, it seemed as if this was to be a true El Dorado, particularly when in 1815 the Regent proclaimed the "United Kingdom of Brazil, Portugal, and the Algarves." What had been the colony was now the heart and center of the Empire, and three months later when Queen Maria, who long had been insane, died, her son was formally crowned as John VI.

But there was another side to the picture, and all was not as roseate as had at first appeared. While the old frictions had been lessened in many ways, they had by no means wholly vanished, and they were revived and intensified when the court by its ostentatious prodigality became a financial burden upon the people.

It was then that the smoldering antagonism between the *mazombos*, or Creoles, and the *reinóis* (in this case the nobles of the court) flared again. By way of winning for himself the support of the upper classes, the King was as lavish in conferring titles and decorations as he was with the nation's pocketbook, but this could not turn the tide of popular sentiment.

Even had the monarch and his regime been model ones the independence of Brazil could not have been held off for long. The social, economic, and cultural factors that were working toward it were too deep for that, and history itself was against it. Freedom was in the air that men breathed, and the great Spanish-American movement led by Bolívar and San Martín was in full swing. The Brazilian psychology also has something to do with the matter. If there is any people in the world that is capable of acting on high moral grounds and from idealistic motives without reference to its apparent material interests, it is this one, a fact that was to be shown at the close of the century in connection with the liberation of the slaves and the establishment of the republic, with wealthy slaveowners taking a leading part in the abolition movement and with the people as a whole deposing out of principle a monarch whom most of them loved and respected.

In 1817 a revolution broke out in Pernambuco, a revolt of so serious a nature as to attract the attention of the outside world, including that of Jefferson (our consul at Recife, Joseph Ray, had a hand in the matter). The uprising failed, and its leaders were executed, but can it be termed a failure after all? In a letter to Lafayette under date of March 4, 1817, Jefferson wrote "Portugal, grasping at an extension of her dominion in the south (Cisplatina), has lost her great Northern province of Pernambuco, and I shall not wonder if Brazil should revolt in mass, and send their royal family back to Portugal. Brazil is more populous, more wealthy, more energetic, and as wise as Portugal." Jefferson's scarcely restrained jubilation over the loss of the "Northern province" was a bit premature, but his prediction in general was soon to be fulfilled. As it was, the Pernambucan "republic" — for the *nortistas* wanted not merely independence but a democratic form of government — lasted for some three months. The movement had

now spread to the heart of the aristocratic sugar-raising zone, and in this region priests and monks had set up a printing press concealed in the cellar of a church for the dissemination of republican pamphlets. The Brazilian bourgeoisie was taking over the revolution which rapidly spread to Rio de Janeiro and all over the country.

In 1820 a revolutionary movement in Lisbon overthrew the regency that had been set up there, and King John decided to return and endeavor to save what he could of his tottering throne. The dashing young Prince Pedro, a colorful, romantic figure who in some ways resembled Francis I of France, then became regent in Brazil, and it was he who from that time forth was to have the leadership of the independence movement forced upon him.

In Portugal, meanwhile, a radical-revolutionary Cortes whose coming to power had been one of the chief reasons for John's return was finding itself in a position that cannot but remind the modern reader of that of the British labor government in the later 1940's: it was radical at home, reactionary and imperialistic abroad, determined to keep the colony absolutely dependent upon the mother country. It condemned the opening of the Brazilian ports and did everything it could to undermine the Regent's authority by inviting the provinces to break with him and attach themselves to Lisbon, and by dictating to him through the troops stationed in Rio. The climax came when in September 1821 the Prince was ordered to come back to Portugal.

Petitions were now presented urging Pedro to remain, and in January 1822, in response to a delegation that had waited upon him, the royal heir uttered the famous word "*Fico!*" ("I'm staying!") In the autumn of the same year, when the Cortes issued a provocative decree, the Brazilian patriots decided that the time had come. The Prince was then in the São Paulo region, and the court officials who came to seek him, bringing with them the papers from Lisbon, found him there, on horseback as usual, beside the little Ypiranga River. Pedro had no sooner read the message than, ripping the royal insignia from his uniform, he spurred his horse and galloped up the hill, from the top of which he shouted, waving his sword in the air: "Independence or death!"

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This stirring and picturesque bit of drama has gone down in Brazilian history as the "*Grito de Ypiranga*," or Ypiranga battle cry. In Brazil it is one of those things that everyone learns in school, just as we do Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death!" And the date on which this cry was uttered, September 7, is the Brazilian Fourth of July.⁸ Within a month Pedro had been proclaimed Constitutional Emperor of Brazil.

It may possibly be of interest to note that 1822, the year of Brazilian independence, also saw the publication of Victor Hugo's *Odes*.⁹

There is one name that, as the historian Oliveira Lima has observed, is as intimately bound up with the achievement of independence in Brazil as is that of Martin Luther with the Protestant Reformation or that of Cavour with the Italian *Risorgimento*. And one might add, or that of Washington with the North American Revolution. Reference is to José Bonifácio de Andrada e Silva, who has been described as "the most completely rounded spirit of the age." Statesman, scientist, orator, poet, Bonifácio bears a closer resemblance to Franklin than he does to Washington in this respect. As a mineralogist he had a continent-wide European reputation. He was a member of the Academy of Sciences of Lisbon and for a time was a professor at the University of Coimbra. In the salons of the Portuguese capital he was accorded much the same deference that was shown to Franklin in Paris. In his native Brazil he had thrown himself into the revolutionary struggle, and it was he who as a member of the São Paulo Junta had penned the letter to Prince Pedro urging the latter to remain in the country. But he was possessed of an impulsive, domineering, violent disposition, and was not the type of man who was likely to get along with any regime. Becoming involved in court intrigues, he and his brother were banished to France following the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly in 1823.

It was then in his sixties that José Bonifácio became a poet, and one who would seem to merit the title Afrânio Peixoto has bestowed upon him "*prócere do romantismo*," a phrase that might be rendered as "the grand old man of the romantic movement."¹⁰

The recent publication of a facsimile of the first edition of his *Poems*, which appeared at Bordeaux, in 1825, lends weight to the view that would make of him, if not Brazil's first romantic, then the unclassifiable link between the Arcadians and their successors¹¹

Writing under the pseudonym of "Américo Elýsio," the poet at last was able to give vent to all the spleen that was in him, all his hatreds, wounded vanity, his exile's loneliness. His verse is always vigorous and frequently displays the savageness of a Byron. He quotes both Byron and Scott, which indicates clearly his acquaintance with and affinity to the romantics, British as well as French. His form, blank or free verse, is another indication. He is, it may be, an early romantic but a romantic none the less. And if this is true, as previously pointed out in these pages, it means that Brazilian romanticism really began more than a decade earlier than formerly was believed to have been the case.

In the past most writers on the history of Brazilian literature have found the beginnings of the romantic movement in their country in two works that were published in Europe, one at Paris, the other at Naples, in the year 1836: the *Poetical Sighs and Longings* of Domingos José Gonçalves de Magalhães, Viscount of Araguaia, and *The Voice of Nature*, by Manoel de Araújo Porto-Alegre.¹² This surely brings out unmistakably the definite relation that exists between Brazilian romanticism and that of Europe. Of Gonçalves de Magalhães, Carvalho says: "If he was not the most notable figure in the early phase of our romanticism, whose highest peak is represented by Gonçalves Dias, it still cannot be denied without grave injustice that it was he who gave the movement its initial impulse."¹³

Four years previously, in 1832, the author of the *Poetical Sighs* had published a collection of *Poems* in which he displayed a talent that appeared on the whole conventional and mediocre, but the moment his second book reached Brazil there was great excitement among the critics. Here at last, they loudly proclaimed, was a "new poetry," and in this they were quite right. Their articles, as one reads them over again today, sound somewhat overwrought, but when one compares this volume with the

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Brazilian verse that preceded it one cannot but feel that they were after all justified. There was indeed a new poetry in the world in those days, but this was no mere carry-over from Europe. Here was Latin speaking to Latin, Brazilian to Brazilian, with all the fervor of which the race is capable and all the melancholy of the tropics.

Gonçalves de Magalhães has been classified as a religious poet, and he is indeed deeply religious, but when all is said he remains essentially the romantic doubter and pessimist who by the vanity of all earthly things has been led to religion as to a haven. There is in him much of the old *Weltschmerz* that marked the early stages of the movement, a pessimism that now has been transformed into a glowing faith. Wandering among the historic sites and ruins of the Continent, especially those of ancient Rome, he exclaims

Man is born, and he dies,
Thou alone, O my God, art great

It is this discovery that becomes his poetic inspiration

Now a new Muse
Doth my song inspire,
I no longer take up
The profane lyre
Look, then, my soul,
As is thy duty
To Nature's own
Unsurpassed beauty
Praising the Lord
By day and night,
Hymn thou the wonders
Of created light

An intense patriotism is another characteristic of these verses, and this undoubtedly had a good deal to do with the poet's popularity in the first years of independence. To the poetry of his native land he contributed much in the way of a greater freedom of rhythmic movement and a wider, more imaginative range of subject matter.¹⁴

The verse of Porto-Alegre likewise shows a reaching-out for

newer and freer forms. He too is religious and patriotic, his best-known work being his long and erudite poem, the result of many years of labor, *Colombo*. Note that he takes Columbus and not the Portuguese Cabral, discover of Brazil, as his hero. The struggle for independence was still fresh in mind. He is inclined to be overeloquent and to let his images run away with him. His melancholy, unlike that of Gonçalves de Magalhães, is more feigned than real, for he appears to have been what we today call an extrovert, and it is hard for him at times to restrain his natural exuberance. Yet in spite of this his epic makes dull reading on the whole.

It is difficult always to classify the romantics, for they are constantly leaping the bounds of any rigid scheme that the critic may set up. Carvalho however makes the attempt. He sees Gonçalves de Magalhães as the representative of religious poetry, Gonçalves Dias as the poet of nature, Álvares de Azevedo as the poet of doubt, and Castro Alves as exemplifying the poetry of social content.¹⁵ This is probably as satisfactory and convenient a classification as any, providing we keep in mind the inevitable overlapping.

In any event, however we may classify him, Gonçalves Dias is one of the greatest poets that Brazil has produced. With his opulent pantheistic hymns, at once nostalgic and exultant, to the beauties of tropical nature, with his passionate glorification of the red man whose blood together with that of Portuguese and Negro ran in his veins, with his fierce Whitmanlike rejection of the Old World and his whole-souled acceptance of the New, with his burning patriotism and love of his native soil, a sentiment that with him becomes a religion — he is near to being *the* national poet, one who was enthusiastically acclaimed by the people even before he was by the elite. In this respect, the place that he holds in popular esteem, he may be compared with our Longfellow, but the comparison would have to end there as it would be hard to find any further resemblance between the Brazilian, with his gift of passion and luxuriant imagery, and the Harvard professor of languages, with a talent for putting the platitudes of a nation into smooth and rhyming verse.

If practically every North American schoolboy at one time or

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another has had to memorize "The Village Blacksmith," so every literate Brazilian can repeat at least the opening lines of the poem that begins "*Minha terra tem palmeiras*" — "My land has palm trees," to translate literally. A poetic paraphrase may perhaps convey some idea of the form and feeling of the original

Land of mine, with waving palms!
The *sabiá* is singing there,
Birds do not warble as sweetly here —
Nor here, nor anywhere

Our meadows have more and fairer flowers,
More stars in the heavens above,
There is more life within our woods,
Within our lives more love

Alone at night and brooding deep,
What pleasure this thought brings
Land of mine, with waving palms,
There where the *sabiá* sings

Land of mine, land of delight,
Of fond and absent things,
Brooding deep — alone at night —
My longing thought takes wings
Land of mine, with waving palms,
There where the *sabiá* sings

Oh, God forbid my soul take flight
Ere I return once more
To that fair land of all delight
From this far alien shore,
Ere I shall glimpse once more those palms
And hear the sound of wings,
As perfect peace my heart embalms,
There where the *sabiá* sings

Such was Gonçalves Dias's "Song of Exile," written at Coimbra in July 1843 and published as the introduction to his *First Songs*, which appeared at Rio de Janeiro in 1846.¹⁶ It is significant that

this poem is prefaced by the well-known lines from Goethe *Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühn* . while the section of which it forms a part, the "American Poems," is preceded by a quotation from Chateaubriand "*Les infortunes d'un obscur habitant des bois auraient-elles moins de droits à nos pleurs que celles des autres hommes?*" Thus at the outset the poet strikes the two notes that are to sound throughout his work. Indianism and the love of tropical nature

"Gonçalves Dias was like one of the trees of our tropical forest, where the beauty of the flowers mingles with the fragrance of the fruits, the coloring of the leaves, the song of birds, and the muted sighing of the winds in a balanced concert of unforeseen effects" ¹⁷ This praise, poetically as it is worded, scarcely seems extravagant to one who has read the poet in the original and who knows and loves the land of which the author of the *First Songs* is writing After three centuries this is the first deep, full-throated, truly Brazilian voice A North American here may think of William Cullen Bryant and his discovery of New England nature New England and the tropics the contrast is an interesting and instructive one While the physical landscapes may be widely different there is in both poets a certain resigned and melancholy pantheism, but over and above his New England coldness and restraint Bryant remains a neoclassicist, whereas Gonçalves Dias even in his sadness, which is at times reminiscent of Lamartine and at other times of the English Keats, has the superabundant vitality, the big-bellied exuberance of the romantic school The latter in the end is utterly Brazilian and could not possibly have been produced by any other country

As for his Indianism, it was deeply rooted and sincere A profound student of Indian lore, he compiled a dictionary of the Tupi tongue which was published at Leipzig in 1858 The first four cantos of his epic poem *The Timbiras* (Timbiras being the name of an indigenous tribe) had appeared in the same German city the previous year ¹⁸ His attitude toward the aborigine, like that of Gonçalves Magalhães and the novelist José de Alencar, is an idealistic one For him, the Indian is something of a cross between a knight of the Middle Ages and a Portuguese *fidalg*o, a brave and

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noble being full of generous impulses For this, it is to be remembered, was the time when as an expression of their newly achieved independence well-to-do Brazilian families were adopting Indian names and passing themselves off as "old *caboclos* "

Minha terra tem palmeiras

The birds did not sing as sweetly in any other land.¹⁹

X: TRISTFUL TAVERN AND A CONDOR BARD

DURING THE LAST TWENTY YEARS we North Americans have heard a good deal of a "lost generation" in our literature, the term being applied to those expatriates, those "exiles," who in the third decade of this century, revolted by what they regarded as the spiritual barrenness of their own country, sought refuge on Paris's Left Bank. Brazil also had its *geração perdida* some three quarters of a century earlier, a generation of romantic young poets suffering from a deep and fatal soul sickness who fashioned a Paris of their own in the Rua da Gloria of Rio and the salons of São Paulo.

The result was what Afrânio Peixoto has described as a "homocidal literature," a literature that in all matter of fact killed off those that produced it. A mere necrology of the poets of this era will serve to tell the tale. Franco de Sá died at twenty, Alvares de Azevedo at twenty-one, Junqueira Freire, Casimiro de Abreu, and Dutra e Mello at twenty-three, Castro Alves at twenty-four, Martins Penna at thirty-three, Fagundes Varela at thirty-four, Laurindo Rabello at thirty-eight (Gonçalves Dias died in exile at forty-one).¹ For reasons that the economist, the sociologist, and the hygienist will make clear, the life expectancy in Brazil has never been a high one, and the visitor today cannot fail to be impressed by the general absence of old people in the streets and public places, but a death rate such as that just mentioned is none the less unusual and startling.

The explanation can only be that these poets *wanted to die*. The *Weltschmerz* and *mal du siècle* of the European romantics was for them a very real thing, considerably more real perhaps than was that of the Byrons, the DeVignys, and the Mussets on the other side of the ocean. If it was not, they carried their play-acting through superbly to the very end. From the purely medical point of view there would seem to be little doubt that it was nothing other than *tædium vitæ* that was responsible for the death of Alvares de Azevedo, who is the most typical and important rep-

representative of this group The Baudelairean monster ennui was ever in close pursuit of him Azevedo's Byronic orgies were more or less of an intellectual nature, but there was nothing fanciful about the Poe-like alcoholism of Fagundes Varella, who was also addicted to hashish, while Junqueira Freire found a solace in camphor

Those who did not succumb to boredom or the dissipations of the tavern were carried off by that disease on which Keats conferred a poetic halo It was tuberculosis, always so prevalent in Brazil, that put an end to the careers of Castro Alves, Casimiro de Abreu, and Gonçalves Dias Whatever the cause or causes, this generation was surely a tragic one The miracle is that these young men whose lives were so pitifully short should still have produced so much work and, on the whole, work of such high quality To realize this I have but to glance up at my shelves at the two ponderous volumes, totaling nearly twelve hundred pages, containing the *Complete Works* of Alvares de Azevedo² The titles are in themselves significant "Lyre of a Youth of Twenty," "Night in the Tavern" And the case of Castro Alves, who belongs with the social poets rather than with the Bohemians but who has his Bohemian side, is yet more remarkable when one considers the great work he as a poet accomplished for the abolition of slavery before his death at twenty-four

In a sense what they were all doing was spending a night in a tavern — a night that may have seemed to them unendurably long since there was little comfort at the bottom of the cup, but that was in reality very brief Was their attitude toward life sincere or feigned? Who can answer such a question? Could they themselves have been aware how much of sincerity and how much of pose entered into it? And what difference does it make to reader or critic who has their works before him? That they were by no means unconscious of their literary antecedents is indicated by their constant quoting of the European romantics Thus Azevedo speaks of Dante, the Bible, Shakespeare, Byron upon his bedside table, but it is the author of *Don Juan*, along with Musset, Shelley, and Leopardi, who exerts the major influence.

TRISTFUL TAVERN AND A CONDOR BARD

Man being reasonable must get drunk,
The best of life is intoxication

These lines from *Don Juan* are inscribed at the head of the first canto of Azevedo's "The Poem of the Friar" The author might have quoted Baudelaire's "Be drunk, be always drunken" Byron or Baudelaire — it is all of the same vintage The poet of *Childe Harold* contributes something else "And none did love him" — the Byronic spleen, which Azevedo manifests to a high degree

The Brazilian bard's familiarity with English literature is remarkable for this era, but he had been an infant prodigy and in addition had been given an exceptional upbringing³ He is equally at home with contemporary French writers, and it is Théophile Gautier that he cites on the flyleaf of *O Conde Lopo*

*Les poètes sont ainsi Leur plus beau poème est celui qu'ils n'ont
pas écrit, ils emportent dans la bière plus de poèmes qu'ils ne laissent
dans leur bibliothèque*

*J'emporterai mon poème avec moi
Et moi le mien*

In other words, like a later Oscar Wilde these tristful tavern revelers felt that they were living their poems Like Francis Thompson they were "damned to poesy"

Azevedo, as we have seen, has been taken as representing the "poetry of doubt," and it is true that the element of doubt is prominent throughout his work and might appear at first glance to provide the keynote a doubt of the worth-whileness of life itself, that "*Wille zur Krankheit*" once more It is as an exponent of philosophic doubt that Carvalho beholds him, but subsequent studies of biographic sources tend to show that it was not so much doubt as *fear*, a *fear of love* that becomes a fear of life itself, that inspired the young Manoel Antônio⁴ There were no psychiatrists in those days, but if there had been, he would have afforded them a fascinating study It seems very definite now that he was the victim of a psychic trauma incurred at the age of four when he

saw his small brother lying dead. In Brazil, as elsewhere in Latin America, there exists a popular legend to the effect that those who die in infancy are little angels that have been taken up to heaven. But if this was so, why then did every one shed so many tears? This was a question to which he could find no answer.

The same thing has doubtless happened to many other children, and few of them are scarred by it as Manoel Antônio was. A sexual psychologist, a Havelock Ellis for example, probably would tell us that it is a matter of nervous predisposition, dependent upon how impressionable the child is. However this may be, the poet develops a fixation, a complex, that is evident throughout his work and that takes the form of a passionate adoration of the image of a sleeping woman. The sleeping woman, as the critic Jamil Almansur Haddad points out, becomes a dead woman, and the worship accorded her a form of necrophilia.

In this there is something to remind one faintly of Poe. But only faintly. While there may be, as D. H. Lawrence insists, a hidden sexual fire behind the North American poet's coldly chiseled lines, the sensuality is not apparent as it is in Azevedo.⁵ The following "Sonnet" is representative of the latter's treatment of his favorite theme.

Pallid, she lies there in the lamp's somber light,
Upon a bed of flowers gently reclining,
And like the moon that now is palely shining,
She sleeps 'mid clouds of love, embalmed by night!

Oh, sea-born virgin! apparition bright,
Rocked by the cold waves' foam about her twining!
Angel of dawn, she came without repining
To bathe in dreams — and lingered in our sight!

How beautiful she was! her heaving breast,
Dark eyes and fluttering lids — and bodies nude
Tossing upon a couch not made for rest

Oh, do not mock me with thy pulchritude!
For thee — I wept by night, my angel blest,
For thee — in dreams I'll die and call it best!

The comparison with Poe is one that naturally occurs to any North American reading the poets of this school, but is it justified? Poe similarly was a sick man, suffering from two terrible diseases poverty and alcoholism. He too had his unearthly dreams and carried his love for his tuberculous young bride to the point of a morbid, almost supernatural exaltation. In life, however, he was a Bohemian, a decadent only by force of circumstances, while in his art he remains the semiclassicist, the romantic out of classicism.

Poe none the less did have a certain direct influence upon Azevedo and his fellow bards, for the author of "The Raven" and the *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque* was well known to Brazilians of this period. Neither he nor Whitman was as popular as Longfellow, but he had a following among the select few. Most readers preferred *Huawatha* or "The Psalm of Life," but an Alvares de Azevedo and a Machado de Assis felt for Poe much the same admiration that Baudelaire did.⁶

It is very interesting to compare Azevedo's sonnet with Poe's poem, "The Sleeper"

Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?
 Why and what art thou dreaming here?
 Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas .
 Strange is thy pallor! .
 The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep
 Which is enduring, so be deep! . . .
 I pray to God that she may lie
 Forever with unopened eye .
 Soft may the worms about her creep!

If the earthy element, so prominent in the work of the Brazilian, is absent from the verse of Poe, the latter poet still may well have been the more sensual of the two. If Lawrence is right, and the lover of Annabel Lee and the lost Lenore had satisfied his passion in real life to the point of excess, then a poetic sublimation in his case is readily to be understood. Whereas Manoel Antônio is haunted by a love that is never realized, that is incapable of realization, and his adoration of the sleeping (dead) woman becomes an expression of amorous impotence.

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Azevedo's poems may be full of "angels," "virgins," "damsels," but they are certainly none too chaste. The prostitute, who with him is always a "woman of the night," also makes her appearance, glorified as a tragic figure as so very often happens in the pages of the romantics. The flesh-and-blood woman would seem to have meant nothing to him, but only woman in the state of sleep, or of death, which so resembles sleep. It was out of this, his own deep frustration, that Alvares de Azevedo created his beautifully youthful poems. This, rather than any metaphysical torment, was the doubt that assailed him: a doubt of love, a doubt of life, a doubt of that final angelic slumber and its promised felicity. In the presence of the sleeper he will enact those moments of ecstasy that he has never known elsewhere. He will be lewd and even gay about it, but beneath it all there is the silent trickle of tears.

Here, one may recall Novalis and "*der frohliche, dichtersche Tod*" of which he sings, his young lost love, his adoration of the dress she wore.

In this manner the biography of the individual may conspire with history or the spirit of the age in producing a fine and sometimes a great poet. In Azevedo's case romanticism provided the perfect expression for his Chattertonlike temperament, his unquestionable genius. This points the narrowness and inadequacy of any view that would see in the artist little more than the reflection of the epoch and the society in which he chances to live, without taking into account the personal, subjective factors, or that would dismiss the soul-sick poet as a decadent who is out of the stream and hence unworthy of serious consideration. How much of the world's great art, including the great social art that has changed the world, has been due to just such spirits as these?

Today in Brazil there is taking place a revaluation of literary values, marked by a tendency to get away from the excessive sociologizing of Sílvia Romero and his followers. The reaction may be said to have been inaugurated around the turn of the present century by José Veríssimo, who brought to bear upon his treatment of Brazilian writing criteria that while not ignoring the social were primarily æsthetic. And this trend is further represented by Ronald de Carvalho, himself an excellent poet and

prosateur with a keen artistic sense who is inclined, however, to be too impressionistic at times. In more recent years the judgment of foreign observers has carried weight and has occasionally furnished helpful corrections of which the Brazilians readily avail themselves. Such was the case with the *Brief History of Brazilian Literature* published toward the end of the 1930's by the Portuguese critic José Osório de Oliveira.⁷ This trenchant little volume of slightly more than a hundred pages attempts to rectify more than one point of view that previously had been generally accepted.

Osório de Oliveira, of course, is not too foreign. Being Portuguese, he is near enough to be understanding, and at the same time he has the advantage of a certain perspective. With regard to the poets whom we are considering here, he and the native Mário de Andrade, leader of the Brazilian modernist movement, are in fairly close agreement. Both make certain rather fine but illuminating distinctions.

Thus, with reference to Gonçalves de Magalhães, Osório de Oliveira remarks that while this poet's inspiration is chiefly religious in character it still is not proper to speak of a "religious poetry" in connection with his work. And the same critic finds that Mário de Andrade is right in placing Fagundes Varela rather than Gonçalves Dias "among those great romantics who have had the most intimate feeling for and love of nature." As for Álvares de Azevedo, the Portuguese accepts Andrade's view to the effect that it was essentially *love and fear* that motivated the author of *Night in a Tavern*.⁸

Down to Azevedo's time or about the middle of the nineteenth century there had been, as we have seen, a more or less constant and conscious striving to be Brazilian, although the modern chronicler may often find the effort or the consciousness where it possibly did not exist in the mind of the writer he is discussing. This was natural enough in the colonial epoch, and it was natural also that it should become accentuated during the period of the struggle for national liberation, but with the achievement of independence and the coming of romanticism with its pronounced stress on the individual, we may begin as in the case of this short-

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lived generation of young Bohemians to look for more purely æsthetic and individual motivations in literature and especially in poetry

Of the remaining members of the romantic school, with the exception of Castro Alves, the two most important are Casimiro de Abreu, whose *Springtimes* appeared in 1859, and Fagundes Varela, whose *Nocturnes* was published in 1861.⁹ The former's poems are the expression of a deep and constant nostalgia for everything that is absent or far away. They are subjective and melancholy, their sadness being undiluted by intellectual complexity of any sort. It may be that his early upbringing had something to do with this, for as a small child he was sent away from home to be reared by strangers. Love and nostalgia are the key-notes of his character and his work, and his patriotism, his "*brasildade*," of which a good deal has been made, is in reality but an expression of this basic and determining emotion that ruled his life.¹⁰ Yet, as Osório de Oliveira and Mário de Andrade have pointed out, he is after all very Brazilian and very much the Carioca, or man of Rio de Janeiro, particularly in his expression of the erotic motive. His is a simple, ingenuous, birdlike lyricism, a lyricism of the people, which sets him apart from the other tavern bards of his era.¹¹

Both Casimiro de Abreu and Fagundes Varela underwent a period of posthumous neglect on the part of intellectuals. In the case of the latter poet this was owing in good part to José Veríssimo's severe judgment, to the effect that Varela's work was distinctly secondhand in inspiration and practically valueless from the poetic point of view. The tendency of later criticism, however, and a correct one in my opinion, is to treat this poet as a transitional figure, providing the link between Brazilian romanticism and the later-century Parnassian school.¹² By reason of his *Anchieta, or the Gospel in the Forest* and his *Religious Songs*, there has been an effort of late to revive him as the laureate of Brazilian Catholicism, while other critics, as we have already seen, would discover in his *Voices of America* a more sensitive, truly romantic appreciation of nature than is manifested by Gonçalves Dias.¹³

TRISTFUL TAVERN AND A CONDOR BARD

Perhaps the greatest of all the Brazilian romantics, certainly the greatest social poet that Brazil has produced, was Antônio de Castro Alves, "poet of the slaves." He is the chief representative of a school or group that has come to be known as the "Condor bards," so named from the huge South American bird of the vulture family that sometimes has a wingspread of as much as nine feet. The epithet was bestowed upon them by reason of their "high-flown," or as we should say, "spread-eagle" style characterized by an eloquence that perilously borders on grandiloquence, although, as Goldberg has noted,¹⁴ the Brazilian term does not hold all the unfavorable connotation that we give to these adjectives. "Lofty," "elevated," "resounding" would probably come nearer to the Portuguese *condoreiro*, with the suggestion always of hyperbole or bombast.

The two best known of the *condoreiros* were Castro Alves and Tobias Barreto. The latter was a thinker rather than a poet, and as such will be considered later. The "school" in reality consisted of Castro Alves alone.¹⁵ If he with his fine poetic talent became a Condor, this was owing to a number of interacting causes: the impact made upon his moral sense by the institution of African slavery, his own native gift of imagery and verbal opulence, and his reading of Victor Hugo of *Les Châtiments*. His debt to the French poet was a conscious and freely acknowledged one: "our old Hugo — master of the world! Sun of eternity!"¹⁶ And it is predominantly though not exclusively the social and democratic phase of romanticism, a romanticism that placed itself at the service of a freedom-seeking humanity, that is to be found in his verse.

For all was not well with the bright New World that Americans for three centuries had been engaged in building, and that they were fast freeing of European political domination. In Brazil it was no longer a question as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of producing a national epic or penning an ode to liberty. A number of the early romantics spent the major portion of their lives, and died, in exile, and their poems had been filled with *saudades*, with "poetical sighs and longings" for the land of their birth, which with those perfervid imaginings that so often accom-

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pany the exile's dreams, they had idealized beyond the recognizable reality of every day "My land has palm trees," Gonçalves Dias had sung But it also had slaves, and this terrible blot upon the social conscience must be erased Brazilian intellectuals now set themselves to the task "For the first time in Brazil," says Osório de Oliveira, "poetry, with Castro Alves, truly became a song that reflected the sentiment of the collectivity" ¹⁷

Not all, it is true, possessed the same burning consciousness of human wrong, the flaming indignation of the poet who could despairingly reproach the Almighty for this crime of men

God! O my God! why dost not answer me?
In what far world, on what star canst thou be,
Dark-hidden in the sky?
For two milleniums hast heard my wail
That sweeps infinity with every gale —
Where art thou, Lord God on high?

But the consciousness was there, none the less, waiting to be fanned into flame, and it was to grow with each succeeding year from then on The abolition movement in Brazil is one of the noblest, most inspiring episodes that the history of mankind has to show It is one that helps restore an occasionally faltering faith in man as a species It is inspiring because it was so eminently disinterested, as disinterested as human actions may ever be said to be While there may have been an economic factor involved, just as there was in our own country, with slavery becoming less profitable in the northeastern sugar zone and increasingly hostile to the material interests of other parts of the nation, it was still without a doubt the crying injustice of the slave system, bringing with it a feeling of moral guilt and shame which gradually laid hold of an entire people — it was this above all else that led to the emancipation of the Brazilian Negro As has been said, even the slave owners joined in the movement, and it was Joaquim Nabuco, son of one of the old plantation big houses, who became its chief apostle in prose as Castro Alves did in poetry

A good deal has been made of the difference between Brazilian slavery and that which existed in the Southern states of North

America Gilberto Freyre, for one, is inclined to the opinion that under the patriarchal system of his country the masters were less cruel toward their flesh-and-blood chattels. If this is true the explanation probably lies in the circumstance of a recognized miscegenation, with a tendency to incorporate the slave into the family life of the big house, whereas in our own South, interbreeding was illicit, and the color line, in theory at least, was one that was not to be crossed.

But is there such a thing as a system of slavery that may be described as "clement" or "humane"? One of the criticisms that have been made of Freyre, whether justified or not, is that he appears to exhibit a kind of nostalgia for the slaveholding regime of the "good old" days. This is likely unfair to the writer who has given us *The Masters and the Slaves*, since the thing that interests him is cultural traits and survivals, and in his passionate preoccupation with these he preserves a somewhat painful detachment with regard to the ethical aspects of the subject. On the other hand, he makes no effort to paint the system in roseate hues as our Margaret Mitchell does in *Gone with the Wind*. He does not hesitate to depict the horrors as well as what he conceives to be the virtues of the society with which he is dealing.

A writer like Freyre, we must also remember, is animated by the historical point of view. If slavery had not existed in Brazil would it have been possible to found a colony based upon large-scale landownership and a one-crop system (sugar raising)? In other words, would it have been possible to colonize Brazil at all in that era, seeing that a settlement based upon small holdings was not feasible? This is really the question that Freyre is propounding for us, and he well might cite the attitude of the New England Puritans toward the Indians and their stores of grain if they had not taken the Indians' grain those first winters, and if they and other colonists had not later pre-empted the land of the aborigines, could the North American continent have been settled?

This is another of those great moral paradoxes that must be left to the moralist and the philosopher of history. In passing, it may be recalled that even Marx and Engels in the *Communist*

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Manifesto justify capitalism in its prime as historically inevitable and a constructive force, and this in spite of all the crimes that they impute to it

The nature of the author's approach, his animating point of view, is something that must always be taken into account in connection with works on slavery, and especially Brazilian slavery, for the writer's attitude will determine the amount of prominence that he accords to one or another phase of the matter Freyre not only tends to pass over the cruelties of the masters toward their slaves, but gives little more than footnote mention to the innumerable slave revolts and so striking a historical phenomenon as the colony of Palmares, founded by runaway blacks, and the same is true of the North American sociologist Donald Pierson in his book *Negroes in Brazil* But if we turn to an authority like Professor Arthur Ramos we shall come upon a different story Here the stress is on the cruelty, the hardships, and the Negro's indomitable spirit of liberty, his long and bloody struggle for his own freedom

I vividly recall an evening in Professor Ramos's study when the distinguished anthropologist brought out his collection of instruments of punishment and torture that were employed in the days of slavery¹⁸ This assuredly was not in keeping with the picture of a mild and beneficent patriarchal system This was the darker human, or inhuman, side, divorced from abstract considerations of economic and historical necessity, cultural values, and the like And it was undoubtedly this side that fired the indignation and the imagination of intellectuals such as Castro Alves, Tobias Barreto, and Joaquim Nabuco

The influence of our own emancipation struggle and Civil War upon the abolitionist movement of Brazil is by no means to be overlooked Once again, as in the era of national independence, we have an example of the workings of the time spirit and the historic interactions to which it gives rise — an example also of the close bond that from the colonial period to the present time has existed between the democracy of Brazil and that of the United States of North America. Our leading poets and other writers were widely read by Brazilians, and it is an established fact that

Uncle Tom's Cabin, translated at an early date and in a number of versions, was a force for freedom there as it was here. It was a work that, as Afrânio Peixoto remarks, held a special appeal for "the most sentimental people in all the world"¹⁹ And after the Civil War it made our southern neighbors ashamed of the fact that slavery with them, which was not abolished until 1888, had lasted so much longer than with us.

This sentiment was well expressed by Nabuco, when in his famous work *Abolitionism*, published at London in 1883, he wrote "Slavery has now endured in Brazil almost half a century after the French Revolution taught the world to know and to love liberty." It was Nabuco, first exponent of a modern pan-Americanism, who served as a moral ambassador between his own country and the United States, where he resided for a considerable time, lecturing at various universities.²⁰

There are, however, certain differences to be noted between our abolitionist movement and the Brazilian one. In resolving our great national and social problems it seems that we North Americans must take the hard way, of "blood and sweat and tears." It required a war to win our independence, another to free the slaves. The Brazilians achieved each of these goals, some time after we did, by the path of bloodless revolution, and the same was true of the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of the republic. We may see here possibly a basic difference in temperament as well as of historical circumstances. The Brazilian, as anyone who knows him will confirm, is a gentle, friendly, tolerant being, tolerant of radical differences in points of view, and is inclined to settle matters peaceably by talking them out, while we are more stubborn in our assurance that we alone are right, more hotheaded often than the proverbially impetuous Latin, more disposed to convert our differing neighbor by force if needs be.

These sociopsychologic differences are of course not to be over-emphasized. There were other, more tangible elements that entered into the equation. With the opposition of interests between industrial New England and the agrarian, slaveholding Southern states, we were a house divided against itself, where Brazil was not. This division extended across the Mason and Dixon Line, and

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our early abolitionists such as John Brown, William Lloyd Garrison, and others were neither popular nor, in a sense, respectable

The effect of it all is visible in our literature. The Quakers, true to their humane creed, might be smuggling slaves to freedom by their underground railroad while frenzied mobs were crying for the blood of abolitionist agitators, but the transcendentalists and most of the poets and other writers that derived from transcendentalism held themselves on the whole somewhat daintily aloof from the fray, making an occasional bow now and then to the cause but being careful not to descend into the arena of vulgar combat. This is true of poets like Longfellow, Holmes, and the greater number of their contemporaries. Whittier of the *Songs of Freedom*, who as a poet cannot compare with Castro Alves, and Lowell of the *Biglow Papers* are the exception. And even Lowell, some half-dozen years before Fort Sumter was fired upon, found himself tiring of the fight and declared "I find that reform cannot take up the whole of me" — it was only when it was all over, in his "Harvard Commemoration Ode," that he succeeded in recapturing for a moment something of the old-time glow.

What we have here is the artist's eternal problem, one for which he has never yet found a completely satisfactory, a soul-satisfying answer — how much of himself and his art to give to a great human cause in which his fellow men are involved. There are many who say that art cannot be a weapon, that it must keep to its ivory tower, but now and then a Castro Alves appears with whom the cause for which he fights becomes so intimately and vitally associated with his medium that it is all but impossible to separate the two. In North America, aside from Whittier, we had no poet of this sort, none of Castro Alves's stature. Not even Walt Whitman, for with Whitman, transcendentalist that he was, the abolition of slavery was merely one phase of a larger struggle for the democratic ideal of "These States." He was a free-soiler but not until near the end a militant abolitionist, his final conversion in this respect resembling that of his beloved Lincoln.

Born at Murtiba in the State of Bahia in 1847, Antônio de Castro Alves was the son of a physician, received a good educa-

tion, and by the time he was twelve had begun to display the unmistakable traits of genius, showing marked ability both as a poet and as a painter. Early in his teens he was involved in a dramatic love affair or two, which provided the fire for his fine erotic verse that represented the other, complementary side of his extraordinary talent. His initial success came with the production of his play *Gonzaga, or the Revolution of Minas*, which was given its première at Bahia in 1867 but was not published until after his death.

Based upon the life of the poet Tomás Antônio Gonzaga and the so-called "Minas Conspiracy," this piece, written not in verse but in prose, sounds rather overwrought today, and some of its scenes are decidedly banal, but it served to attract the attention of the leading men of letters such as José de Alencar and Machado de Assis, both of whom found in the author — in the poet rather than in the dramatist — no mere imitator of Hugo but a newcomer of great originality and promise.

The young Antônio meanwhile had gone to São Paulo to continue his studies, and became noted there for his dashing personality, his love affairs, and his oratorical gifts, but his fame was to rest upon the volume *Tossing Spume*, published in the year of his death, 1871.²¹ It was upon the preparation of this collection that the poet, still in his early twenties, spent his last days, for he realized that the time left him was short indeed.

To a certain extent Castro Alves is of the company of the romantic Bohemians, but in life rather than in art. Like them, possibly with the premonition that he was foredoomed, he lived and loved as passionately as he wrote, but his poetry has an extrovert and social quality that theirs for the most part does not possess. He is in a manner the link between the lost generation of Byronic revelers and the new social literature that already was coming in, manifesting itself especially in the field of the novel. In this respect he in a manner combines the two phases of romantic poetry in Brazil.

In any case his love life was a stormy one, and he could hardly have failed to put his passion into his verse. Misfortune seems to have hovered over him, the climax being reached when as the

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result of an accident incurred upon a hunting trip he was compelled to have his foot amputated and tuberculosis set in. His was a temperament, however, that was bent upon draining life to the dregs. When in spite of his ailment he returned to Rio he found that he was still the poetic hero of the hour and moreover had lost none of his attraction for women. There is something about these last days of his that puts one in mind of the old expression, "consumptive's hectic flush." Carrying on his amours, dazzling the intellectual elite of the capital, and at the same time agitating for abolition and working feverishly to complete his one definitive volume, he drew near the end with the consciousness of death ever upon him.

He knew that he was going to die, but he had no desire to die. He loved life too well for that. In this he differed from those other romantics afflicted with the *mal du siècle*. A love of life and a love of one's fellow beings go together. He was no ingrown individualist venting his personal spleen upon the world. He brimmed with indignation, but it was indignation at the wrongs of man. As far back as 1864, seven years before his death, he had written

I know I am to die . . . within my breast
A terrible disease gnaws at my life

To die! give up the stars for candle-light,
Exchange a downy couch for a filthy cot
To die, when the world is a paradise, the soul
A swan with gilded plumage. . . .
Within me I feel genius effervescing,
Beyond, a radiant future . . .
Oh! I do want to live, to drink the fragrance
Of the sylvan flower that sweetens all the air,
To see my soul take wing through the infinite
Like a white sail upon a breadth of sea
Ah! what aroma in a woman's bosom,
And in her fiery kisses how much of life

The poet who wrote these lines was seventeen, and his feeling that the future awaiting him was a brilliant one proved to be justified. He did not have to wait until death to have his genius rec-

ognized, but his fame grew rapidly after the publication of his *Tossing Spume*. More than half a hundred editions of his verse have since appeared, and in 1947 the centenary of his birth was the occasion of a national observance, centering in Bahia, where a public square is named in his honor and where his tomb is. The public ceremonies included a pilgrimage to the poet's grave and to the old Cabaceiras *fazenda* where the house in which he was born still stands. There can be no doubt as to the place that the "poet of the slaves" occupies in the hearts of his countrymen, but subsequent critical opinion has varied greatly, ranging from extreme praise to almost total condemnation.

In addition to Machado de Assis and José de Alencar, the great Portuguese novelist Eça de Queiroz was one of Castro Alves's early admirers, declaring that in certain of his verses was to be found "all the poetry of the tropics."²² Another Portuguese writer, Antônio Nobre, called him "the first Brazilian poet." Afrânio Peixoto's judgment is "the greatest Brazilian poet."

At once lyric and epic [says Peixoto] he is the greatest that we have in the matter of inspiration, with respect to the social theme that forms the subject of his heroic verse, which was the harbinger of Abolition and the Republic. He is great by reason of the national note in his lyricism and the deeply moving accents in which he speaks. He has been consecrated not alone by the learned, but by public opinion as well.²³

With such a view as this we may contrast that of Mário de Andrade, expressed in 1939:

Castro Alves is one of the most contradictory values that our Brazil has to show. . . he is all instinct and "bravura". . . He is all words and feeling. . . But in this sense, it is certain that he remains the best possible image of our national mentality. Which is not a compliment to the mentality in question.²⁴

These are harsh sounding words, but in order to be able to appraise them properly one should know something of the self-critical, frequently pessimistic Brazilian temperament, and should also keep in mind that the foregoing passage was written by the leader of the rebel *modernistas*, who like the French young of the

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1920's were inclined to challenge all that had gone before and to overthrow all accepted idols. Nevertheless Mário de Andrade is a critic who carries weight, and nothing that he says is frivolous.

For one thing romanticism, and particularly a romanticism of the Hugoesque variety, has long been out of fashion, even though our modernists are very often merely belated romantics without realizing, or at any rate without admitting, it. But what has had more to do with the case is the political trends of the last fifteen years. The proletarian left has discovered all over again the poet who in "The Seer" gives us this vision of an ideal planet.

The world an enormous tent for all humanity,
With space for roof, the earth itself for hearth
Where happy dwells the universal family
From the African Sahara, from frozen Siberia,
From the Caucasus, from unhappy Iberian fields,
From the hallowed marbles of Homeric land,
From pampas and savannas of our great,
Our proud America, there shall burst forth
The hymn of freedom which is labor's own!
And with the workers' song, accompanied by
The hammer's audacious orchestra, shall mingle
The noise of printing presses and ideas,
As each out of freedom forges epic poems,
Callused the hands of all, bathing their foreheads
In freedom's sun above the horizon breaking

This poem, written nearly a hundred years ago, has a prophetic quality that readily accounts for its popularity with the left and for such volumes as Jorge Amado's *ABC of Castro Alves* (1941), Heitor Ferreira Lima's *Castro Alves and His Epoch* (1942), and Edison Carneiro's *Trajectory of Castro Alves* (1947).²⁵ On the other hand, on the part of the right there has been evident during the same period an attempt to diminish the reputation of the author of "Voices of Africa" and "The Slave Ship." This makes it rather difficult for the foreign reader who is unfamiliar with backgrounds to make out just what the poet's real standing is in Brazil today.

On the whole the tendency seems to be to restore Castro Alves

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to his rightful place as a great social poet and a great romantic who in spite of his debt to Hugo is possessed of a highly original talent In sheer verbal power and luxuriance of imagery he is unsurpassed, and Condor though he may be, his genius restrains him from crossing the line into bombast Unfortunately he loses even more than poets usually do in translation, and must be read in the original to be appreciated

But he is not always, by any means, the *condoreiro* He can be the most tender and exquisite of love poets, one whose passion becomes sensitively identified with the beauty of the natural world, with none of the romantic's usual lingering melancholy:

It was a languorous and a perfumed night,
The amorous wind to the leaves was whispering low,
The moon was gazing with voluptuous eye
Upon the bright expanse of earth below,
Like heaven's very tears, white dewdrops clung
To the trembling boughs of trees and, glistening, hung

The flowers sighed softly at the gentle kiss
The breeze bestowed upon them, as ceaselessly
The swollen ocean beat upon the shore,
Like a maiden's bosom heaving, in ecstasy
The clouds that passed across the blanching sky
Were graceful herons that went fluttering by

Breaking the solitude, a distant song
Like the sound of a mandolin upon the air,
An ardent, voluptuous, and tender strain
As of an angel's harp, ethereal-fair,
And the song all filled with love and love's delight
Goes gliding through the beauteous, languid night

Here certainly is the poetry of the tropics, that poetry that Eça de Queiroz discovered in such lines as these

Times when the sun in the virgin forest
Kindles the bonfire of the afternoons

When he comes to describe a scene like the Paulo Affonso cataract the Brazilian can be as big-bellied as Hugo himself.

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The Paulo Affonso Falls! Oh, what an abysm!
Strife of the elements, like colossal souls!
The Centaur's mighty claws in a paroxysm,
Tearing and rending the flanks of the bleeding shoals
Writhing in the terrible pain of the cataclysm,
The sweaty arms of a giant, like twin moles,
Seek to stay the river which he in vain would clasp,
Clasp and devour — but it eludes his grasp!

On the other hand he is capable of writing such lines as the following

When the Dawn arising in the east doth see
Her image in the lake, it seems to be
Her sister she beholds

He can picture, unsparingly, all the horrors of the African slaver, the seething mass of human bodies, the despairing cries and imprecations of the damned

God of the outcast, I call on Thee!
Oh! tell me, Thou who rulest on high!
How can such horrors in Thy sight be?
Is it the truth, or is it a lie?
O sea, spread thy mantle, why dost not
Sponge with thy waves this cursed blot,
Cleanse thyself of this awful stain?
Stars! Night! Tempests! on you I call
From out your immensities, one and all,
Come sweep the seas with a hurricane!

Yet when he turns to love, this same poet can say:

It still is night in your dark hair

For as a love poet he is tender always — tender, sensuous, and unabashedly sensual. In this he is very Brazilian. His eroticism is distinctly that of the man of the tropics, and is not merely a matter of the "Latin temperament." Perhaps the most famous of his love poems is the one entitled "Good Night":

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Good night, Maria! I must leave you now,
The moon is streaming through the window pane.
Good night, Maria! It is late — 'tis late —
Oh, do not press me to your bosom again

Good night! I say, and you reply — Good night
Oh, not with lips 'gainst mine, those lips of fire,
And Oh, beloved, cover up that breast,
That sea of love, that ocean of desire . . .

If Castro Alves is so popular with his countrymen, it is for the reason that he embodies to so high a degree, in himself and in his poetry, their own fascinating, many-sided, variable, frequently self-contradictory character and temperament — their fund of sentiment and emotion, their eroticism ripened under equatorial suns, their warm, generous, human impulses, their keen sense of injustice and passion for righting social wrongs, their love of their native land, with its glowing dawns, its burning noontides, its flaming sunsets, its languorous nights that seem made for amours. He is in many ways the most Brazilian of them all.

There are a number of other poets of the romantic school in Brazil who might be mentioned, but they are minor ones, and there would seem to be no point here in a mere listing of names. The reader with Portuguese at his command may be referred to Manuel Bandeira's excellent *Anthology of Brazilian Poets of the Romantic Phase*, published under the auspices of the Brazilian Ministry of Education in 1940. Senhor Bandeira presents in all the work of twenty-five men. Among those not discussed in the preceding pages two in particular may be noted. Laurindo Rabello, a popular poet of the troubadour type, and Junqueira Freire, a disillusioned friar who is a philosopher in verse and often more the philosopher than he is the poet. Both achieved considerable reputation in their day.²⁶

XI: LITTLE BRUNETTE AND NOBLE SAVAGE

IT IS NATURAL ENOUGH that the first impressive flowering of romanticism in Brazil should have taken the form of poetry. Indeed, it may be set down as a rule of literary history that the song, the poem, precedes the prose narrative, the first epic tales being told in verse, and it is certainly true that the novel is a much later, in fact distinctly a modern form, one that makes its appearance in an advanced stage of society and usually when some degree of social stability has been achieved. If we put aside the epic and dramatic genres that tend to fall into desuetude in modern times, poetry is essentially a lyric, that is to say an individual expression, whereas the novel by its origins is intimately bound up with the social milieu and has its roots there.

This is the novel in its beginnings (and it appears to go through more or less the same process of evolution in each country in turn). Later, as a culture or civilization develops and with it the novelist's art, there occurs a kind of dialectic return to the more primitive lyricism and individualism of the poem, and we have the psychologic novel that undertakes to probe the complexities and profundities of the human soul. First it is the souls of others into which the writer delves, as in the works of Paul Bourget, and what we have then is a transitional form between the episodic novel, beginning as a simple *roman de mœurs*, and the types that we know today. On the one hand the psychologist in the field of fiction, evolving such techniques as the "stream of consciousness" and the "interior monologue," may narrow his interest to his own individual psyche and, with or without the aid of Freud or of religious mysticism, give us a tale of Proustian introspection. Or the novelist may forsake psychology for sociology, deciding that the important thing is not so much the souls of men as their relations to one another, the result being the novel of social purpose and often of social protest when it does not degenerate into a propa-

ganda tract What we have then is something like a return to the original form on a higher plane

In the final synthesis both the introspective and the social form of the novelist's art tend to be resolved in the work of fiction that, in the words of the distinguished Brazilian critic Octávio Tarquínio de Sousa, "ceasing to be episodic, becomes an interpretation of life, affording a point of view on the essential problems of mankind recoiling before none of those problems, descending to the very depths of the human soul, invading the bounds of all the literary genres" ¹ And as the same critic observes, the Brazilian novel like that of Europe and of North America has gone through all these stages The distance that it has traversed becomes apparent when one lays down a contemporary work like *Anguish* by Graciliano Ramos, Jorge Amado's *The Violent Land*, or one of the volumes of Octávio de Faria's *Bourgeois Tragedy*,² and picks up *The Little Brunette* of Joaquim Manoel de Macedo, the banal but touchingly naive story that is commonly conceded to be the first real novel that Brazil produced, and which was published in the year 1844

Here once again there has been the old dispute as to what author and what work are entitled to the claim of priority. While such questions have their value for literary history and are of interest to specialists, they remain academic ones so far as the general reader is concerned There are some, among them the literary historian Arthur Motta, who would trace the Brazilian novel as far back as the early eighteenth century, to the *American Pilgrim* of Nuno Marques Pereira (1728), but Senhor Motta himself practically abandons this view when he states that "this writer's true classification, to judge by his work, is that of a moralist" ³ There are, however, at least two very definite precursors to be distinguished

One of these is a work that appeared in the middle of the eighteenth century, in 1752 to be exact In the first edition it bore the title *Maxims of Virtue and Comeliness*, but in subsequent printings — there were four in all within fifty years — this was changed to *The Adventures of Diophanes* Published in Lisbon, it was written by a Brazilian-born lady who had left her native land to re-

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turn to Portugal with her parents when she was little more than five years of age. The lady in question was Teresa Margarida da Silva e Orta, who wrote under the name of Dorothea Engrassia Tavadra Dalmira.

The tale is a didactic one with political motivations, directly inspired out of the *Aventures de Télémaque* of Fénelon and reflecting the economic liberalism of the French writer.⁴ It is remarkable, among other things, for the interest in the natural sciences that is exhibited in its pages, an interest due to the European Enlightenment of those days and to Teresa Margarida's distinguished brother Mathias Aires, the "Brazilian Vauvenargues," who has already been mentioned as the author of the *Reflections on the Vanity of Men*.⁵ A leading present-day critic, Tristão de Ataíde (Alceu Amoroso Lima), sees this work as a forerunner of the modern novel of ideas or social novel and feels that it deserves a place among the classics of Brazilian literature. And ever since the São Paulo scholar Ruy Bloem late in the 1930's came upon a rare copy in the municipal archives of that city, there has been considerable discussion of the book's claim to chronological first place.⁶

It may seem strange to us that an author who left Brazil in her infancy never to return should be regarded as a Brazilian, but as Senhor Bloem points out, it is the *pus soli* combined with the *pus sanguinis* that is viewed as the determining factor. Conditions of literary life in the colony, moreover, have a bearing on the case. "In the colonial period, there existed no cultural centers in Brazil. In order to pursue their studies, Brazilians were compelled to have recourse to the schools of Portugal, and thus came to be absorbed by the metropolis. They did not thereby cease to be Brazilians. If Portugal desires to incorporate them in her own literary history, we have an equal right to regard them as our own."⁷

Another commonly recognized precursor is Antônio Gonçalves Teixeira e Sousa, whose story *The Fisherman's Son* was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1843. A *mestizo* from the provinces who had come to the imperial capital to eke out a most precarious livelihood as a man of letters, Teixeira e Sousa was without talent as a novelist, although another work of his, *The Mishaps of Two*

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Young Ones, which appeared in 1856, shows an improvement over his first effort.⁹ As for *The Fisherman's Son*, it is what North Americans would call a "tear-jerker." It is not only lachrymously sentimental, its characters, as a modern novelist, José Lins do Rego, notes, are mere wax figures, while the author's prose is "exceptionally colorless."

The truth is that around the turn of the 1840 decade the novel was "in the air," just as the epic had been at the beginning of the seventeenth century. There are a number of works published about this time that reveal a fumbling for the narrative form. These again are of interest chiefly to the specialist.⁹ Brazilian society, with the boy Emperor Pedro II on the throne, was fast attaining that degree of cultural equilibrium that seems to call for the fictional chronicler. This society, to be sure, was still the old patriarchal, slaveholding one of colonial days that Freyre has superbly described in *The Masters and the Slaves*, but economically and politically under a prince who was destined to be one of the wisest and most liberal-minded that any country ever had, there was an ever increasing stability that acted as an encouragement to the arts and provided the atmosphere for the development of a truly national culture.

An understanding of social backgrounds in this era is important for the non-Brazilian reader who would grasp the full meaning of the literature of the time, and this is especially true with regard to the novel, which from the start has had so much of a regional or local character, mirroring a civilization that in many ways is so different from all others. Fortunately for North Americans there is no dearth of documentation in English in the form of travel narratives left us by Englishmen and one or two of our own countrymen who visited Brazil in the course of the nineteenth century. Richard Burton, George Gardner, Henry Koster, Maria Graham, Lady Calcott, Alexander Caldecleugh, John Luccock, Gilbert Farquhar Mathison, D. P. Kidder and J. C. Fletcher, and a number of other writers have given us detailed accounts that in themselves make fascinating reading.¹⁰

A volume like the *Journal* of Maria Graham, who had the advantage of being admitted on intimate terms to the family life of

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the big houses and that other life that went on in the drawing-rooms of Rio, will alone teach us more than could any amount of abstract exposition

From its inception the Brazilian novel has oscillated between two poles the novel of the countryside and the novel of the city, or as Brazilian critics would put it between *ruralismo* and *urbanismo*. It is the latter motive that first makes its appearance in *The Little Brunette* and *The Blond Lad* of Joaquim Manoel de Macedo, published respectively in 1844 and 1845. *The Little Brunette* has been described as probably the first South American best seller. In any event it has run through more editions than any bibliographer seems able to count, and has continued to delight generations of Brazilian readers young and old to the present day.¹¹

Modern critics, however, and particularly the practitioners of fiction, do not hold anything like so high an opinion of this work as does the general public. Some like Érico Veríssimo confess that they read it with avidity in their youth and fell in love with the heroine. Others, Astrogildo Pereira among them, state that in the past they have found it unreadable and today are only able to wade through it as an assigned task.¹² But Lins do Rego possibly comes nearer to the truth. Agreeing that Macedo is "the novelist of mediocrity under the Empire" and "neither a great writer nor even a good writer," he still discovers in his pages "the reflection of a state of soul that is of his time and his people, which is the reason why the public became so passionately fond of the book."

And as has been said, it is quite as fond of *The Little Brunette* in the 1940's as it was a hundred years ago. This was evidenced when the centenary of the volume's first publication was celebrated in 1944. "The novelist of young ladies for young ladies" is a phrase that has been applied to Manoel de Macedo, but a critic like Eloy Pontes declares him to be "the most authentic and legitimate of best-sellers."¹³ His hold upon the young appears to be irresistible, and has been vividly described by Lins do Rego

To this day, one hundred years later, amorous couples of Rio de Janeiro, a city of two million inhabitants, still take the boat and

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cross the bay that they may die, their arms locked about one another, in the shadow of the Rock known as "*A Moreninha*" (The Little Brunette), as if by their death they sought to affirm that Macedo's lass goes on living, that she is very much alive in the popular imagination. There, on the Island of Paquetá, they cast themselves into the sea with thoughts of her in their minds. By so doing, they pay to the author the greatest homage that the living can render him ¹⁴

There is one thing that those who judge by purely æsthetic standards alone fail to take into account, and that is the fact that a work such as *The Little Brunette* or *The Blond Lad* that has had so lasting, and not merely an ephemeral, popularity with the masses must have in it something that is very close to the heart of the people themselves. Is it nothing more than a matter of appealing to their sentimentality, their love of the trite, the commonplace, that is to say, the familiar reality of every day as they know it? Or are there deeper roots, of which only the people are dimly aware? An important contributing element in Macedo's popularity has undoubtedly been his fluent, easy-reading prose style. Another has been his readily recognizable characters, drawn from the life about him, even though these characters and life as a whole are viewed by him through rose-hued spectacles.

For with Macedo black is always black and white is white, there are no intermediate shadings. Vice is always punished, virtue rewarded, and the ending is a happy one. In this he does not differ from his Victorian contemporaries in England and the United States — or from Hollywood's grade B, and frequently grade A, movie scripts of the present moment.

By way of summing up his significance, one may say that he is a romantic who is endeavoring to draw near the realistic and human side of things, who is striving to utilize for literary purposes the raw material that his country, as yet only two decades old as an independent nation, has to offer him. He may seek to disguise that material in the form of images that have little correspondence with social reality, but as Lins do Rego hints, they do correspond to a prevalent unreality, and in reflecting this they approach the real.

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One thing that the author of *The Little Brunette* did achieve was the creation of the first fictional Brazilian, the first *character* with the breath of life, that could be described as something like a flesh-and-blood being¹⁵

The Brazilian novel had been born

If it was the life of the capital that provided Manoel de Macedo with his theme, it was the aborigine who was to furnish the initial inspiration for Brazil's greatest novelist of the romantic school. There was nothing surprising in this. The Indian was not a newcomer on the literary scene, having appeared in the verse of Basílio da Gama, Santa Rita Durão, and others, where he had been more or less of a stock figure. It remained for the romantics, Gonçalves Dias and Gonçalves de Magalhães in poetry and José de Alencar in the novel, to make him come alive and turn him into a national symbol.

"Our nativism," says Sílvio Romero, by which he means the cult of the aborigine, "is four centuries old."¹⁶ But such a statement would appear to be based upon the minute scrutinizings of the historical sociologist with a preconceived point of view, rather than upon social fact as manifested in literature. Romanticism needed the Indian, and the Indian it may be said needed the romantics. Was it not he who had fired the imaginations of Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, and how many others, most of whom had never laid eyes upon him? Had he not served them as a personification of the exotic, as the type of human nature unspoiled by civilization, and as the emblem of purity, freedom, and nobility? It was, accordingly, natural enough that they should turn to him here on his native continent. He fitted their mood and purpose and they in turn exalted him.

In Brazil as in our own country it is the Indian theme that represents the transition from the older, neoclassic to the newer, romantic literature. Brazilian romanticism, as it happened, found its first expression in poetry, where with us it was prose, in the novels of James Fenimore Cooper, our one notable writer of Indian tales, who may have had his influence upon Alencar, and who, like the latter, owed a debt to Sir Walter Scott. It is true

that back in the Revolutionary epoch and the early years of nationhood the red man had from time to time been a subject for poet or storyteller, as in those moving verses of Philip Freneau, "The Indian Cemetery," the Gothic tales of Ann Eliza Bleecker and Charles Brockden Brown, the sketches of Washington Irving. But it was with Cooper of the Leatherstocking tales, the Cooper who wrote *The Last of the Mohicans*, that he came into his own, and with him came the beginnings of the romantic movement in North America.

The method of treating the theme in the two countries, however, differs widely, and the explanation of this is to be found in a basic difference of racial and social attitudes on the part of the first colonizers. Something has been said of this before of the scarcity of white women in Brazil and the necessity of miscegenation, whereas, in contrast to the racially unprejudiced Portuguese, the Puritans and other North American colonists cherished a feeling of superiority to colored peoples, of the difference in religious points of view, with the Jesuits from Portugal making a most strenuous effort to convert the natives, while our forefathers, with the exception of a John Eliot, a Roger Williams, and a few others, did very little in this direction.

As a result it is to be expected that the subsequent story of interracial relations in Brazil should be quite different from the sanguinary record that is to be found in the pages of our own history. The Portuguese colonists also warred with the native tribes upon occasion in the early period of settlement, but there was never that more or less constant internecine strife that with us lasted well into the latter decades of the nineteenth century.¹⁷ Where we chose to annihilate the Indian, for that is what it amounted to—practical extermination, the Portuguese, and after them the Brazilians, solved the problem by absorbing and assimilating him.

In Brazil, accordingly, we very soon behold the *cunhã*, or Indian woman, becoming the mistress of the house and even the wife of the European colonizer, until he came to discover the superior domestic virtues of the African *muna*. We see the Indian male serving the white man as guide in exploring the wild-

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erness, as a soldier in defending the interests of the plantation owner against pirates and foreign invaders True, the African was to prove the more capable as a worker in the cane fields of the northeast and on the coffee *fazendas* of São Paulo, for the red man was a better hunter, fisherman, soldier than he was a laborer

Yet at the very time that the Indian's lack of capacity for agricultural or other stationary labor, that is to say, his comparatively slight economic worth, was becoming apparent, the legend of the "noble *caboclo*" was forming, good old Portuguese names of families and estates were being changed for native ones, and after-dinner orators were beginning to boast of the aboriginal blood that ran in their veins¹⁸ This was a passing craze that flourished in the era of independence, the Indian being a symbol of liberation for the man of the New World It was a mode of defiance of "the Realm," just as the midcentury fad of adopting names from Greek and Roman antiquity was a reflection at once of positivist revolt against the Church and of a growing republican sentiment But the *caboclo*, or copper-colored Brazilian, is still a prominent feature of the human landscape, as anyone may verify who takes a short tram ride into the interior of the country, where all he need do is glance about at the faces on the station platform And the literary interest in the subject likewise continues, as almost any regional novel will show.

This cult of the *caboclo* has in the past been carried so far as to draw a vehement protest from Afrânio Peixoto:

Despite the testimony of chroniclers, travellers, catechists, who have told us the truth about the Brazilian savage—that he is incapable of labor, filthy, lascivious, suspicious, revengeful, cannibalistic, sociologically inferior, that he is still a nomad, without religion, without government, without agriculture or animal husbandry, possessing the bare rudiments of hunting, fishing, warfare, and the domestic arts—in spite of all this, our romantics have continued to avail themselves of the myth of the good savage, and our literature has let itself go in the tenderest and most enthusiastic of hymns to these *bugres* The Tamoios of Gonçalves Magalhães and the Timbiras of Gonçalves Dias are heroes of chivalry, brave, loyal, courteous, like the paladins of medieval romance . . . José de Alencar's Peri is a

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gentleman, noble and passionate to the point of amorous mysticism His Iracema is a divinely lovable creature, one to arouse envy in any Christian and civilized heart Not wishing and not being able to invoke African fetishes, we have, by falsifying our origins and denying our blood-stream, made ourselves over into the descendants of *bugres* ¹⁹

Peixoto's view of the American savage may not be in accord with the findings of the modern anthropologist,²⁰ but it serves to indicate the extreme to which the exaltation of the Indian or *caboclo* has been carried

As any North American who has read what has gone before will realize, the Brazilians have had from the start, and still have, a racial psychology that is widely divergent from ours With the New England colonists, from whom we have derived so many of our intellectual, our emotional and instinctive attitudes, so much of the Puritan strain that is in us, it was not alone a matter of feeling toward a colored race, but there was further a strong element of fear that entered into the equation and that was bound up with the factor of climate The icy, snowbound New England wastes in the winter season offer a startling contrast to that tropical garden with its fruits and flowers, that earthly paradise that Father Anchieta, Rocha Pitta, and others have described The Pilgrim fathers, as they saw it, were faced with two perils starvation, and the wholesale massacre of themselves, their women, and their children at the hands of those bloodthirsty beings from out of the neighboring forest, armed not only with bows and arrows but with the dread tomahawk as well And these dangers, or rather salvation from them, came to be symbolized by the figure of the Puritan with musket over his shoulder on the way to meetinghouse, and the fat-stuffed turkey on the bounteously laden table at Thanksgiving time

In Brazil also it is true that, as Freyre reminds us, the wealthy planters, especially those of the northeast, had strongly fortified walls about their big houses, walls topped by shards of broken glass, to protect them against attack by Indians or any other foe But their psychology must have differed radically from that of the isolated white inhabitants of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

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Hence it was that no legend of the noble savage grew up with us, our nearest approach to it being the saga of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas in the milder southern colony of Virginia, settled not by Puritans but in good part by English aristocrats. It is almost inconceivable to think of a North American as boasting of his Indian ancestry. On the contrary, the native came to be pictured as a cruel and treacherous being, one whose land and game the members of the superior, civilized race were justified in seizing. There were, of course, exceptions but this was the general pattern. It is in this light that the Indian is portrayed in such early romances as Charles Brockden Brown's *Edgar Huntley* and Ann Eliza Bleecker's *History of Maria Kettle*, works that antedate those of Cooper by a score of years. It is only rarely, as in Washington Irving's sketch, "Philip of Pokanoket," that the curtain is let down for a moment and we see the white man depicted as the treacherous one, the Indian as his victim.²¹

In Cooper the red skin is not all black, but rather a blend of good and bad qualities. He may even be a stately figure, a noble-souled warrior like the last of the Mohicans. But for all of that, he remains in the end essentially a treacherous individual, one who is not to be trusted, the white man's enemy.²² There has been some debate as to just how well Cooper knew his Indians, but criticism would now seem to be veering in his favor: he had more of a first-hand knowledge of his subject than he was at first thought to possess. With him it was not so much a matter of knowledge, of documentation, as of an inherited and determining point of view.

The Indian has never been a major influence in our literature as he has been in that of Brazil. Cooper remains our only novelist of literary standing who has dealt extensively with the theme. He may be looked upon as the respectable antecedent of the flood of dime novels of the latter portion of the century in which a certain number of "red skins" invariably "bit the dust" in each installment. There was Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, a lone experiment damned by artificiality of meter and spirit, and other examples could be found in poets and prose writers, but the fact is that the Indian has never been for us an intimate life reality as

he is for the Brazilians, and so could hardly be more than a shadowy creation in the pages of fiction

In the early years of the century there was an attempt to resuscitate the aborigine for literary purposes, particularly on the part of dramatists, as in William C. De Mille's *Strongheart* and Mary Austin's *The Arrow Maker*, and on the technical side, the Indian has had an influence on John G. Neihardt and other poets. Today he is nicely embalmed in anthologies and special works, and the general public scarcely thinks of him at all except as a picturesque type who lives on a government reservation, possibly on the proceeds from his oil lands, and who sells rugs to tourists, drives a Ford car, and gets drunk on fire water just as his ancestors did hundreds of years ago.

If ever there was a writer who deliberately set out to achieve greatness by becoming the recognized historian of his native land in the form of the novel, and who drew up a specific program to that end, a program which he carried out with a remarkable degree of success, that man, surely, was José Martiniano de Alencar. He proposed to do for Brazilian prose what Gonçalves Dias had done for poetry, but more than that, as he tells us in the preface to his *Golden Dreams*,²³ he planned to depict the entire life of his people from early colonial times to the nineteenth century, and thus he very nearly succeeded in doing

Born in the northeastern state of Ceará in 1829, he came to Rio in 1850, where he remained until his death twenty-seven years later. Lawyer, professor of jurisprudence, newspaper editor, and politician, he still found time to produce a monumental quantity of literary work, running to more than thirty published volumes and including novels, poems, plays, essays, and political tracts. In the matter of industry he can only be compared to the elder Dumas, and the Brazilian public seized upon everything he wrote with much the same avidity that the French displayed as they waited for the *feuilleton* containing the latest installment of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. He was their idol. They laughed and wept and shuddered with his heroes and heroines and named their children after them. These names persist. When one today

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encounters among his Brazilian acquaintances a Dona Iracema or a gentleman called Peri, one will know that some member of the family at some time or other has been an infatuated admirer of the Indian maid who provides the title for Alencar's well-known story, or of the noble Guaraní²⁴

That the author of *Iracema* and *The Guaraní* did succeed in attaining a very real kind of greatness—an impersonal sort of immortality in the hearts of his countrymen, no one can deny. Impersonal, for the reason that it is not José de Alencar the novelist but rather his creations that are the reality for the mass of his readers. And this is the highest tribute that the people, as distinguished from the critics, the aesthetes, and the literary scholars, can pay to any writer—the tribute of quasi-anonymity such as the ancients bestowed upon their minstrels and their tellers of tales. It is one that cannot be paid to a great and fine writer like Machado de Assis, for instance, where the subjective element, the author's personality, becomes inseparable from his style and content²⁵

It may be true, as the critics insist, that Alencar's characters have a certain automatic quality, and that their creator, who set out to be a profound thinker, is lacking in psychologic insight. "He moves them about as if they were trees," says Lins do Rego, and it must be admitted that they are somewhat lifeless, wooden. But the point is they have a life of their own, like the figures in a marionette show. It is a kind of *commedia dell'arte* that we are witnessing here, and the rapt look on the faces of the audience tells that the one who pulls the strings goes unperceived. Is he himself aware that these are puppets?

When all is said José de Alencar is a writer of extraordinary talent. Like Sir Walter Scott he is especially fond of large historical canvases, and his descriptive powers are comparable to Scott's. He has a genius for the picturesque, along with a deep feeling for nature and no lack of imagination. While his prose may not be always syntactically perfect, it is delightfully musical, endowed with a lyric freshness and elegance that have led him to be compared with Chateaubriand. But the most astonishing thing about him is his versatility, the wide range of his talent.

LITTLE BRUNETTE AND NOBLE SAVAGE

It was with the Indian that he began, his first published volume (1856) being his *Letters on the Confederation of the Tamoiros*.²⁶ His first novel, *The Guarani*, came the following year. This famous work, which has been made into an opera by Carlos Gomes, cannot be said to be the first Brazilian novel of real literary importance. That honor goes to the *Memours of a Militia Sergeant* (1854-5) of Manoel Antônio de Almeida, an author and a book that will be considered later. Almeida, a Balzacian realist, does not belong in the company of the romantics. He is, so to speak, chronologically out of place, and his one novel, the *Memours*, is little more than an episode in the history of this period. Possibly — who knows? — if he had not died in a shipwreck at the age of thirty-one, or if there had been another Almeida or two, there might have been a different story to tell. But was the public ready for a mature realism? In any case, with the publication of *The Guarani* the romantic stream gathered force, to continue unabated for a decade or two.

Alencar's two most popular works, *Iracema* and *The Guarani*, have the Indian for subject matter, and a significance may be seen in the fact that each deals with the theme of love between Indian and white. In the latter novel it is the love of a native warrior, Peri, for the daughter of a wealthy land owner. In the other it is the passion a red-skinned "virgin of the honeylips" conceives for a Portuguese soldier. The author, it is thus apparent, is not merely employing the Indian as picturesque material, but is at the same time touching upon his country's national problem that of miscegenation, racial assimilation. To be sure, he does not go into the question with any social depth. He utilizes the situation rather for dramatic and emotional effect, and, as in *The Guarani*, he is inclined to dodge the issue by an ending that leaves the matter open,²⁷ but he recognizes the existence of the problem, none the less.

Much has been made in the past of his debt to Cooper, but he himself would deny this. In an interesting document, *How and Why I Write*, published by his son six years after his death, he states emphatically that he does not owe his art either to the North American or to Chateaubriand, their works being, in his

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words, "no more than a copy of the sublime original with which I in my heart was familiar" The South American novel, he rightly asserts, was bound to develop in the course of time The subject was there, waiting, too big to be avoided. He exhibits, in passing, a sound comprehension of Cooper when he lays stress upon the maritime tales and describes their author as being essentially the "poet of the sea" — of the sea, rather than of the Indian ²⁸

The difference between the two writers goes deeper than that Where Alencar is prevailingly the romantic, Cooper is a transitional figure, with remnants of neoclassicism and foreshadowings of realism mingling with a budding romanticism in the pages that he writes

The Brazilian was certainly romantic enough for anyone's taste What could be more in the genre than that closing passage of *The Guarani* that has provoked so many smiles on the part of sophisticated readers and has thrilled so many generations? In the midst of a terrible inundation that has swept the countryside, the brave Peri and the planter's daughter have taken refuge in the top of a palm tree As the waters continue to rise he seizes the trunk of the tree, uproots it with a mighty gesture, and they go sailing away with the palm as a raft By this means, as Érico Veríssimo remarks, Alencar at once avoids an unhappy ending and an interracial mating that might not have pleased some of his admirers As for Peri's Herculean feat, Veríssimo compares that to the exploits of our Flash Gordon or Superman of the present-day comic strip

Perhaps Goldberg is correct in his conclusion that Alencar is, after all, the poet in prose ²⁹ It is this poetry that in spite of a frequently dubious historical documentation, occasional bad syntax, and far-fetched plots and situations, has for the past ninety years endeared him to the sophisticated and unsophisticated alike As a maker of plots he has few equals, and Wilkie Collins of *Moonstone* fame might learn something from him in this regard

His Indian stories, however, represent but a single phase of José de Alencar's literary activity His work embraces or touches

upon half a dozen varied fields the regional novel, the novel of city life, the social novel of slavery and abolition, the historical novel, the psychological novel, the contemporary *roman à clef*. Lins do Rego believes that he was for a time swayed by the success of the *Memours of a Militia Sergeant* to imitate Almeida and try his hand at realism, in the manner of Dumas fils and the *Dame aux Camélias*. This may be so, but Alencar's native exuberance is not to be lost sight of. Like Leonardo he had a passion for doing a little of everything.

In such novels as *Man of the Backlands*, *The Gaucho*, and *The Ipé Trunk* he has pictured the rural and provincial life of Brazil in the middle of the nineteenth century, while in *Gazelle's Hoof* and *Golden Dreams* it is the life of the cities with which he is concerned. In *Mother* and *Familiar Demon* he deals with slavery, in *Silver Mines* he depicts the society of colonial times, in *War of the Mascates* he gives us a veiled romance centering in Pedro II and his court. In the domain of feminine psychology he essays a series of novels under the title of *Womanly Profiles*, including *Senhora*, *Diva*, and *Luciola*. But in the end it is the Indian tales, it is *Ubyara* and *Sons of Tupã* and *The Guaraní* and *Iracema*, that the author's near-century-old public cherishes most deeply and to which they always return.³⁰

The tourist would do well to remember something of this when in visiting Rio de Janeiro today he chances to pass through the Praça José de Alencar, where a neighborhood taxi or two stands drawn up alongside the seated stone figure of the novelist. This is one statue that is something more than just another monument in the public square.

XII. THE RISE OF REGIONALISM

THE ROMANTIC, it may be said, as a species has never had an undivided soul. Conceived with the first stirrings of the bourgeois spirit in the modern world, the term "bourgeois" being here employed in a technical sense with no depreciatory overtones, he was born amid the afterthroes of the French Revolution, and his heyday coincided with capitalism's early prime or period of initial stabilization. The choice that confronted him was fourfold.

Inspired by the vision of new worlds to conquer and at the same time revolted by a reality that did not meet his dream, he might seek an escape in the exotic and the idealized primitive. He might resort, closer to home, to the artificial paradises of the Bohemians and the decadents. He might, like Hugo and his followers, put the romantic spirit and technique at the service of a cause and endeavor to shape things nearer to his desire. Or finally he might abandon romanticism, turn realist, and set about depicting the human comedy of a Balzac.

In practice he not infrequently oscillated between two poles and the result is at times a kind of split personality, as between the Flaubert who wrote *Madame Bovary* and the author of *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*, or the poet of the sea whom Alencar described and the Cooper who gave us the Leatherstocking tales. There is, it would seem, a distinction to be made between a poeticized reality and a romantic escape from the real, and Alencar undoubtedly did have much of the poet in him, while at the same time the tug of daily life was always there, an extraordinary social scene that cried for a Balzac.

The situation in Brazil, so far as the writer was concerned, and the same, of course, is true to a greater or less degree of Latin America as a whole, differed radically from the one in Europe or even in the United States. Here on the edge of the Amazonian jungle or of the vast unpeopled plains that lay to the west was what can only be described as a *romantic reality*, the romantic that had become the real. Here were the meeting- and mating-

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ground of the primitive and the culture and civilization of the Old World. Which aspect to choose? And is it strange then if the dilemma, the hesitation, shows in the writer's work, or if that work is sometimes of a decidedly mixed character from the point of view of the literary historian with his more or less rigid schemes of classification?

It has been said that "Alencar, by way of fleeing Brazil, sought out the jungle, by way of escaping from the Brazilian, he discovered the Indian"¹ But this is rather an injustice. The fact is that the creator of *Peri* and *Iracema* and *Ubirajara* was not fleeing anything so much as he was simply being true to himself, to his own poetic and romantic temperament, which was that of the Brazilian of his day, a fact that accounts for his enormous popularity. In this respect he may be compared with the author of *The Little Brunette*, although in the case of Macedo, who wrote about the city and not about the jungle, the evasion becomes more apparent. As we have seen, influenced by Almeida's *Memoirs of a Militia Sergeant*, Alencar did waver in the direction of the realistic story, and the body of his work can by no means be pigeonholed as exclusively romantic.

In Brazil as in the United States it was regionalism that in the latter half of the century was to serve as the bridge to realism. Closely associated in its origins with the romantic movement, this type of writing, particularly in Germany, had made its appearance toward the close of the eighteenth century as a fruit of the romantics's quest for the picturesque. In Britain it had become, as in Gray's "Elegy," the poems of Burns, and similar works, a means of affirming the dignity of man, the man who lived near to the bosom of nature.

More than other literary schools, if school it may be called, regionalism tends to take on a different form and serve a different end in each country where it develops. Both with us and with the Brazilians its ultimate direction proved to be toward a more realistic portrayal of life in the novel and short story, but the motivation and consequent character of the product, apart from striking dissimilarities of milieu, are far from being the same. Springing up in North America in the years that followed the

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Civil War, and reflecting at first in the writings of Bret Harte a distinctly romantic impulse attributable to the gold rush of 1849 and the opening up of the far West, regionalism in the novels of Sarah Orne Jewett and others of the New England group soon became a kind of escape from the ugliness of an urban civilization that was becoming increasingly commercial and industrialized, with an oppressive degree of mechanization and standardization that caused the rustic types of a *Deephaven*, for example, to seem a welcome relief. In Brazil it became a search for and discovery of the "grass roots," as we might call them, of Brazilian nationalism through a novelistic study of the life of the people in far-away provinces in an age of slow communication, a search and a discovery that are still going on.

In our country regionalism was more or less to peter out with the coming in turn of the automobile, the motion picture, the radio, and it persists today chiefly as an escapist when not a socially reactionary form. Only in the poetry of a Robert Frost, a Robinson Jeffers, an occasional novel like Elizabeth Madox Roberts's *The Time of Man*, does it display a brilliance and vitality that would appear to justify its existence. In this latest, atomic age, with a conceivable decentralization of industry and populations, it is possible that it may get a new hold on life despite the growing uniformity of speech, dress, and customs that radio and the movies bring, but for the present it is all but extinct.

Not so in Brazil where railroads, highways, telegraph and telephone lines, radios, movie theaters, and public schools are all too few, where the city and its ways, its many cultural expressions, are remote indeed from the life of the little towns and hamlets and the back-lying *fazendas*. Here old customs linger on, and there is subject matter in plenty for the regional novelist. That he continues to avail himself of it is evident to anyone familiar with the Brazilian literary output of the last decade or two.²

It has been said above that the trend of the regional novel was in the general direction of realism. This trend in North America is to be seen in the homely small-town and back-country naturalism of such writers as Mark Twain, Edward Eggleston, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary Wilkins Freeman, Miss Murfree, Alice

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French, and others But the story of this type was destined to give way to the one based upon city life and all the new social problems that were arising there in connection with the growth of modern industry If the novelist could not flee the new civilization, he would at least try to grapple with it The publication of Stephen Crane's *Maggie* may be said to have signaled the turn, and Crane was followed by the muckrakers, Norris, Dreiser, the turn-of-the-century realists

In recent years, with the economic unrest that began to assume an acute form in the 1930's, we have witnessed the appearance of a kind of story that represents a fusion of the regional and social types and that is to be viewed in novels dealing with the South, the Southwest, and other parts of the country where the new, industrialized culture is invading and clashing with the old. John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* is a case in point, and Sherwood Anderson may be looked upon as a precursor³

The Brazilian regional novel likewise has been social in tendency Indeed, it has had from the beginning more of a socially conscious character than its northern counterpart This was more or less inevitable in view of the fact that poverty and hunger there are likely to become, whether the novelist wills it or not, the ineluctable protagonists of the tale In a New England fisherman's village social conditions and wrongs may be blinked, covered over with the quaint, the picturesque, but this could hardly be done in Brazil's *sertão*, that arid backland region of the northeast where at regular intervals the entire population is forced to flee the devastating droughts, many of them to leave their bones along the cactus-bordered trail As a result the regional novel very often becomes a social document in place of a mere colorful depiction of rural manners

This was what happened in the case of Bernardo Joaquim da Silva Guimarães, whose first novel, *The Hermit of Muquem*, appeared in 1869, but whose best-known work is *The Slave Girl Isaura* (1875).⁴

Along with his brother novelist José de Alencar and the poet Castro Alves, Bernardo Guimarães was one of those Brazilian in-

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tellecuals of the later nineteenth century who had the courage to raise their voices for the abolishment of the institution of African slavery in their country, their ardor being fanned by the outcome of the Civil War in the United States. But this is not to say that he was an austere reformer, for the literary abolitionists of Rio and São Paulo were not of that kind.

Like Castro Alves, Guimarães was a Bohemian, noted for his resistance to alcohol, his ability on the flute and guitar, and his singing voice. An intimate of Alvares de Azevedo and other tavern bards, he was constantly involved in scandal of one sort or another during his student days at São Paulo (he was a native of Minas Gerais) and in after years as a magistrate and subsequently as instructor in a secondary school. As a judge he horrified the legal profession by rendering a decision in verse as he strummed his guitar, and on another occasion he summoned the eleven defendants in a criminal case before the time set for their trial and dismissed them all simply because he felt sorry for them. Needless to say, his judicial career was a brief one, after which he returned to Minas to teach in a *lyceu*.

As a teacher also he had his difficulties, but as he grew older there in the provinces he abandoned what Lins do Rego calls the "mortuary poetry" of Azevedo and the São Paulo group.⁵ He now had an opportunity to see at close-up the land and people of Brazil, and social questions began to impinge upon him, to be reflected in his writings. It is here that his importance lies, as a forerunner of the social novel, the initiator of a tendency. His *Isaura* may not have had an effect comparable to that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but it did make Brazilians ashamed of the fact that slavery still existed in their midst. And he further brought to them a picture of the *sertão* as it really was, without any poeticizing or romanticizing in the manner of Alencar.

By reason of his colorless, undistinguished style he is for many as unreadable today as Macedo, but he did not, like the latter, portray a world that is at once trite and unreal. His content is not banal. The sincerity of his intentions, his feeling for the native theme, and his pioneer efforts at social realism have won him a lasting place.

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In addition to several volumes of poetry, Guimarães published numerous other novels, including *The Diamond Hunter*, *The Seminarist*, and *The Indian Afonso*.

The next Brazilian regionalist of note that we come upon is João Franklin da Silva Távora, better known as Franklin Távora. Born in Ceará, Távora studied law at Recife and for a time took part in the public life of the state of Pernambuco before moving on to Rio, which was now beginning to draw to itself writers from all over Brazil, as the literary capital of a country always does. A novelist might choose to depict the life of his own section, since this was the one that he knew best, but it was in the imperial metropolis that his career must be hewed out. And it was there too that he found that stimulating intercourse with others of his craft the man of letters often feels to be so indispensable.

Writers might come to Rio, but they none the less were inclined to retain and cherish their regional loyalties. This was especially true of the *nortistas* on the one hand and of the *mineiros* on the other. And Távora was among the first to insist upon a sharp cleavage between the north and the south of Brazil, that is, between the Pernambuco and Ceará region and Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo and Minas Gerais, for Rio Grande do Sul had not as yet developed a noteworthy literature as it has in the twentieth century, with Porto Alegre as its thriving publishing center.

These geographic tensions are important, economically, socially, politically, and culturally speaking, and only the Brazilian or the close student is likely to grasp them in their full and finely shaded significance. An understanding of such tensions would, for instance, have enabled North Americans to comprehend much more clearly than they did the nature of the Vargas revolution of 1930 and the abortive São Paulo counter-revolt that followed. And as stated they also play their role in literature. In this regard the northeasterners have stood out by reason of the large, not to say, disproportionate number of prominent literary figures that have come from that part of the country, until in the 1930's, with José Lins do Rego, Jorge Amado, Graciliano Ramos, Gilberto Freyre, and many others making their appearance upon the scene, there came to be talk of an "invasion" from this quarter.⁶

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It is, then, this section, with its famed *cangaceiros*, or bandits, its *matutos*, or backwoodsmen, and all the other colorful types to be found there, that Távora takes as the setting for his numerous novels, among which may be mentioned *Cabelleira* (name of a bandit chief), published in 1876, *The Backwoodsman* (1878), and *Lourenço* (1881), all of which belong to the "literature of the north." Unfortunately, however, while the "types" are there, the breath of life is not. As one of the best of modern critics, Lucia Miguel de Pereira, puts it, "neither life nor art." There is a great exactitude and attention to detail, but the result is history or sociology rather than a novel in the proper sense of the term. This is owing in part to the stilted, utterly unreal dialogue that the author puts into the mouths of his bandits and other characters, but the basic fault lies deeper than that: he simply was not a novelist. Nevertheless he is not to be omitted in any discussion of the development of the novel in Brazil, particularly in its regional and social aspects.

It is with Alfredo d'Escagnolle, Viscount of Taunay (Escagnolle Taunay), that Brazilian fiction begins to take on a more sophisticated, less provincial character, even in its treatment of the provincial theme. As his name would indicate, Taunay was of French ancestry on both his father's and his mother's side, and there is to be discerned in his writing a certain clarity, simplicity, and directness of statement, a certain naturalness that perhaps might best be described as Gallic. Yet critics are agreed that he remains very much the Brazilian in the matter of feeling and temperament.

His reputation rests upon two works, one of them not a novel though it reads like it: *The Retreat from Laguna*, an account of a military expedition in the Paraguayan War, a book he originally wrote in French and which has been compared to Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and *Inocência*, a tragic love story whose scene is laid in that portion of central Brazil where the provinces of Minas Gerais, São Paulo, Mato Grosso, and Goiás come together, and which on the social side deals with the haremlike sequestration of women practiced by the rural *mineiros* in those days.

There are some who hold that *The Retreat from Laguna* is

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Taunay's true masterpiece. It has a kind of epic sweep and is marked by an unusual power of imaginative description. Brazilian military men are very proud of the work and would claim the author for their own, having named an annual literary award in his honor. On the other hand, *Inocência* is one of the most popular and widely translated of all Brazilian books, having been done into eleven languages, including the Japanese, in as many as three or four different versions in some instances. Readers of English may appraise it for themselves in Henriqueta Chamberlam's sensitive rendering of some years ago, or in an older translation published in London in 1889.⁹

Inocência made literary history in its day. The author may have been born and reared in Rio, but as a soldier he had seen the far frontiers of his country, he had seen the people and how they lived, and he had the novelist's gift for putting what he saw into finished story form. His æsthetic direction was toward a sober realism but one that did not exclude the picturesque. He introduced a modern note into the telling of a love story by doing away with the exaggerated diction of his predecessors, and he was less sentimental, less violent in his handling of the human passions, as may be seen by comparing *Inocência* with Alencar's *Iracema* or *The Guarani*.

Taunay has his faults, to be sure. He has been accused of too much simplicity, of a lack of complexity and psychologic penetration, a sense of mystery.⁹ Some also find him too prolix at times, his descriptions too long, and this is a criticism that seems justified. But all in all, *Inocência* remains one of the most beautiful love idyls in any language, a fact that doubtless accounts for its worldwide appeal. The year of its appearance, 1872, is a date to be remembered in Brazilian literature.

No account of the regional novel would be complete without mention of Domingos Olympio Braga Cavalcanti (Domingos Olympio) and his story of the northeast, *Luzia-Homem*, published after the turn of the century in 1903 (the author died in 1906). Although this, his one work of fiction, came some thirty years later than *Inocência*, Olympio represents a continuation of the same stream. His importance lies in the effort he made to ren-

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der his characters more complex and thereby nearer to life His work is lacking in the artistry, the craftsmanship of Taunay's, but his Luzia-Homem, a maid of Indian blood, is for all of that a living creature and the reader cannot but sympathize with her in her struggle with destiny

Warning against oversimplifying matters through psychological distinctions based upon geography, Lucia Miguel Pereira still sees Taunay and Olympio as the literary representatives, respectively, of northern and southern Brazil and believes that she finds supporting evidence for this view in the two novels under discussion here

In the work of these four men, Bernardo Guimarães, Franklin Távora, Escragnolle Taunay, and Domingos Olympio, we have the beginnings of a form of literature that is extremely popular ¹⁰ It is a form that continues to hover somewhat uncertainly between the picture of manners and the social theme and not infrequently is a blend of the two At other times, as in the *Sugar-Cane Cycle* of José Lins do Rego or the Bahian tales of Jorge Amado, it becomes a true social novel of a superior kind, with implications far broader than its provincial setting might seem to promise In any case in a country where regional variations persist and are a determining reality one feels that its possibilities have not been exhausted as yet The danger lies as always in an overabundance of the picturesque.

Before this account of the romantic era in Brazil is brought to a close, something should be said of two other writers who belong to the period Francisco Adolfo de Varnhagen, Viscount of Porto Seguro, distinguished historian, critic, and literary anthologist, and Luis Carlos Martins Pena, one of the few dramatists of note that his country has to show

In addition to his *General History of Brazil*, his *History of the Struggles against the Dutch*, and *History of Independence*, Varnhagen performed a valuable service for literature by editing an *Anthology of Brazilian Poetry* ¹¹ His work is sober, factual, scholarly, on the whole unimaginative. As a bibliophile he rendered

services that were extremely important, but his criticism is of little worth

As for Pena, he and the early-eighteenth-century Antônio José da Silva — *O Judeu* — are, as has been previously stated, about all that Brazil to this day has to offer in the way of a significant theater. Not quite all, for there were a number of playwrights among the early romantics, and something in the nature of a dramatic revival (if revival is the word) may be said to have taken place about the year 1838, when Gonçalves de Magalhães's play *Antônio José* and Martins Pena's comedy *The Justice of the Peace* were staged in Rio.¹² Macedo, Alencar, Guimarães, and others followed the example thus set them, and stole time from their novelistic labors to turn out an occasional theatrical piece. But from the point of view of the playhouse, Pena was the most adept of them all. He was adept, that is to say, in giving Brazilian audiences what they wanted. His productions are anything but profound, but he is a theater-wise dramatist with no pretensions to literature or the conveying of a message. His countrymen saw themselves and their daily lives in all their mediocrity mirrored in his creations, had a chance to laugh at their own reflections, and went away satisfied.

And that with few exceptions is what the history of the Brazilian theater has been ever since.¹³ In this respect it is comparable to the French theater since the middle of the last century, but it is, if anything, even worse, since Rio is very often reduced to importing its theatrical fare from Paris. From Paris or, today, from New York. In 1946, upon my visit there, it was Eugene O'Neill. Three O'Neill pieces playing at once and one French farce. Not a single native article. Excellent actors but seemingly no playwrights.

The almost total absence of a theater is perhaps the most glaring gap to be discovered in the Brazilian cultural scheme. It is hard to explain in view of the pressing character of the national problem, the many grave economic and social questions that confront the Brazilian people. Why is it that these problems have not been put into dramatic form?

PART III THE ROMANTIC LIBERATION

The romantic impulse had now all but spent itself. The century was growing older, sadder, wiser. The positivism, first of Auguste Comte and later of Herbert Spencer, the researches of Darwin and Huxley, appeared to be undermining the rudiments of an age-old faith. The glow of dawn had vanished, and the day was not fulfilling its promise. A sober reaction was setting in that was manifesting itself in literature as in the other domains of man's intellectual and spiritual life. In France the great Balzac's work was already done, and Flaubert, Zola and the naturalists, the Goncourts, Daudet, ruled in the realm of fiction, as did Dickens, Trollope, George Eliot, across the Channel. Swinburne, Tennyson, Browning, in England, were displacing the cult of Byron. The French Parnasse was flourishing, to be followed by Mallarmé and the symbolists.

It was inevitable that all this should be reflected in Brazil, whose romantic movement so largely derived from Paris, a Paris that was looked to as the liberator from the bonds of Lisbon. It was inevitable that men there should likewise soon begin questioning accepted values, should begin to tire of their own eloquence and grandiloquence, and that a critical spirit should develop that would alter the course of creative writing and prepare the way for new schools, new names, new talents.¹⁴

PART IV

The Modern Spirit

XIII: PARNASSIANS AND SYMBOLISTS

NATURALISM IN THE NOVEL and the Parnassian movement in poetry, in reality expressions of the same scientific spirit and anti-romantic revolt, together constitute the most prominent feature of the literary landscape in the latter decades of the nineteenth century. Chronologically it is somewhat difficult to distinguish them in their beginnings and to say with assurance which came first in a particular country—a naturalistic fiction and criticism, or the poetic revolution that takes its name from the group that formed in Paris about 1865-66 around the magazine known as *Le Parnasse Contemporain*.

Owing to the preponderant role that France has played in the evolution of our modern culture, we are sometimes inclined to attribute to her a priority she may not rightfully claim, and to overlook the fact that the same forces that produce a given movement in a given country are likely to be at work in other countries as well. We forget the native sources of inspiration. We have seen that this was true in the case of romanticism, and so with the revulsion against romanticism we may expect to find the rule applying. The English were quite as tired of Byronic posturings and the Brazilians of Condor eloquence and hyperbole as the French were of Hugo's loud bassoon and the exotically studded prose and lyrics of Théophile Gautier.

As between romanticism on the one hand and naturalism or the Parnassian school on the other, as the old impulse dies and the new one is born, the critic is frequently hard put to it to classify a novel or a poem, especially a poem in which the two strands mingle inextricably. Who is more the romantic than Gautier? Yet his famous lines on "Art" in his *Émaux et Camées* hold the essence of Parnassianism.

Tout passe — L'art robuste
Seul a l'éternité,
Le buste
Survit à la cité . . .

Similarly in Brazil, where it is customary to date the antiromantic revolt from the year 1870, we find in the later sixties, in such poetic volumes as the *Chrysalides* and *Phalænas* of Machado de Assis, an adumbration of what is to come ¹

That Machado de Assis with his exquisite sensibility was aware of a new force even though he does not name it, is indicated by the article on "The New Generation" that he published in 1879 in the *Revista Brasileira*, but it is not until the publication of Alberto de Oliveira's *Sonnets and Poems*, in 1885, followed by Raimundo Correia's *Verses and Versions* (1887) and Olavo Bilac's *Poems* (1888), that the Brazilian movement may be said to have crystallized. And when it came it was not due to French influences alone but owed something of a debt to the Portuguese poets Teófilo Braga and Antero de Quental, to the former's *Vision of the Ages and Resounding Tempests* (1864) and the latter's *Modern Odes* (1865) ² There was also Gonçalves Crespo, a Brazilian who lived and wrote in Portugal and who had been termed one of the purest of Parnassians ³ Lisbon had not been entirely forgotten

It was in 1878 that what is known as the "Battle of Parnassus" began in the columns of the *Diário do Rio de Janeiro*. This was a memorable literary fray, comparable to some of those that have taken place in Paris, but as Manuel Bandeira, the present-day anthologist of the movement who has made a thorough study of the files points out, there was no reference in all these wordy encounters to the French Parnasse. Instead the knights of the pen inscribed upon their banners such battle cries as "Realism," "New Idea," "Science," and "Social Poetry" ⁴ Teófilo Dias (of the same family as Gonçalves Dias) was among those who took part in the fray, the influence of the School of Coimbra was to be discerned, and the *Miniatures* of Gonçalves Crespo, published at Lisbon in 1871, were not without their effect ⁵

The spirit that animated the "new generation" is admirably set forth in Machado de Assis's historic article. The one common bond was a conviction that romanticism was dead, dead beyond any hope of resurrection. As Machado de Assis phrased it, "This generation is not interested in prolonging the sunset of a day that

is truly done" It was, above all, the personal lyricism and subjectivism of the romantics that the younger men spurned

The romantics cannot endure the Parnassians for the reason that they are unable to understand them Too bad! They think that the human soul is nothing but tears and sentimentality, they do not speak — because their ears are not attuned to such matters — of music, rhyme, metrical harmony, variation of vowels, choice of words, everything, in short, that gives to verse its form, movement, color, a life more real than human, in the creation of that sublime, that ineffable thing that we know as — Poetry ⁶

This was written by Machado de Assis in 1886 after the movement had definitely been crystallized through the publication of Oliveira's volume The Parnassian label, it will be noted, has now been accepted For news of the ferment in the French capital had been brought back to Rio by Artur de Oliveira, Tomás Alves Filho (who participated in the "Battle of Parnassus"), and others, and the Gallic influence had also been filtered through the poems of Teófilo Dias It was following the publication of Dias's *Fanfares* in 1882 that the antiromantic revolt began to assume a form and spirit corresponding to the Parnasse, although the word itself had not as yet made its appearance And Machado de Assis had thought that in the *Fanfares* he could make out traces of Baudelaire, while another critic spoke of Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, Banville, and others

From what has been said above, it may be seen that Parnassianism in Brazil was a good deal more indigenous than romanticism had been The latter in its beginnings was distinctly an importation, brought back or sent back by exiles, though the time and place, it must be granted, were ready for the seed. Whereas the poets of the seventies and eighties were inspired primarily by a disgust with their big-bellied predecessors and only later turned their eyes toward Paris for those impeccable models of which they sensed the need They *were* Parnassians, so why not take the name?

Two years after the *Fanfares* of Teófilo Dias, Alberto de Oliveira published his *Southern Airs*, and these two works, in the

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opinion of Bandeira, mark the final stages in that process of crystallization that was achieved during the next four years (1884-8), as represented by the volumes of Oliveira, Ramundo Correia, and Olavo Bilac already mentioned.⁷ It was not long before the appearance of his own *Poems* that Bilac wrote

Ramundo Correia with his *Verses and Versions* and Alberto de Oliveira with his *Sonnets and Poems* have definitely established the character of the new phase of Brazilian poetry and have pointed the direction which from this day forth will be followed by all the poets who come after them. These reformers are a couple of Parnassians

It was, however, Bilac himself who was to fulfill this prophecy. It was his *Poems* that marked the triumph of the Parnasse in Brazil, the culmination of the antiromantic revolt, and, some would say, the high point of Brazilian poetry. De Oliveira and Correia had not been perfect Parnassians. Machado de Assis had called them to account for flaws in grammar, which was something that the high priests would not tolerate, and they also introduced certain Gallicisms and inversions of speech that Bilac was careful to avoid. He, indeed, while he pays tribute to the French in a "Profession of Faith" in the first part of his book, is more indebted to Bocage and other Portuguese sources than he is to the Parisians, and in this he taps the vein of a lyricism closer to the Brazilian.⁸

A great argument ensued as to whether Bilac was in reality a Parnassian or not. It matters little save to the technician of poetic form. The point is that Brazilian poetry had now come of age, not in the work of Bilac alone, but in that of a number of fine craftsmen with an awareness of what was going on in the rest of the world, and at the same time a way of looking at things and a fund of emotion that were truly tropical in character — truly tropical and truly Brazilian. If many of the older poets are unreadable today, and almost all of them are in spots, as is the case with the romantics in any literature, the same cannot be said of these later-century bards, whom any modern reader with an ear for verbal music will find pleasure in perusing.

PARNASSIANS AND SYMBOLISTS

The basic characteristics of the new school have been summed up by Manuel Bandeira

The difference between the Parnassians and the romantics lies in the absence, not of sentimentality as sentimentality, the word being understood to mean an affectation of feeling, for that is to be found among the followers of the Parnasse, but of a certain coy and plaintive tender-heartedness which is very Brazilian so far as that goes, and which is so indiscreetly to be perceived in the amorous lyricism of the romantics. This tone disappears completely in the Parnassians, yielding place to a more realistic conception of the relations between the sexes ¹⁰

Bandeira goes on to speak of the effect of changed social conditions upon the poet's conception of love, following the abolition of slavery. Certain sentimental types such as the *Sinhá*, or plantation mistress, were now gone, while the Brazilian young lady likewise was fast losing the traits she had acquired during three centuries of patriarchal civilization. The "little brunette" was making way for the modern woman who in affairs of sex meets the man upon an equal footing.

On the technical side the Brazilian like the French Parnassians insisted upon a rigid discipline based upon "sobriety and contiguity" ¹¹ They opposed all sentimental vagueness and demanded syntactical clarity and a meticulous observance of the rules of Portuguese grammar. In this respect, addressing the Brazilian Academy of Letters, Bilac did not hesitate to correct a line of Gonçalves Dias. In the matter of metrics they were equally strict, to such an extent as to lead one critic to accuse them of having reduced "the richest and most deeply moving of the fine arts to the condition of one of the poorest, that of statuary."

So far as poetic license was concerned, Bilac and the others would have agreed with Théodore de Banville "*Il n'y a pas*" With Jules Lemaitre they might have said "*Je lime des sonnets ingénieux et froids*" ¹² But with it all they are not as "cold" as their French correspondents. They hardly could be, with their tropical temperament, and possibly there is something too in the

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genius of the Portuguese language Yet there can be no denying that the general tendency was toward an art for art's sake, a "religion of art," and a kind of cold and chiseled beauty

In his definitive *Anthology of Brazilian Poets of the Parnassian Phase*, which, like his *Anthology of Brazilian Poets of the Romantic Phase*, was published some years ago by the Ministry of Education in Rio, Manuel Bandeira gives representation to twenty-four poets whose work he sees as falling within the bounds of this school, and the reader of Portuguese may be referred to this excellent compilation for a typical sampling of all the important Parnassians There are many other names to be found in old newspaper and magazine files that might be included,¹³ but when one has read Bilac, Oliveira, and Correia, he may be sure that he has had the cream If there is another poet of the period who might be added to the list, it is Luis Guimarães, whose *Sonnets and Rhymes*, published at Rome in 1880, may, like the *Chrysalides* and *Phalœnas* of Machado de Assis, be looked upon as being in the nature of harbingers¹⁴

If it is next to impossible, or a miracle, to translate any good poem, what is one to do in the case of the Parnassians when with the best of intentions he wishes to give the reader unfamiliar with Portuguese some idea of the work of these men? The most that one can hope to accomplish perhaps is to awaken an interest in the Portuguese language as the key to a body of modern poetry that is little known outside Brazil and that well deserves investigation Once in a while, however, one does achieve a translation that is not too great a betrayal of the original, though the piece in question may not be the one he would have best liked to render

Bilac's "Sahara Vitae" may be considered in this light While it may not convey the full "irony and splendor" of this poet,¹⁵ it none the less is a fairly typical expression of his view of life and love, and affords a glimpse of the nature of his art

Ah, see them go! the sky above them bending
Like a roof of burning bronze, on high the sun
Lets fly its steely arrows one by one,
Ruddles with darts that sea of sand unending

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They go with eyes forever forward tending,
Aflame with a thirst that they can never shun,
Yet still toward love's fair oasis they run,
Toward that mirage their fevered strength expending.
Blows the simoom, the dread simoom of death,
Wraps them convulsively, fells without grace,
Then sinks upon itself with swirling breath.
Once more that archer in the fiery sky,
As over an exterminated race
The sands drift peacefully, and quiet lie

At times, turning the pages of Bilac, one comes upon a love poem that is as lyrical, as musical and passionate as any that Castro Alves wrote. His "Eternal Kiss" is a good example, the first stanza of which runs

Come let us kiss! that the sea
Hearing, amazed, may let its deep voice ring
And bird and sun! Let them awake and sing!
Sing like the moon so bright
That shines in the sky above!
Sing like the firmament or the jungle night,
Sing, sing of this our love!

"Irony and splendor" would appear to be the words for Bilac's verse, and Ronald de Carvalho adds "Through his heart speak the hearts of all our race." The same critic finds in the poet's treatment of nature something of the sensibility of Keats and Goethe and the delightful freshness of form of Musset and de Vigny. There is a nostalgia, but it is not the nostalgia of the romantics, of a Gonçalves Dias for example. Nature to him is a "cruel, implacable assassin," one who "holds out at once the poison and the balm," but he will take the beautiful forms that she has to offer and make music of them. He knows the meaning of doubt, but his is not the doubt of an Álvares de Azevedo, nor is there any trace of the latter's Byronic spleen, but rather a deep resignation in the face of the mutability, the transience and impermanence of all things.

This is reflected in the haunting quality of his verse, which has

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been compared to the lieder of Schumann or Schubert. Possibly Carvalho is right when he decides that in the end Bilac is essentially the epicurean and voluptuary, but it seems to me that the author of the *Poems* represents in poetry much the same attitude that Machado de Assis does in fiction. In either case it is a question of a highly individual temperament and life view, in consonance with if not in good part shaped by the spirit of the age, that twilight era now falling upon the modern world from the shadow of which Brazil was not exempt. One thinks of a Swinburne, a Browning. For Olavo Bilac lived well into the present century, dying in 1918. His last verses are gathered in the volume *Afternoon*, published the following year.¹⁶

The same deep-seated resignation is to be met with in the poems of Ramundo Correia (1860-1911), but here it has more of a distinctly philosophic, more of a human and a moral tinge, savoring not a little of the Pascalian doubt. While by no means insensible to the beauties of nature, Correia is above all concerned with the passions of man, yet this does not prevent him from achieving at times a cameolike delicacy of carving. As for his pessimism, it is all embracing and is summed up in the statement, "Pain is everything." The whole of human life — birth, love, old age, death — is but a series of stages in the process of universal suffering. The poet accuses even God himself. He is a rebel, but revolt is as futile as everything else.

God who hast created us for this cruel pain,
Who wast not, Thyself, created,
Pain is all, and nothing justifies
This universal and eternal strife
Of creature with Creator!¹⁷

In Alberto de Oliveira (1857-1937), one of the most widely read of Brazilian poets, whose last work was published only twenty years ago (1927), pessimism is largely replaced by a mood of inner contemplation, often so tranquil that it hardly can be called resignation, representing as it does a perfect immersion of the poet's soul in the visible universe, the world of nature. Oliveira has much descriptive power and real warmth of emotion.

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but he became one of the greatest *ciseleurs* of all the Parnassians, and this very striving for perfection led to his being looked upon as cold and impassive, a reputation he does not deserve, as anyone who reads his *Southern Aurs* may see for himself ¹⁸

If the Parnasse came as a reaction to the excesses of romanticism, it in turn was to produce a counter-reaction on the part of a new school of poets who, springing up in the last decades of the century, were sometimes known as decadents but who came to be definitively labelled as symbolists. As these newest comers saw it, the Parnassians were too objective, too detached in their emotions, too obsessed with form for form's sake. What the symbolists wanted was, to quote Verlaine's famous line, "*De la musique avant toute chose*" The thing with which they were concerned was a subjective expression, but "indirect, symbolic, suggestive of the idea of the dream" ¹⁹ In the æsthetic of a Mallarmé, to name an object was "to suppress three quarters of it," whence the *hermetisme* of a work like *L'Après-midi d'un faune*. And it was the late Paul Valéry who, a disciple of Mallarmé, brought this tradition down to recent years.

Where the Parnassians had insisted upon the utmost lucidity in the expression of a clearly defined thought or feeling, the decadents or symbolists were vague and confused. Where the former had striven for a flawless syntax and diction, the latter were careless of both, and at times indulged in a verbal disorder, not to say riot, that to Bilac, Correia, Oliveira, and their followers was nothing short of scandalous ²⁰ But there was an æsthetic purpose behind it all. Their object, as Carvalho observes, was not a logical exposition, but "to evoke intuitively, through the spontaneous rhythm of words, what the older poetic schools had sought to suggest through an exact representation of things" ²¹

Brazil produced but one important decadent-symbolist, but he was a fine poet and has even been termed "the major modern poet" of his nation ²² He was João da Cruz e Sousa, Negro from the state of Santa Catarina in the south. Some would also classify B. Lopes as a symbolist, others call him a Parnassian, but his rightful place would seem to be somewhere in between romanticism and the Parnasse ²³ However this may be, it is the publica-

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tion of Cruz e Sousa's *Shields* in 1893 that is commonly taken as marking the advent of Brazilian symbolism, and his subsequent volumes, *Beacons* and *Last Sonnets*, definitely place him with this school.²⁴

Cruz e Sousa is one of the most unusual and fascinating poets that ever wrote in any country in any age. A Negro and the son of a slave, he burned with indignation at the wrongs his race had suffered. But in his verse it is the Satanism of Baudelaire that he espouses, showing at the same time the influence of Antero de Quental, the greatest poet of his generation in Portugal, a philosopher and man of action who, after founding the Portuguese Socialist Party, decided that all was in vain and chose suicide as the way out. Morbid and inclined to mysticism, Antero de Quental exhibited a paralysis of will that prevented him from realizing his passionate desire for action, and in this regard he and Cruz e Sousa have a certain affinity.²⁵ The Brazilian is indignant but at the same time helpless, and can only vent his anger in the form of imprecations and hallucinatory visions when he does not simply give way to skepticism, melancholy, and despair.

His case is typical of the end of the nineteenth century in Brazil, the period of abolition. As far back as 1871, when the Law of Free Birth was passed, giving freedom to those born in slavery at least as soon as they had reached the age of twenty-one, Negroes and in particular mulattoes had been growing more and more bitterly conscious of their position in the social scale. And in the case of men of letters like Cruz e Sousa, Machado de Assis, and Lima Barreto, of whom we are soon to hear, this resentment of their individual destiny tended to color if not determine their life attitudes and the character of their work.

There are poems in which Cruz e Sousa lays bare his sorrowing heart with a sincerity that is deeply affecting, as he does in "Lowly Life." Others, like "Prison of Souls," are a cry of revolt.

Ah! Each soul paces its prison cell,
Sobbing in chains behind the bars
As it looks out on the immensities
Seas, and the evenings, and the stars

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At the end comes the query

What warden of heaven holds the key
To open the doors of the Mystery?

And then the poet discovers the "Road of Glory" "This road is
the color of rose and of gold . . ."

There are three or four other turn-of-the-century poets who are
classified with the symbolists — Alphonsus de Guimarães, Ed-
uardo Guimarães, Felix Pacheco, Mário Pederneras — but the
great Negro bard Cruz e Sousa comes near to being the school

XIV. MACHADO DE ASSIS AND THE END-OF-THE-CENTURY REALISTS

AS WE HAVE SEEN, the realistic novel in Brazil had begun as far back as the mid-fifties with the publication in 1854 and 1855 of the two volumes comprising the *Memors of a Militia Sergeant*, Manoel Antônio de Almeida's one fictional work and a masterpiece in its kind.¹ *The Little Brunette* had appeared exactly a decade before, and its author, Joaquim Manoel de Macedo, had since presented his public with three or four other tales of the same sort. Alencar's *The Guarani* was not to come until a year or two later, in 1857. But Almeida was a writer in advance of his time, and the tendency that he inaugurated was to lie dormant for more than a quarter of a century until Machado de Assis's *Posthumous Memors of Braz Cubas* and Aluizio Azevedo's *The Mulatto* appeared in 1881. For romanticism had to run its course. Brazilian readers were not yet ready for that detached, objective, semi-scientific view of themselves that naturalism implies.

As a matter of fact, as José Veríssimo has noted, Almeida was not only in advance of his age in Brazil, but anticipated by a number of years the formal launching of the naturalist school in Europe.² What would have happened if he had lived instead of going down in a shipwreck before he had reached his thirty-second birthday? That is one of those questions concerning which it is futile to speculate. Almeida's brief life story affords a good example of those circumstances against which the Brazilian writer all too frequently has had to struggle. Handicapped from the start by poverty, he was constantly forced to interrupt his education and change his career. Setting out to be an artist, he shifted to journalism, then took time out to study medicine. By way of paying his tuition, he became a translator of cloak-and-sword romances and also published a little very mediocre verse. As a physician he was not successful and accordingly accepted a government post with the task of writing a financial history of Brazil.

Later he was appointed administrator of the National Printing

Establishment, and it was in this capacity that he made the acquaintance of Machado de Assis, then working as a typographer, to whom he gave what assistance he could. Finally he was made Director of the Imperial Academy of Music and the National Opera, keeping up his journalistic activities all the while for that was a necessity of which he had never been able to free himself. It was in connection with a newspaper assignment that he met his death when the steamer *Hermes* went down off the Brazilian coast on November 28, 1861, and with it, in Veríssimo's words, "perhaps the most promising hope of the Brazilian novel."³

As for the *Memours*, it was, in the same critic's opinion, "the most original and the most alive of any work of fiction that had appeared among us up to then," while José Lins do Rego terms it "the first great novel in our literature."⁴ Dealing with the thronging and turbulent life of the streets of Rio de Janeiro in the early years of the nineteenth century (an era that was not the author's own), the story is by no means lacking in color. But it is not the color of the romantics that we find here. Rather, it is that which comes from the accurate psychologic observation and depiction of types. Eschewing the picturesque as such, Almeida cuts beneath the surface to lay bare the reality of things. He does not shun the prosaic or the repugnant, but in his word painting he does avoid the crude palette that the later naturalists too frequently employ.⁵ He is, in short, closer to Balzac than he is to Zola and the latter's school, and he might well have become the Brazilian Balzac if he had not died so young.

Owing to his fine perceptiveness, his painter's eye, his musician's ear, his unflinching honesty combined with æsthetic taste, Manoel Antônio de Almeida is as readable today as he was ninety years ago, and a good deal more widely appreciated. The public and critics alike of his own day paid little attention to the *Memours*, either in the edition of 1854-5 or in the second printing of 1862. But the four editions that appeared between 1876 and 1900 showed that interest in the work was growing. Today Almeida is definitely looked upon as one of the precursors of the modern Brazilian novel, with critics such as Mário de Andrade, Marques Rebelo, and Astorjildo Pereira paying him high tribute. He is

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now regarded as a writer who did for the early-century scene what the visiting Frenchman Dobret did on canvas Mário de Andrade even compares him to Durer and Goya⁶

Almeida may have been, in a sense other than the one in which the phrase is customarily employed, a *homo unius libri*, but that one book of his should not be overlooked by anyone who has taken the trouble to master the Portuguese language

Such was the beginning of Brazilian realism And then in the early seventies, as the romantic tide already showed signs of ebbing, came the great event in Brazilian literature — an event in world literature — in the person of Joaquim Maria Machado de Assis⁷

It was one of those indescribable Rio nights Seated on the terraced roof of a hotel overlooking the bay were two North Americans, their *cafézinhos* growing cold in front of them as they watched the shimmering reflections in the water below or let their eyes roam over the dark sweep of hills that drew a forbidding semicircle about the city's unfathomable luminousness Both for long years had known and loved Brazil, its people, its culture, its literature It was to literature that the talk somehow had turned

"Can you think," one of them inquired of the other, "of any writer that we have had who can be compared to Machado de Assis?"

The other North American (who happened to be I) was silent for a moment. "No, I cannot — unless it would be Henry James"

"But James doesn't have the *sabedoria*, the great, deep life wisdom of Machado"

"That's true, he doesn't No, I can think of no one"

Again their eyes wandered to the *morros*, that darkling rim of hills where the poorest of Rio's inhabitants dwell How far those hills seemed tonight from all the brightness that lay around the beach with its bathers, the Avenida, the Passeio Público, all the glittering life of a city that appeared to awaken with the dusk, a city that outwardly was gay and beautiful as Paris never was!

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The *morros* now were as distant seeming, almost, as the stars of the late tropical winter in the sky above. By day the tourist looks up at them and wonders. He has heard strange tales of an Apache-like population and has been warned not to venture up there unattended. If he is to visit them it must be in a car driven rapidly through a sea of scowling faces and a welter of wretched hovels and half-naked human bodies.

All of which will convince him that what he has been told is true, for he quite possibly has never seen the slums in the North American city that he calls home, or if he has seen them he forgets. He forgets that the poor we have with us always and that the places where the poor are compelled to congregate are very much the same the world over, whether they are called slums or, as here in Brazil, *favelas*. Naturally there are criminal elements in such a section of any metropolis, but the vast majority of the inhabitants are simply those whom life has vanquished or to whom it never gave a chance. And if they resent being stared at, that too is only natural.

If the *favelas* are even more wretched in appearance than our tenements, this is in good part due to the fact that in the tropics the flimsiest of shelters, a straw-thatched lean-to, a bit of tin for a roof, will serve against all but the worst inclemencies of a climate that, save in the rainy season, is never too severe for comfort. And if these slums are more picturesque than ours, this is to be explained not only by the character of the rude dwellings but by the variety of racial types that are to be found living in them.

Something of all this went through my mind that August evening on the hotel roof as the conversation turned on Machado de Assis. I could not help thinking of the mulatto lad who back in the middle of the last century had made his way down from one of those *morros* and who had ended by becoming the greatest novelist Brazil has produced, the mature fruit of more than three centuries of Brazilian culture. For it was on the Morro do Livramento, or Liberation Hill, on June 21, 1839, that a child was born to the Negro house painter Francisco José de Assis and his Portuguese wife Maria Leopoldina Machado. Losing his mother

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when he was but ten years of age, Joaquim Maria went to live with a priest, who looked after his education. At the age of seventeen he came down to the city to seek his fortune.

Having obtained a position as typesetter at the National Printing Establishment under Manoel Antônio de Almeida, he left this post a little while later to accept a position as proofreader in the publishing house of Paula Brito, which was to literary Rio of that day what José Olympio's famous bookshop in the Rua do Ouvidor is to writers and intellectuals of the present day—a favored rendezvous and point of contact with others of one's craft. Inevitably, as Brazilian writers do, he gravitated toward journalism and began publishing verses, newspaper articles, and short stories. It was not long until he had begun to make a name for himself as a critic. Indeed, it would have been hard to say during these first years from about 1861 to 1872 whether he was to be essentially a critic, a poet, or a playwright, for he had also employed his talents in the theater and was the author of a number of published comedies.

In the meantime he had married a Portuguese lady and had settled down, if any settling down was required in his case, into the most conventional of citizens so far as the conduct of his private life was concerned. Driven by a consciousness he was never able to lose of the Negro blood in his veins, he seems to have sought always the respect of his fellow men. And not content to achieve it by his genius alone, he strove to be a model of propriety. As his novels and short-story collections appeared one after another and his fame continued to grow, he was awarded numerous positions of public trust. In 1897 he founded the Brazilian Academy of Letters and was chosen its first president by acclamation, an honor that he held until the day of his death, September 29, 1908.

One would have said that life had given Machado de Assis all that he could have asked of it, yet in his writing he reveals a boundless disillusionment with humankind. The taste of life is a bitter one to him, there is no doubt of that, though his bitterness never breaks forth in imprecations, wailings, or manifestations of

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self-pity, but is cloaked, rather, in an Olympian serenity, the serenity of one who has learned to smile at his own lost illusions and shattered dreams

There have been numerous attempts to explain this seeming paradox. For one thing, much has been made of the afflicting disease from which he suffered — epilepsy.⁸ It is possible that this had something to do with the matter, but it is well not to overstress such a factor in the formation of a writer's personality, for in Machado de Assis's case there was the deeper soul sickness that the modern psychoanalyst would probably label an inferiority complex — the consciousness of having had a black father. True, he had overcome every color prejudice, had received during his lifetime every recognition, every honor that his countrymen could bestow upon him, yet the scars of that inner conflict remained with him still.

Machado de Assis, we must remember, lived in a troubled era when profound changes were taking place in the structure of Brazilian society, changes that revolved about the Negro and assumed an especially acute form in the person and mentality of the man of mixed blood, who was now bent upon rising in the social scale as rapidly as possible. The solution of the racial problem toward which Brazil has tended from the very start four centuries ago has been assimilation. In this process the mulatto represents a transitional, significant, and, for him, frequently a painful stage. Hence it is that we often find the man of color adopting a pessimistic attitude with regard to his own stock and the effects of racial admixture.

We have an example of this today in the writings of J. F. de Oliveira Viana, whom Freyre has termed "the greatest exponent of a mystic Aryanism who has as yet arisen among us."⁹ It is social scientists of pure white extraction like Freyre and Arthur Ramos who are the great defenders of the Negro and his culture. It is writers of part Negro descent like Viana and, to a certain extent, Jorge de Lima the poet who are the doubters, the pessimists. And so in the last century in the period of the struggle for the abolition of slavery it was the "Aryan" Castro Alves who became the impassioned "poet of the slaves" while the Negro bard Cruz e

Sousa could only take refuge in curses and a Baudelairean Satanism. It was novelists of the white race like Bernardo Guimarães and José de Alencar who upon occasion placed their art at the service of the abolitionist cause, while Machado de Assis, despite the fact that he had been born and reared almost in sight and sound of the old slave market of Valongo, had not a word to say upon the subject, not a word of reproach for slavery as an institution, but instead devoted himself exclusively to the finely nuanced art of fiction, which he brought to so high a degree of perfection.¹⁰

The racial factor, however, like the physiological one is not to be overstressed in an attempt to find a reason for the life view of a writer of the stature of Machado de Assis. This becomes clear when we consider the case of another *mestizo* novelist, Lima Barreto, whose work was done in the first two decades of the present century, and who is only now being truly discovered by the generation of the 1940's.

Lima Barreto's life was almost the exact antithesis of that of the author of *Dom Casmurro*. The son of an insane father and himself a drunkard, he gave himself with utter abandon to every form of vice and seemingly had sunk to the lowest depths. He was, in brief, a social outcast, a *vamcu de la vie* if there ever was one, so filthy in appearance that even those who called themselves his friends avoided meeting him in the street. For a white man this would have been bad enough, but for a mulatto it was even worse. Yet in vivid contrast to the ultra-respectable and highly respected Machado de Assis who had had every honor heaped upon him, Lima Barreto did not despair of his fellow men but was animated by a great revolutionary hope. As José Lins do Rego has said of him "He who had sunk to the mire of the gutter could still look up at the stars."

All of which brings us up short before that ultimate indefinable residue of individual temperament that can only be described as the mystery of genius. A genius that endows the work of a writer with universal in place of merely parochial or national significance. A universality of time as well that renders him the property of all succeeding ages. Machado de Assis is possessed of that kind of genius, that universal appeal. There are writers who mirror their

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age more or less directly and concretely, and many of them are justly called great, but there are others for whom any epoch, any land that may be traced upon a map is too small, and who claim as their own country no less a domain than the cramped, confined, yet constantly rebelling and expanding spirit of man. These latter are the greatest as distinguished from the great, and Machado de Assis is of their company.

This it is that gives him his pre-eminence in Brazilian literature. Writers before him had striven a little too consciously, often a little too zealously to "be Brazilian," to be of their time. He comes bringing the gift of temperament, a highly personalized view of life and the world which still is broad as the world, as deep and dark and mystery-laden as life itself. A point that those with an eye for social propaganda in the guise of literature commonly overlook is this: that the greater includes the less, and that writers like Machado de Assis — writers like James, Proust, Joyce — in taking man as their subject and portraying him *as they know him*, are inevitably portraying their age and the society in which they live as part of that larger cosmos they recognize as their own and which they endeavor to depict.

There is a danger always in a period when propagandists invade the literary domain that writers of this type, a Machado de Assis in Brazil, a Henry James in our country, will be disdainfully shelved, elbowed aside, in favor of those with far less talent but with a more obvious or readily discoverable social message. Yet if one looks closely one will find in a work like the Brazilian novelist's *Posthumous Memoirs of Braz Cubas* a fine picture not only of society under the Second Empire, but of the forces that were engaged in undermining the old patriarchal slaveholding regime of former days. Freyre, for instance, draws attention to the manner in which the creator of *Braz Cubas* has portrayed the sadism of young masters of the Big House toward the plantation slaves, and one might also refer to *Iaiá Garcia*, *Dom Casmurro*, and other novels and short stories by the same pen.¹¹

Much the same might be said of Henry James and of the relation of his art, "the pale little art of fiction," as he called it, to the society in which he lived and from which he fled. It all de-

pend upon what we ask of the artist a sermon, a blueprint for revolution, or that profound apprehension of life through the lens of a creative personality to which alone the name of art may properly be applied

Different as they are in many ways, Henry James and Machado de Assis have much in common Both are novelists who deal in ideas, not ideas in the repellent abstract, but clothed in human form, made over into characters¹² Both are concerned with psychological analysis, with the nebulous action that takes place behind the curtained consciousness of men. If there is a difference between them it is largely one of depth James, not too far beneath the surface, is apt to be content with the delicate shading, the subtle nuance that illuminates the fragile motivation of his figures as they move about in an atmosphere of aristocratic aloofness, while Machado de Assis goes on down to those forbidden regions of the soul where man may only venture at his peril The North American will pause to find significance in a gesture or a piece of furniture, but the Brazilian is not satisfied until he has confronted his own familiar demon, one that we all may recognize as being actually or potentially ours. In other words, where the former is above all delicate, the latter is at once sensitive and strong, sensitive and strong and wise as few other novelists in the world have been

But there is one resemblance that anyone who reads these two authors cannot fail to note, and that is the comparative absence of action or plot in their pages as those terms are commonly understood It has been said that with Machado de Assis the idea becomes a "germ of corruption . . . which in many of his books devours not only the action but all power of will and even consciousness itself This novelist suffered always from an incurable disease the disease of doubt, which gave him his fecundity . . . He is like a miner who goes down deep in the earth in search of an infernal image of man, and this image he found The creature that his imagination forged is the one who uttered the monstrous declaration that we find in *Braz Cubas* 'I have had no offspring, I have transmitted to no human being the legacy of our wretchedness. . . .' His novels will never serve to correct the errors of so-

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ciety, the tremendous injustices that afflict humanity. It is not in the branches of the tree that corruption lies, the germs of death come from its very roots" ¹³

Such is the manner in which a novelist of today, José Lins do Rego, beholds the turn-of-the-century master, and it is hard to see how anyone could find fault with this description of Machado de Assis's art. In his view of man as the helpless victim of a cruel fate, the Brazilian has in him something of the ancient Greek Man for him is a lost being, as he is for the Catholic Mauriac, but there is no redemption, no Christian heaven, only the "voluptuousness of nothing." He is a humorist of a high order, but his humor is that of Laurence Sterne, whom he had read. His *Dom Casmurro* and *Quincas Borba* have been compared to *Le Rouge et le Noir* and *Madame Bovary*. But in the end he remains Machado de Assis and none other. He must be read to be appreciated, and if he is to be fully appreciated he must be read not once but many times.

It has been remarked that this storyteller who despairs so utterly, if so tranquilly, of humankind has given us in all his gallery of portraits but one picture (in *Quincas Borba*) of a man who can be described as good — and he is a madman! With it all the author never once rails any more than he weeps, but looks on with a perfect detachment when not with a grim, sardonic humor. The one thing that he abhors, and here too he resembles the Greeks, is excess of any kind. He will have none of that eloquence, that verbosity, of which the Latin, the man of the tropics, and the Negro are so fond. But a writer with this view of life and his fellow men must have a refuge of some sort, and with Machado de Assis the haven is that of beauty, æsthetic form, as reflected in a carefully hewn literary style that is all but flawless ¹⁴. An Apollonian style, some have called it, marked by a "Mediterranean clarity." A style that is the man.

It might be expected that a writer with such an opinion of the human race would be indifferent to popular applause, but Machado de Assis was not. He confesses that he courted popularity until the end of his days. In private life he was not only conventional, respectable, but was also extremely affable to those whom

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he considered his social equals or his superiors. For his eyes were fixed upon the topmost rungs of the social ladder, and it was only those who reminded him of his beginnings, which he wished to forget, or of his physical defects, of which he was all too conscious — it was only these that he snubbed. One of the finest of modern Brazilian critics, Lucia Miguel Pereira, in her admirable biography of the novelist would find in his epilepsy an explanation of his life philosophy. While there may be an element of exaggeration in this, there can be no doubt that he had a constant horror — he, the great and honored Machado de Assis — of falling in the street to lie there foaming at the mouth in an epileptic fit, a thing that happened on more than one occasion.

He was also extremely conscious of his Negroid features and sought to conceal them by wearing a beard. He was not a handsome man. In fact he has been called ugly, and his appearance was not heightened by his pronounced nearsightedness. In addition to this he was short of stature, generally unprepossessing. Yet in spite of it all he was fond of social intercourse and was active in founding literary organizations. When all is said he remains an enigma, one of the most fascinating case studies in literature.

More than once going down the Avenida Presidente Wilson, I have paused in front of Rio's Petit Trianon, the small but stately building that houses the Brazilian Academy of Letters, and have stood there gazing up at the seated bronze figure that adorns the façade. The sculpture is so situated that the face appears to be in perpetual half shadow — a sad and sensitive face, a face deep-marked by suffering, but a suffering that is always under control. That control, so visible to one who knows the man through his writings and the story of his tormented life, is in itself painful to behold. And the shadows seem somehow so appropriate to the writer who was ever exploring the penumbra of man's consciousness, the dark recesses of his moral, or amoral, life upon this globe. One studies this figure and then thinks of that spindle-legged mulatto youth who came down from the *morros* to win, not fame and fortune alone, but the respect of the white man and a place among the "immortals" whose founder and patron he was to become. He had his wish but at what a price!

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As regards literary schools, Machado de Assis is commonly looked upon as a romanticist who became a realist. He is seen as the romantic in his earlier novels (1872-1878) *Resurrection*, *Helena*, and *Iaiá Garcia*, while his realistic period, properly speaking, is dated from the publication of the *Posthumous Memoirs of Braz Cubas*, a period that culminates in his masterpiece, *Dom Casmurro*, which appeared in 1900. However, I am inclined to agree with such critics as the late Oliveira Lima and Professor Montenegro who hold that any such distinction is not in reality valid and that the realist was at work from the very start, being constantly engaged in correcting the traces of romanticism that are to be discerned in the first novels.

Today Machado de Assis's collected works number thirty-one volumes in all, including novels, short stories, poems, plays, criticism, journalistic "*crônicas*," and correspondence.¹⁵ The reader making his acquaintance for the first time should begin with *Dom Casmurro* (the name literally means "Mr. Grumpy") and then go on to *Quincas Borba*, *Braz Cubas*, and the *Tales*. This is also the order, probably, that the North American publisher and translator should observe when at last they set themselves to the shamefully delayed task of bringing over into English this greatest of Latin American novelists. Brazilians wonder why we have waited so long. They have a right to wonder.

Ronald de Carvalho remarks that "the history of the naturalistic novel in Brazil is made up of the work of four writers: Machado de Assis, Aluizio Azevedo, Júlio Ribeiro, and Raul Pompéia."¹⁶ These are certainly the ones whom the literary historians have agreed to canonize, but there are at least two others of the end-of-the-century era who today are being rediscovered by the more conscientious student, and are being given the place that is due them in connection with the development of the art of the novel among their countrymen: Herculano Marcos Inglês de Sousa and Adolfo Ferreira Caminha.¹⁷

The two chief representatives of a naturalism of the Zola brand are Aluizio Tancredo Bello Gonçalves de Azevedo (commonly known as Aluizio Azevedo) and Júlio Cesar Ribeiro. And the lat-

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ter's novel *Flesh* is perhaps the work that shows the influence of the French master in its most direct and undiluted form Raul d'Ávila Pompéia, on the other hand, is reminiscent of the English Dickens, while Inglês de Sousa and Adolfo Caminha exhibit, as for that matter all the naturalists do, distinct traces of romanticism

Azevedo is probably best known for his novel *The Mulatto*, published in 1881, and many English-language readers are familiar with his picture of slum life that appeared in translation in this country more than twenty years ago under the title *A Brazilian Tenement His Boardinghouse* is another volume that was popular in its day A tremendous worker and possibly the first Brazilian man of letters to live by his pen alone, he produced more than a dozen novels and short-story collections in addition to a number of plays ¹⁸

The naturalist novel in Brazil on the whole followed very closely its Gallic prototype. It was scientific and positivistic in spirit and approach and antiromantic by intent if not always in practice Azevedo and his followers, for he was the undoubted *chef d'école*, like Zola and his imitators, were instinctively attracted to the social theme and the "slice of life" (usually urban life) in place of the picturesque novel of manners to which their predecessors had been addicted — the slice of life and the social problem Thus in *The Mulatto* Azevedo attacks a burning question of the day the place of the *mestizo* in the evolving social scheme, and it was the highly contemporary character of his subject matter that gave him his initial fame It must be admitted that he handles the problem honestly and intelligently, and in doing so strikes a blow for abolition while at the same time giving an excellent impressionistic picture of daily life and social conditions under the Second Empire

The plot of the book revolves about the love of a mulatto for a white girl, that is to say the old problem of miscegenation, one that has rather forcefully been brought to the attention of North Americans in recent years by a number of novels and plays The author's intelligence, as a modern critic, Álvaro Lins, has pointed out, is revealed in his treatment of the question as one that is es-

sentially the result of a transient social crisis rather than the reflection of a state of things that is destined to be permanent ¹⁹

Similarly in *A Brazilian Tenement* the author turns to the society about him, that of his native Maranhão, for his theme. He is one of the most Brazilian of writers and never goes far afield in search of material. With him as with certain of the other naturalists, what we have is a new variety of regionalism, based not upon local color but upon a realistic attitude, a recognition of the fact that life in the provinces or the countryside can be quite as far from idyllic, quite as ugly, as the life of the city streets. In the contrast that he affords us in this novel between the existence of those in the *sobrados* or town houses, and those who live in the *cortiços* or tenements, Azevedo is anticipating a subject that Gilberto Freyre in the 1930's was to elaborate in the form of a sociological treatise, and the manner in which the tenement becomes the real protagonist will remind many of Jorge Amado's story *Sweat* ²⁰

From the technical point of view the best of Azevedo's novels is neither *The Mulatto* nor *A Brazilian Tenement*, but his *Casa de Pensão* or *Boardinghouse*. Here he has transferred his scene to Rio de Janeiro, and the very nature of the setting provides him with an opportunity for the creation of a number of unforgettable types. A boardinghouse, any boardinghouse, is a world in itself, and the author has but to take this world and re-create it to suit his purpose. That is what Azevedo does, and the result is a study in individual and group psychology that, avoiding the pitfalls of pseudoscientific physiology to which the French and Brazilian naturalists alike too frequently succumb, succeeds in attaining the consistency and texture of a work of art ²¹

Aluizio Azevedo might have become a great novelist if he had continued at the trade, but at the age of thirty-seven he gave up literature entirely for a career as a diplomat, his last book being published in 1895 (he died in 1913). As it was, he left an impressive body of work, and *A Brazilian Tenement* (1890) may be taken as marking the high point if not the end of the naturalist school in Brazil.

With Júlio Ribeiro, the author of *Flesh*, the case is somewhat

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different. He is another one-book man, but it was not death that cut short his career as it did that of Manoel Antônio de Almeida. It was rather simply lack of genius. The son of a North American father, George Washington Vaughan from the state of Virginia, and a Brazilian mother, he was born in the heart of Minas Gerais, but he might have been a Frenchman, so great was his admiration of Zola and other Gallic writers of this period. Starting out as a grammarian and teacher, he became a republican journalist, which partly accounts for the popularity that he enjoyed with his contemporaries. He was possessed of undoubted gifts as a prose stylist, but his one ambition appears to have been to do a novel in the Zola manner. His *Flesh* is a fleshly thing, sensual and brutal, and occasioned considerable controversy at the time. It is reckoned to an extent by a certain grace of style, but as a novel is of comparatively little worth.²²

Raul Pompéia's output likewise was scant, but one has the feeling that he would have written more if his morbidly exacerbated sensitivity had not driven him to suicide at the age of thirty-two. The one book by which he lives today is *The Athenæum*, a story, largely autobiographical, of life in a boy's boarding school, but it is, to quote Érico Veríssimo, "one of the ten best Brazilian books of all time."²³ In connection with Pompéia the name of Dickens has been mentioned above. It is true that, reading *The Athenæum*, one does think of the English writer and those tales in which he deals with educational institutions, but there is after all a wide difference between the two authors. Both are angry men, but the anger of Dickens is social in character where that of Pompéia is intensely personal. One has the feeling that it is not the educational system in general that the Brazilian is portraying and condemning, but a particular school, a particular teacher against whom he harbors an ineradicable grudge.

Pompéia's anger, nevertheless, is one of his finest gifts. It is the thing that lends passion and color to his pages, together with a prose style that is simple, fluent, and highly poetic. For he was a poet as well as a novelist, and his volume *Songs Without Meter* deserves a creditable place in the history of Brazilian verse. A born rebel, he threw himself in his student days into the abolition-

ist and republican struggle and by doing so won the reprobation of his teachers. This was but one of the many things that embittered him. The truth is he was of that race of beings who, whatever their endowments, whatever their prospects, simply are not made to cope with life, and speedily end by taking the short cut of death.

Inglês de Sousa published a number of novels but is chiefly known for *The Missionary* (1888). This story, laid in the Amazon region with a Catholic padre for hero and the combined influence of heredity and environment for theme, represents a curious fusion of the romantic and naturalistic impulses, with the latter predominating in the end. The author has been termed by one critic "a modern Chateaubriand," and there is unquestionably something suggestive of the creator of *Atala* in the descriptions of tropical nature that Inglês de Sousa gives us, descriptions that rely upon verbal power and imagination rather than upon a first-hand observation of the phenomena described. In this respect *The Missionary* is a romantic work, but the romantic side is outweighed by the positivistic elements, the stress on heredity and milieu, a certain anticlericalism, which are readily recognizable as characteristics of the other school. Indeed Professor Montenegro is of the opinion that this is "the most organically alive and complete" of any of the novels that the Brazilian naturalists produced.²⁴

A consideration of this period and type of Brazilian writing could not, perhaps, more appropriately be brought to a close than with a glance at one whom the critic Valdemar Cavalcanti has described as an outcast from life and literature alike.²⁵ Adolfo Caminha was one of those whom life from the beginning seems determined to strike down at every turn, but who, unlike the Raul Pompéia's and their kind, do not court death but fight on to the bitter end. Dying finally of tuberculosis at the age of thirty, Caminha left behind him a number of published volumes, including two novels that are worthy of serious critical treatment: *The Schoolgirl* (1892) and *Good Creole* (1895). Yet for one reason or another, owing to something very like a conspiracy of silence, his work has been almost completely ignored, despite the fact that it

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gives evidence of a real talent that undoubtedly would have developed if the author had lived

The reason for this neglect probably lies in part in the unpleasant nature of the themes that Caminha chose in one case, the sexual relations of a young girl with her foster father, and in the other, a homosexual passion that ends in a delirium of jealousy and murder. These were not subjects likely to render the author popular with either the public or the critics. But the latter at least should have been able to recognize the freshness of observation and power of description revealed in these novels, even though the descriptions are frequently of that harrowing sort of which the naturalists are so fond.

Brazilian literature had now come of age. Thanks to its writers of the naturalist school, and above all to that great realist Machado de Assis, it was prepared to confront those deep moral, social, and psychologic problems that the man of the twentieth century finds it impossible to evade. While remaining true to its origins, it was fast shedding at once its insularity and its colonial imitativeness, and could face the future with the consciousness that it had its own distinct and valued contribution to make to the culture of the modern world. But first the Brazilian intellectual must go through his Gethsemane of doubt. A *fin de siècle* twilight gloom was settling upon the world, and from this Brazil was not to be exempt.

XV: FROM THE OLD CENTURY TO THE NEW

HOW FREQUENTLY do we of the 1940's hear it said that this is a terrible age in which we are living. Terrible it assuredly is in many ways, a time of untold agony and gallant heartbreak, of wanton destructiveness and that counterdestruction that is necessary to combat it, of earthquakelike upheavals and the gigantic, indescribable pangs of a world in process of death and birth. True there are those with high-heroic hearts who see our anguish streaked with dawn as the night of our suffering dies in tomorrow's day, a day, they tell us, we ourselves must hew out of the embattled darkness that is now. But to how many is such a vision granted? For the others there is little left but the encroaching dark and any small tapers that they may find and timorously hold aloft.

One is led to think of another age when also an old world died and a new one was a-borning. Reference is to the end of the last century, the beginning of the present one, what in literature is commonly known as the *fin de siècle* epoch.

The expression "*fin de siècle*" is something more than a convenient catch-all phrase. It represents a spiritual and social reality as reflected in the art and literature of an era. Too often we are inclined to associate it merely with a *Yellow Book* decadence, forgetting the great figures of the time — Hardy, Anatole France, Mallarmé and the symbolists, Eça de Queiroz in Portugal, D'Annunzio in Italy — all of whom give us one aspect or another of that crepuscular spirit that had laid hold of the minds of men, and especially of artists, writers, intellectuals. Decadence, skepticism, cynicism, irony, despair, a frivolous concern with trifles — one comes upon all of these, and a journalist like Max Nordau may attempt to cover them with the glib label of "degeneration", yet none of the characteristics mentioned (and perhaps not all of them together) is sufficient to describe the state of soul, for that is

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what it was, that marked the dawn of this troubled, fateful century of ours

If romanticism represents the dream born of the French Revolution, while naturalism, corresponding to positivism in philosophy, stands for the sober awakening, then it may be said that such phenomena as decadence, symbolism, and a later and continuing surrealism come as forms of revolt against the waking state and are, in reality, neoromantic throwbacks. The Marxians sometimes speak of a "general crisis of capitalism." It would seem that we might almost borrow that term and apply it to the spirit of man, which for the past half century and more has been undergoing a progressively deepening crisis, one which since the morrow of World War I has shown signs of becoming general or permanent.

But the impulse with which we are dealing here, manifesting itself particularly in the 1890's and the decade that followed, while it was to be observed to a greater or less extent in all countries with a more advanced degree of culture, none the less assumed a distinctly different guise on each continent and with each people, as had been the case with romanticism and naturalism, the movements that preceded it.

In our own America, for example, the scene was not the same as elsewhere. The carry-over of our midcentury pioneering vitality and regional curiosity, finding superb expression in a writer like Mark Twain, tended to save us from it all, even if it did lead us to shock the visiting Britisher with our tobacco spitting or to laugh at Wilde and his sunflower. Yet America did not go untouched by the *fin de siècle* spirit, which is to be discovered in the æstheticism of a Henry James, in a William Dean Howells wrestling at once with the bourgeois theme and with Marxian socialism, in the profound if fastidious revolt of a Henry Adams, in the exotic flight of a Hearn and a Bierce, in the "ordeal" that the author of *Huckleberry Finn* himself endured. We North Americans as well as others had our deep-going spiritual crisis, there can be no doubt of that. As has been stated before, it was big business, Wall Street, and the ever growing influence they exerted upon the civic and political life of the American people that inspired our intellectuals to rebellion or expatriate flight.

With the man of the tropics it was something else. He had problems of his own, and they were not the same as ours. Or rather, he had one transcendent problem: man and the land, the man of the mixed or *mestizo* race that had grown up there in relation to the tropical forest, the *sertão*, and those other peculiar features of an environment that he had not as yet been able to subdue and that was always threatening to overwhelm and conquer him.

In other words his problem was essentially ethnological and anthropological in character, and, with himself as no mere spectator but the life-and-death protagonist, had assumed a personal, dramatic intensity that rendered it malleable material for the work of art. Here was none of the *dandysme*, the posturing elegance of a Wilde, a D'Annunzio, or an Eça de Queiroz. Here was no toying with murder as a fine art or poisoning as a philosophic code of conduct.¹ Here was the grim reality of that struggle for existence Darwin had discovered in this same region. Brazil had become more civilized, and the Emperor Pedro II had done his best to modernize his country by introducing railroads and other improvements, but still the old doubt persisted, a two-fold doubt.

We have heard in the opening pages of this book the opinions of Brazil held by Buckle, Lapouge, and others. Was this after all, as LeComte believed, nothing more than a "green-clad desert waiting for the proper occasion to reassert itself?"² And the race that had evolved in this environment, the Brazilian race, what of it? The pseudoscientific theories of Gobineau and Gumpłowicz had had their effect. What was the use of striving for *brasildade* (Brazilianism), when Brazil was so dubious an entity, and its people, by the very fact of being a mixed race, were doomed to inferiority? This is the agonizing question that forms the burden of two classic works published in the year 1902, both of which fortunately are available in English. Euclides da Cunha's *Rebellion in the Backlands* (*Os Sertões*), commonly regarded as "Brazil's greatest book,"³ and Graça Aranha's *Canaan*.

Before considering these works, however, it may be well to go back for a moment to the period around 1870 and a group of critics, philosophic thinkers, and literary essayists and historians

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who may be looked upon as precursors of the modern spirit in Brazil. This group, consisting of Tobias Barreto, Sílvia Romero, and others who are less well remembered today, constituted what is commonly known as the "Germanizing movement of Recife," so described for the reason that, centering in the Pernambucan capital, it displayed, particularly in the writings of Barreto, a rather heavy Teutonic influence. But in addition to Haeckel, Comte and Taine and Darwin and Spencer also furnished inspiration.

There were certain native factors as well that entered into the equation and are by no means to be overlooked. The war with Paraguay (1865-70) had greatly intensified the national consciousness, having given rise to at least one masterpiece in the military narrative of Escraignolle Taunay, *The Retreat from Laguna*.⁴ In the meantime the abolitionist and republican movements were gaining momentum, religious and social questions were being agitated, and there was in general a new attitude of free and open inquiry, a tendency to stock taking and revaluation of values, which in any country when it attains certain proportions, invariably indicates that some kind of renaissance is taking place. What was happening was that Brazil's age-old problems were being viewed and reviewed in the light of later-nineteenth-century positivistic monism and the theory of evolution.⁵

The activities of the Recife coterie, with the northeastern city becoming for a time an important publishing center, had an influence not only upon philosophic thought but upon literature also, as represented by the Parnassians and the naturalists. One or two hardy souls, Romero and Barreto among them, under the leadership of Martins Junior had even sought to found a school of poetry based upon scientific concepts. A very awful kind of poetry it was, but happily it was short-lived.⁶ It was Romero who first appeared upon the scene, in 1869, with his study of *Contemporary Poetry*, but it was Barreto, jurist and professor of law, critic, essayist, poet, and vigorous polemicist, who was the *animateur* of the group and the chief purveyor of German ideology.⁷

It was in 1875 that the latter's *Essays and Studies in Philosophy and Criticism* came to mark a new epoch in Brazilian intellectual life. His contribution is well summed up by Carvalho

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Critics we have always had, or rather, what we have had has been amateur critics. What we had not had was, precisely, criticism.

Tobias prepared a generation of strong men, in the finest sense of the word. Strong because they were healthy-minded and, being far removed from political factions and partisan intrigue, were in a position to seek out the reason for things as they were among us, to search for the profound bases of our national character and our deep-lying racial roots as revealed in our poetry, our customs, and our language. Religion, politics, literature, linguistics, jurisprudence — to all these branches of knowledge Tobias brought his combative intelligence, his boldness and his eloquence, and much the same may be said of his disciples and comrades-in-arms in those noisy but perfectly *disinterested* polemics that he waged. All of which today appears almost incredible.⁸

The Teutonic influence in its direct form is to be seen in Barreto's *German Studies* (1880-1), which cover the wide fields of philosophy, law, literature, and criticism, but this is not to imply that his wisdom was essentially derivative, for he is one of the most original thinkers that Brazil, never opulent in the realm of pure speculation, has as yet produced.⁹

As for Sílvia Romero, his is another of those names that "every schoolboy" knows, being usually associated with his *History of Brazilian Literature*, which was first published at Rio de Janeiro in 1888 and which in the latest (third) edition of 1943 fills five substantial volumes. This work and the one of the same title by José Veríssimo are to this day the standard treatises on the subject, although a number of others have since appeared and the labors of these two pioneers have been subjected to much criticism and emendation. Romero also collaborated with João Ribeiro on a *Compendium* of Brazilian literary history (1909) and was the author of a large number of volumes on criticism, folklore, sociology, ethnology, politics, and similar subjects.¹⁰ Carvalho calls him "one of the noblest examples of European culture in Brazil."¹¹ But despite the fact that he was under the influence of French and German ideas, he was Brazilian to the core, and the thing for which as a historian he is always looking is a manifestation of the nativist impulse in the writings of his fellow countrymen.

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The principal accusation that has been leveled against Romero is that he is a sociologist rather than a critic, and indeed it must be admitted that his sociological bias, his passionate desire to find evidences of the Brazilian spirit, sometimes leads him to assign more importance than is their due to writers of little æsthetic worth. On the other hand no one can deny him his tremendous energy, his battling courage, his sincerity, his highly individualistic temperament that seldom fails to lend interest to what he has to say. If he sometimes changed his mind regarding specific authors or their works, this is not necessarily to be held against him. It might be better if critics did so more often.

His vital concern, and this it is that makes him so representative of his era, was with the two races that the European white man had subdued, enslaved, and only partly assimilated—the Indian and the African. What in the form of literature was to come out of this clash and fusion of racial stocks?

José Veríssimo Dias de Matos, whose first series of *Brazilian Studies* appeared at Belem in 1889 but whose *History of Brazilian Literature* did not see the light until 1916, the year of his death, is a critic of quite a different sort.¹² Little concerned with either sociological factors or schools and movements, he displays a kind of Crocean objectivity in his consideration of the work of art as such, with small if any regard to the artist, the man, behind it or the society in which he lived. The influence of Sainte-Beuve, Brunetière, and Macaulay has been descried in Veríssimo, but it is perhaps his own choleric disposition and prevailingly pessimistic outlook that constitute his most characteristic traits. He has been accused of "a great ignorance of science and philosophy," of having "no ear for poetry," and so forth, but he continues to be widely read and quoted. He is also a critic who, whatever else one may say about him, has the merit of honesty.

It may be observed in passing that the late Isaac Goldberg in his treatment of Brazilian literature showed himself to be of very much the same mind as Veríssimo. Veríssimo and Carvalho are the North American scholar's two chief guides, but it is with the former that he has most in common, for this purely æsthetic, ivory-tower attitude was one that suited the taste of the early 1920's.

when Goldberg's book was written. In that book the author exhibits a strong antipathy for Romero and his social premises, being inclined to regard any literary production as simply the manifestation of an individual temperament. He is not interested in that development of a national consciousness that means so much to the average Brazilian. If he differs from Veríssimo the difference lies in the greater amount of attention he bestows upon the artist himself, but always as an isolated human entity, outside the social context.

Later Goldberg was to revise considerably his method and approach, was to draw nearer to a social point of view in his literary judgments, but in the work here under consideration he is still the individualist and the aesthete of the generation of Mencken and Nathan. In the study of a literature such as that of Brazil, such impressionistic criteria will not suffice, if indeed they ever do. Inasmuch as Brazilian writers for four hundred years of the nation's history have been so very intent upon capturing the national spirit, even a Crocean, it would seem, should judge them by what they set out to do, the degree to which they succeeded creatively in realizing their aims. What is called for in such a case is a combination of social and æsthetic criticism.

Something of a synthesis between the two attitudes, that of Romero and that of Veríssimo, was achieved by Ronald de Carvalho, in his *Little History of Brazilian Literature* (1919). Himself a fine poet and prose writer, with an almost Hellenic elegance of style, Carvalho is sensitive at once to the social elements in the formation of his country's literature and to those higher and highest standards by which all art must ultimately be assayed. His work breaks off short with the early years of the century, but remains on the whole the most readable volume that has yet been written on the subject.¹³

Another end-of-the-century critic who must be mentioned is Tristão Alencar de Araripe Junior (commonly Araripe Junior), who left valuable studies of such figures as José de Alencar and Gregório de Matos and of such works as the *Dialogues on the Resources of Brazil*.¹⁴ In contrast to Veríssimo he was subtle, subjective, impressionistic, more or less of a philosopher in the field.

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of criticism. He was also a novelist, though his importance does not lie in this domain, and much of his work was in the form of contributions to periodicals

Deserving of notice, likewise, are three publicists of this era Joaquim Nabuco, Ruy Barbosa, and Eduardo Prado In addition to his *Abolitionism*, which played so important a part in the struggle against slavery, Nabuco has left us a classic autobiography, *My Spiritual Education* (*Minha Formação*), which has caused his name to be linked with that of our own Henry Adams This book affords an incomparable picture of Brazilian society in the last days of the monarchy and of the old slaveholding regime, while the same author's lectures, delivered in the course of a university tour of this country and collected and published under the title of *Camões and Others*, reveal him as a pioneer advocate of the doctrine of Pan-Americanism ¹⁵

Ruy Barbosa, statesman, diplomat, and writer, like Nabuco, was a cosmopolitan figure, a great admirer of English Protestant civilization (though he himself was a Catholic) Like Nabuco also he was deeply involved in the social conflicts of his time, notably in the struggle for civil liberties as against the military and the Church, for a non-sectarian system of education, and freedom of divorce His *Letters from England* (1896) make especially interesting reading ¹⁶ As for Paulo Prado, we shall hear more of him shortly

All this should serve to give some idea of the intense intellectual ferment that was going on in Brazil as the old century drew to a mournful close Graça Aranha has suggested that Machado de Assis and Joaquim Nabuco may be taken as representing the two complementary sides of Brazilian literature, the two poles of the Brazilian temperament ¹⁷ One is the man of action who uses literature as a weapon The other is essentially the pure artist type who, however life and society may deal with him personally, finds an unfailing refuge in the functioning of his creative genius But Nabuco comes a good deal nearer to being the type Machado de Assis is the great and luminous exception

In the meanwhile slavery had at last been abolished in 1888, and the monarchy had toppled the following year. Came then the

hard-fisted dictatorship of the "Iron Marshal" Floriano Peixoto and civil war. When finally in 1894 a duly elected president was installed, the country can hardly be said to have been prepared for the orderly processes of democratic life. The prospect, in fact, was one to discourage the stoutest-hearted of intellectuals as he surveyed the political scene. In the provinces factionalism was rampant, and an open banditry and spoils system ruled at the polls.¹⁸ What, if anything, worth while could ever come out of it all? Where did the fault lie? With the people themselves? Were the Brazilians truly an "inferior" race, damned by their mixed blood to so precarious an existence as this, which could only end in disaster? What chance did they have against the civilized, the "advanced" peoples of European stock?

Such were the agonizing questions that Euclides da Cunha, Graça Aranha, and other writers of this period put to themselves. Their consciousness of their country's plight was deepened by the literary discovery that was taking place of the arid *sertão* region, where dwelt a backland race that for centuries had been cut off from the civilization of the seaboard and that was compelled to wage an unending and terribly unequal struggle with its natural environment. Men of letters like Coelho Netto and Affonso Arinos had visited the region and had brought back picturesque accounts of it. In his *Sertão* (1897) the former had treated the setting somewhat as a surrealist might today, while the latter in *Through the Sertão* (1898) manifests an interest principally in the psychology of the inhabitants.

It was not, however, literary excursions such as these that awakened Cunha and others to the full and ominous significance of the backlands. It was the religious fanatic Antônio Conselheiro, whose story R. B. Cunningham-Graham has told in *A Brazilian Mystic*. It was Antônio the "Counsellor," who with his followers founded the rude stronghold of Canudos in the far interior of the *sertão*, where they proceeded to defy the federal government and for the better part of a year (1896-1897) held back a trained army of thousands of men, forcing the soldiers to spend all of three months in advancing a mere one hundred yards against a handful of backwoodsmen. It was Canudos that shook the new, republican Brazil.

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to its moral foundations. It was Canudos that inspired what is commonly regarded as the greatest of Brazilian classics, *Os Sertões*.

Rebellion in the Backlands, as the work is known in English translation, is one of the most remarkable books ever written. In the place that it holds in the esteem and affections of an entire people, it can only be compared to the *Divine Comedy* or *Don Quixote*. Like these great classics it is the expression of the very soul of a race in all its strength and all its unconcealed weakness. In search of a comparison one thinks especially of Cervantes's masterpiece, which in all probability no one but a Spaniard can ever fully comprehend. The immortal windmill-tilting don is a type of dreamer and inspired madman in whom his countrymen (as Unamuno did) see themselves. And so in *Os Sertões*, but far more grimly, the Brazilian beholds his own national neurasthenia, a deep soul agony that attained its peak at the turn of the century and found embodiment in a literary production that defies all classification.

Perhaps when all is said no other book ever laid hold of a nation in the same way and to the same degree as this one. It has been termed "the Bible of Brazilian nationality," and it comes near to being just that—a Bible.¹⁹ It is not an easy book to read. It is, in fact, extremely difficult in many parts, the style being as rugged as the *sertão* itself, which led Nabuco to observe that Cunha wrote "*com cipó*," with a liana stock. For the author's prose is often as tangled and entangling as is that climbing jungle plant, symbol of the inhospitable region he is describing. There are many Brazilians who will frankly admit that they have not read or cannot read the work. Yet all have a great respect for it and will defend it stoutly as an integral and important part of their cultural heritage.

Euchides da Cunha has, indeed, become a cult, not to say a religion, in Brazil. Each year for an entire week, the "*semana euchideana*," or "Euchides week," the nation pays homage to him, and its leading men of letters make a pilgrimage to the little town of São José do Rio Pardo in the state of São Paulo where the book was written. Here the shack in which Cunha labored on the

manuscript after his day's work as a civil engineer had been completed has been preserved as a shrine. For he was engaged at the time in building a bridge over the Rio Pardo, and as he tells us, "the bridge and the book were twins." The stranger visiting Brazil in the month of August will not know what the "*semana*," of which he reads so much in the papers, is all about unless he is familiar with this background, nor will he be able to understand all the articles and communications signed by "*euchdeanos*," or devout followers of Euclides, that appear in print the year around.

The late Stefan Zweig has termed *Os Sertões* "a great national epic . . . created purely by chance," one that gives "a complete psychological picture of the Brazilian soil, the people, and the country such as has never been achieved with equal insight and psychological comprehension." And speaking of "its dramatic magnificence, its spectacular wealth of spiritual wisdom, and the wonderful humanitarian touch which is characteristic of the whole work," he goes on to compare it with Lawrence's *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.²⁰

If *Rebellion in the Backlands* is an extraordinary book, similarly, its author in his personal life was far from being an ordinary individual. From the beginning his career was marked by a certain neuroticism that is inevitably reflected in what he wrote. Son of middle-class parents, he was sent to military school, where he openly defied his officers and was confined in a hospital for a time. Being later reinstated in the army, he served as a sanitary engineer under the Peixoto dictatorship, and then, returning to civilian life, proceeded to devote himself to the practice of his profession and to journalism. When the campaign against the fanatics of Canudos was undertaken, he accompanied the São Paulo battalion to the front to cover the expedition for the newspaper *Estado de São Paulo*.

The book that he gives us is reportage, but reportage of the very highest order. And it is so much more than mere reportage. It is at one and the same time a superb piece of journalism (elaborated some years later at his leisure) and a treatise on the geography, geology, climatology, and anthropology of the backland region. It is a military account of great interest today in the light of the de-

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velopment of modern warfare Above all it is a thrilling story that, once the author gets into the swing of it, reads like a novel to the final page *Os Sertões*, indeed, has more than once been classified as a form of fiction and was recently included in a list of one hundred of the world's best novels That it has had a profound effect upon the Brazilian novel, there can be no doubt ²¹

The conclusion of the whole matter for Cunha is.

"This entire campaign would be a crime, a futile and a barbarous one, if we were not to take advantage of the paths opened by our artillery, by following up our cannon with a constant, stubborn, and persistent campaign of education, with the object of drawing these rude and backward fellow countrymen of ours into the current of our times and of our national life Our biological evolution demands the guarantee of social evolution We are condemned to civilization Either we shall progress or we shall perish So much is certain and our choice is clear" ²²

As for the author's racial theories, what Freyre has called his "ethnocentric exaggerations" and his "rigid biologic determinism," they are to be explained by the intellectual background of his age. He had been reared upon a Spencerian positivism and the works of such men as Buckle, Bryce, Taine, Renan, Ratzel, Gumplowicz, and Gobineau. His writings mirror many of the confusions and at times the pseudo science of some of these thinkers, but he is for all of that a great humanitarian, one who in a way is comparable to Tolstoy His doubt is profound, his honesty unswerving, but in the end it is his faith in man that triumphs, his faith in the *homo brasiliensis*, the humble *sertanejo*, or man of the backlands, who constitutes "the very core of our nationality, the bedrock of our race" ²³

In Brazil, meanwhile, the racial problem was changing in character Euclides da Cunha had presented it in its original, basic aspect as a blending of three races, but it was no longer as simple as that A fresh tide of immigration from Europe had set in, and Germans, Italians, Slavs, and other European stocks were arriving in considerable numbers What effect were they destined to have upon the country, its civilization and culture, the "Brazil-

ian race" itself, that race that had had so hard a time achieving some kind of homogeneity and common, national consciousness? Would they destroy the entire pattern, still uncompleted as yet, that had been so painfully evolved? What would be the influence of European upon American, of American upon European under such conditions? Could anything but a mutual enervation and impotency come out of it all?

Such were the questions which José Pereira da Graça Aranha set out to discuss if not to answer in his famous novel *Canaan*. A novel of ideas or *roman à thèse*, this work is in good part a conversation piece, with two Germans settled in Brazil as the doleful interlocutors. Yet in spite of its talkativeness and comparative absence of plot, *Canaan* possesses a rather curious sort of dramatic intensity that few readers can help feeling. Owing in good part to the high praise bestowed upon it by Guglielmo Ferrero, the book attracted wide attention in Europe and became well known to North Americans of the 1920's in Mariano Joaquín Lorente's English-language version.²⁴ Today it may be said that its reputation is diminishing, its æsthetic deficiencies being more apparent now, while on the other hand the critical esteem in which *Rebellion in the Backlands* is held, both as a social document and as a work of art, is all the time growing.

Graça Aranha's importance, however, is not limited to *Canaan*. His *Malasarte* (1911), *Esthetic of Life* (1921), *The Modern Spirit* (1924), and *The Marvelous Journey* (1928) have had a far-reaching, if on the whole a socially reactionary, influence upon the thinking of Brazilians during the past two decades.²⁵ Somewhat of a Nietzschean with a touch of Barrès, Renan, and Goethe, he tended toward a beyond-good-and-evil philosophy of life as applied to the problem of Brazilian nationalism. It was he who in the third decade of this century was chiefly responsible for bringing about a fusion of the nationalistic current with that of a post-war modernism, accomplished through the "tumultuous literary episode" of his defiant address before the Brazilian Academy of Letters in 1924, seven years before his death.²⁶

Of a good deal more importance as a novelist than Graça Aranha, though it is only of late years that he has come into his

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own, is Lima Barreto, who has already been mentioned in connection with Machado de Assis as another mulatto youth of Rio de Janeiro who won distinction as a storyteller, but whose view of life was so different from the one that is revealed by the author of *Dom Casmurro*. Like Manoel de Macedo and Manoel Antônio de Almeida, Barreto is a novelist of the city, or better, of the suburbs and the petty bourgeois types that dwell on the outskirts of the capital. He left four novels in all: *Memories of the Notary Isaias Caminha*, *The Sad End of Polycarpo Quaresma*, which is probably his best work, *Numa and the Nymph*, and *Life and Death of M. J. Gonzaga de Sá*, all published between 1909 and 1919. He also published a collection of tales, *Stories and Dreams* (1920). He died in 1922.²⁷

The literature of Brazil that is truly characteristic of this century began not in Rio but in São Paulo as World War I was drawing to a close. It began, oddly enough (the anecdote is a famous one), when a coffee planter in the interior of the state of São Paulo, alarmed and angered by the habit his neighbors had of burning the underbrush off their land by means of huge fires, sat down and wrote a letter to the editor of a newspaper in the state capital. The letter was so well written that the editor gave it first-page prominence, and Monteiro Lobato was thus launched upon his literary career. He kept on writing, and today is one of the best-known and most-respected figures on the Brazilian cultural scene. In the course of the past twenty-five years he has been in turn, and often simultaneously, an author, a publisher, and an indefatigable translator. He is one of the best short-story writers that Brazil has to show, his delightful books for children are read with avidity by adults, and he is a distinguished critic as well.

In addition to all this Lobato has come to be known as Brazil's perennial exile. A rebellious spirit by nature under whatever regime, he has been in and out of prison a number of times. Of his own country and its civilization he is one of the severest critics that could be found anywhere, and in 1946 went into voluntary exile, declaring: "I am going to Argentina to take my *cafézinho*" (For he is noted for his wit and epigrams.) But few have ever

challenged his sincerity, and his countrymen continue to love him, to admire his creative energy, and to enjoy his sallies. Brazilian literature of the past two decades is permeated with his spirit.

This was the man who, with the publication of his collection of sketches entitled *Urupês* in 1918, set Brazilian writers upon a new track. *Urupês* has since become a landmark, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the book being celebrated in 1943 as a literary event.²⁸ The thing that made the volume remarkable was the new note of *cabocismo* that was struck in it, a fresh and different emphasis upon the *mestizo* of the interior. Here was not the noble and romantic savage of Gonçalves Dias and José de Alencar, but rather the individual who resembles Lobato's character Jeca Tatú, who spends a good part of his life squatting on his heels, smoking his pipe, and letting the world go by him, forgotten by a government that is supposed to be concerned with his welfare and with the task of making him over into an intelligent and useful citizen.

It is in a way a continuation of the Euclides da Cunha theme we have here, applied not to the northern *sertão* but to the backland districts of rich coffee-growing São Paulo. The impulse represented by *Urupês* may be compared to the one that with us, about the same time, was centering in the short-lived *Seven Arts* magazine—an impassioned search for native roots in a rapidly changing world. In either case the tendency did not last for long but was cut short by new trends setting in as a result of the global conflict, which proved so revelatory and disillusioning in the light it cast upon the vaunted culture of Western man. In North America following the suppression of the *Seven Arts* by the war-time censorship, the dissolution of the group, and the death of Randolph Silliman Bourne, we soon turned to a crude realism of the Sinclair Lewis variety and the debunkings of the Mencken-Nathan school, while the more æsthetic-minded fled to Paris's Left Bank. In Brazil it was Paris that, so to speak, came to São Paulo.

But the impulse was not wholly lost, either with us or with the Brazilians. We had a Sherwood Anderson, a Sandburg, one or two others to carry on, although we never quite succeeded in recap-

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turing the original impetus For in both countries in the late twenties and the thirties new social forces in literature were to make their appearance, and with these the other tendency was to merge, or rather it was to be in good part absorbed by them

In his *Brazil An Interpretation*, Gilberto Freyre lists three significant modern movements that are to be observed in Brazilian writing since the first World War. one represented by Lobato and *Urupês*, *modernismo*, or the modernist movement of the 1920's, and regionalism, by which he means chiefly the productions coming out of his own section, the northeast²⁹ These are certainly readily distinguishable and important trends. The only objection might be that regionalism is hardly sufficient to cover the literature of the 1930's, which on the one hand was animated by a broad social-revolutionary spirit that was wholly new, derived largely from the teachings of Karl Marx, and on the other hand was often heavily influenced by such modern writers and thinkers as Freud, Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, and others But whether or not one accepts Freyre's classification, there can be no question as to the importance of Lobato and the period that he inaugurated.

Brazilian modernism is usually dated from the year 1922 In that year two notable events occurred. One was the noisy *Semana de Arte Moderna*, or Modern Art Week, staged in the Municipal Theater of São Paulo The other was the publication of a volume of poems, the *Paulicéia Desvairada*, or *Hallucinated City*, a work that was to become something like the Bible of the movement just as the author, Mário de Andrade, was to be the Pope³⁰ Both the book and the celebration indicate clearly enough the source of inspiration of these iconoclastic young newcomers

An ally of the United States in the first as in the second World War, Brazil had not been directly affected by the struggle as we had been, but her intellectuals had none the less felt the cultural impact of the European postwar scene Sons of wealthy *fazendeiros*, a number of them had gone to Europe following the Armistice and, like our own early generation of "exiles," had had their fling in Paris, where they had made the acquaintance of Cocteau

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and Picasso, Tristan Tzara and the Dadaists, Marinetti and the futurists, and other exponents of modernity. It was they who brought word back to São Paulo of these novel, revolutionary sounding schools and tendencies. And so it is not so strange that they should have decided to launch a modernism of their own with typically Brazilian variations.

There has been a good deal of discussion as to whether the Paulista movement was essentially Continental or indigenous in character. But in a retrospective lecture that he delivered in 1942, Mário de Andrade himself has stated definitely that "the modernist spirit and its modes [of manifestation] were directly imported from Europe"²¹. With this, Oswald de Andrade, who is by way of being a second Pope, would disagree, even though his own work shows a heavy influence of Cocteau, whom he knew in Paris. The truth would seem to be that both Cocteau and the Italian futurists, as well as Blaise Cendrars and other French writers, had a good deal to do with the matter, but that the tendency of the *modernistas* as time went on was away from this point of departure in the direction of a true nativism rooted in Brazilian folk speech and folklore.

Despite the fact that, like the French Dadaists, they were sons of the bourgeoisie, the São Paulo futurists, for they seemed to fancy that label, insisted upon the "anti-bourgeois" character of their revolt. Thus, in *Hallucinated City* we read

I insult the bourgeois! O nickel-plated
bourgeois, O bourgeois-bourgeois!
The well made digestion of São Paulo!
O man-ham! O man-buttocks!
O man who, being French, Brazilian, or
Italian,
Is always a cautious little watch-your-step

In this respect and in the nature of their soirees, their demonstrations, manifestoes, and literary reviews, the *modernistas* bore an unmistakable resemblance to their European counterparts.

The aims of *modernismo* — by no means to be confused with

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the movement in the Spanish-speaking countries of Latin America, which began about 1888 — have been set forth by Mário de Andrade.

Manifesting itself especially in the realm of art but also reacting violently upon social and political customs, the modernist movement was the forerunner and herald and in large part the creator of a national state of mind. The transformation of the world, with the gradual weakening of the great imperial powers, the introduction of new political ideas in Europe, the rapidity of transportation, and a thousand and one other causes of an international character, together with the development of an American and a Brazilian consciousness and the internal progress in technology and education — all this rendered imperative the creation of a new spirit and called for the re-verification and even the remodelling of the national intelligence . . . Modernism in Brazil was a rupture, a revolt against the national intelligence . . . the state of war in Europe had evoked in us a warlike spirit which was eminently destructive.²²

The destructive side comes out in the revolt against academicism and tradition, which reached a climax with Graça Aranha's speech before the Brazilian Academy of Letters, in 1924. The principal contribution on the positive side lay in the assertion of the rights of the popular speech as against the literary idiom that up to that time had been almost exclusively employed. But from a social point of view there were distinctly reactionary tendencies, proto-fascist, they might be termed, that soon became apparent, as in Graça Aranha's *Modern Spirit* (1925), which in the phrase of Andrade Muricy, himself one of the early *modernistas*, gives expression to a species of "literary fascism" ²³

Meanwhile the flood of advance-guard reviews, books, and manifestoes continued unabated. Among the publications in periodical form, calculated to "*épater le bourgeois*," were *Estética*, edited by Prudente de Moraes Neto and Sérgio Buarque de Holanda (1924-1925), *Terra Roxa* (Purple Land), *Klaxon*, one of the most curious of them all, *Elétrica*, *Verde* (Green), and Oswald de Andrade's famous *Revista de Antropofagia*, or *Anthropophagite Review*, the first number of which, containing the "Anthropophagite Manifesto," appeared in May 1928. As for the

manifestoes and professions of modernist faith, they were all but innumerable in this period, and schools of poetry of every shade, green, yellow, violet, etc (green and yellow being Brazil's national colors), blossomed overnight

As is inevitably the case in connection with such movements, there was a large element of what the French call *blague* and the Brazilians *cabotismo*, or clowning, but the serious aspect is not to be overlooked or minimized. Out of it all came a number of books that are destined to remain as documents of an era if nothing more. Probably the best known of these is Mário de Andrade's *The Slave Girl Who Is Not Isaura* (a parody on Bernardo Guimarães's title), published in 1925. Antônio de Alcântara Machado's *Pathé Baby* (1926) and his two volumes of short stories are also to be mentioned, his critical articles and other scattered prose were published posthumously in 1940 under the title of *Mandolin and Saxophone*.³⁴

Toward the end of the decade and in the early 1930's there developed a certain tendency toward stock taking, an effort to strike the balance sheet of a generation. This trend is revealed in such works as Tasso da Silva's *Definition of Brazilian Modernism*, Jorge de Lima's *Two Essays*, and Renato Almeida's *Velocity*.³⁵ Today modernism is a historical relic. Of the writers who constituted the movement, some like Mário de Andrade and Alcântara Machado are dead, while others have fallen silent or have quietly become a part of the later literary scene. One alone may be said to have carried on the tradition by becoming the enduring playboy of Brazilian letters, a perpetual *enfant terrible* comparable to the French Cocteau or the Spanish Ramón Gómez de la Serna. He is the "anthropophagous" Oswald de Andrade.

An extremely vital and colorful personality who is at bottom deeply sincere in everything that he does and who is, moreover, a highly gifted writer, Andrade in the course of the past twenty years has run through just about all the isms that there are, including communism, and is now (in 1948) back at his original starting point as he goes about giving lectures in São Paulo on "the cannibalistic interpretation of history." Meanwhile, in the historical novel sequence that he is engaged in publishing, *Marco*

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Zero, he appears to be reviving with modernistic variations the *cabochismo* of a yet earlier time when it seemed that Lobato's *Urupês* was indicating the direction that contemporary Brazilian writing was to take. His *Collected Poems* (1945) bring a nostalgic breath of all-but-forgotten yesterdays.³⁶

While the rebel sons of São Paulo were staging their revolt — and a significance may perhaps be seen in the fact that it was this modern, highly industrialized, and dynamic city, and not old, aristocratic Rio that provided the setting — other forces of a social and political character were at work which were to have a far more profound effect upon the future of Brazil and which were to be vividly reflected in the literature of the next two decades. On the one hand, Plínio Salgado, who was to be the leader of the "Green Shirts," was busy laying the foundations of a fascist ideology with such works as *The Stranger* (1926) and *The Man of Hope* (1931).³⁷ And on the other hand, in 1924 a young captain in the Brazilian army, Luiz Carlos Prestes by name, had already staged a revolt against the government and, mounted on horseback, had led his famous column on one of the most amazing marches in all military history, across more than five thousand miles of territory from Rio Grande do Sul to the state of Bahia. Here were the forces that were to come to grips in the thirties, and literature, caught in the middle, was to find it exceedingly difficult to preserve any attitude of detachment or ivory-tower neutrality.

As he draws near to his own time the literary, like the general, historian finds himself becoming instinctively more and more cautious, and he also almost invariably finds his space running out, which accounts for the somewhat panic abruptness with which most works of this sort are brought to a close. The explanation is simple enough. Time is the great winnower and to a large extent does the critic's work for him when he is dealing with the past. Time, perspective, the judgment of intervening generations, are his helpers. Accordingly, as he looks back the scene in any period is not too populous a one, but as he comes within a quarter of a century of his own era, the figures crowd in upon him, and the task of

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appraising them grows increasingly perilous. Concerned for the most part with living writers who have not yet uttered their final word, if he is to treat of them at all adequately, he feels that it can only be *in extenso*, by presenting all the evidence for and against their right to survival.

And so, if he does not have a volume or volumes at his disposal, the most that he can hope to do in such a case is to give an indication of significant trends and their leading representatives while calling attention to those authors and works that should not be overlooked, though each reader in the final analysis will have to be his own critic until the verdict of posterity has been rendered.³⁸

Some while before *modernismo* had run its course there were evidences of a new and deeper spirit on the part of Brazilian writers. Modernism may have been a necessary and valuable interlude, a needed corrective and purge. But it was by its very nature at once destructive and transient, and it was to have been foreseen that it would be followed by a return to that great tradition each country with a real culture and a real literature possesses and must discover, and rediscover, for itself. It was in the year 1928 that two books indicative of such a return were published in Brazil. One was the *Portrait of Brazil* by Paulo Prado, a fifty-nine-year-old São Paulo business man who had been a kind of patron to the modernists. The other was a novel, *Cane-Trash*, by José Américo de Almeida, a young writer from the northeast.³⁹

Prado may have been a business man by background (he had been in the coffee export trade). But he was an intellectual by temperament who had given years of thought to his country's economic situation and social problems, and his *Portrait* (he wrote but one other book) has already taken its place as one of the classics of Brazilian literature. Within three years it had run through four editions, and a fifth was published in 1944. Bearing the subtitle, "Essay on Brazilian Melancholy," it opens with the sentence "In a radiant land there lives a melancholy folk." In its soul-searching, soul-torturing quality, it can only be compared to Ezechiel de Cunha's *Backlands*. It is one of those works that Brazilians read and admire but that most of them would not care to see translated, for they regard it as too intimately their own. a

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mirror into which they do not like to look but which irresistibly holds their gaze

Cane-Trash likewise goes back to an old tradition even as it marks the beginning of a new one that literary and cultural regionalism stemming from the northeast of which Freyre has spoken. It is looked upon by many as the turning point between the modernism of the twenties and the social literature of the succeeding decade. Its subject is the vanishing patriarchal life of the old sugar plantations, a theme from which Freyre in the sociological essay and José Lins do Rego in the novel were to draw so much in the years to come.

In his *Portrait of Brazil*, Paulo Prado had despairingly envisaged only two possible solutions for his country's problems, both of them catastrophic: war or revolution.⁴⁰ The "revolution" was soon to materialize, with Vargas's seizure of power in 1930. It was not, however, the one for which he had hoped, and he died a disillusioned man, although he preserved to the end, despite all his seeming pessimism, a fund of youthful idealism and a faith in the potentialities of his people.

From 1930 to 1945 it is the Vargas regime that, whether one would have it so or not, must form the backdrop to the literary scene. It must be remembered that, up to the crisis of November 1935, the censorship exerted by that regime was a comparatively mild one. It was after 1935, and especially after November 1937, that the rems were tightened. And so it is not surprising if during the first five years we find in process of birth a literature that is marked by a high degree of social consciousness and not infrequently by a Marxian-revolutionary tinge. It was during these years that sociologists like Freyre, Ramos, and others began laying the basis for a new study of African culture in Brazil,⁴¹ and it was in this same period that Lins do Rego began publishing his *Sugar-Cane Cycle* even as the Bahian Jorge Amado was starting his career as a "proletarian" novelist and Graciliano Ramos, Marques Rebelo, and others were producing their first work.⁴²

On the whole there is a decided lift, an upward swing to this era. Many new talents were coming to the fore, a new generation was emerging upon a stage very different from any that its prede-

cessors had known Brazilian problems were no longer limited to Brazil but were part of a larger world pattern in a decade that was to witness the rise of Hitler, the civil war in Spain, the Munich pact, and finally the outbreak of World War II. As a result all the forms of literary production, the novel, poetry, criticism, the essay, while remaining typically and often intensely Brazilian in character, are marked by a cosmopolitanism, or it might be more accurate to say a universality of outlook that was not there before. This is the generation that today is the mature and older one, for younger writers and trends that are scarcely distinguishable as yet have been coming up since the mid-forties. But it has made history in its time and its work will not be forgotten.

It is particularly in the novel that a great advance has been made. Machado de Assis is not the only figure to whom Brazilians may now point as being unquestionably of international stature. In any competent list of hemisphere storytellers Jorge Amado, Graciliano Ramos, and José Lins do Rego would have to be accorded a prominent place, and they are not the only ones by any means who are deserving of that attention on the part of Europe and of North America that Brazilian authors are now beginning to receive. Érico Veríssimo, Lúcio Cardoso, Amando Fontes, Octávio de Faria, Marques Rebelo, Allynio M. Wanderley, Emil Farnhat, José Geraldo Vieira, Raquel de Queiroz, Viana Moog, Menotti del Picchia, Gastão Cruls, Peregrino Junior, Affonso Schmidt, Carolina Nabuco, Lucia Miguel Pereira, Dionélio Machado, Tito Batini, João Alfonsus, Gilberto Amado, Dinah Silveira de Queiroz — these are but a few of those who during the last fifteen years have made outstanding contributions to the art of fiction.⁴³

The number of women included in the list is to be noted. This is another sign of the times, something that had not happened before in Brazilian letters. From the *Inocência* of Eschagnolle Tau-nay's creation to a Lucia Miguel Pereira or a Carolina Nabuco, the Brazilian woman has come a long way. One of the strongest novels in recent years is from a feminine hand. *The Year '15*, by Raquel de Queiroz, a story dealing with the periodic and devastating backland droughts.⁴⁴

There is also a far wider less conventional range of subject mat-

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ter, although the novelists of this realistic generation have a salutary habit of writing about things that they know. It is rather their experience and their point of view that have broadened. Less slavishly imitative of Europe than their nineteenth-century forebears, they are at the same time more deeply attuned to the larger world of humanity. Thus Jorge Amado writes almost exclusively of his native region but is inspired by a world philosophy that, whether one approves of it or not, gives to his work a unity and a power it otherwise would lack.

In his treatment of the clash between the old patriarchal and the new industrial civilizations, Lins do Rego has much of the intensity and effect of a Thomas Hardy. Lúcio Cardoso is a kind of Brazilian William Faulkner or Julian Green, Graciliano Ramos shows the influence of Joyce and the interior monologue. Both Cardoso and Érico Veríssimo would appear to have read their D. H. Lawrence, and Veríssimo would confess to Huxley as well, while there is scarcely a novelist or short-story writer among them who has not to some extent, consciously or unconsciously, been touched by Freud.

Allyrio M. Wanderley is one of the most profoundly Brazilian of them all, displaying an anguished concern with the hard life of the petty bourgeoisie of the provinces and the economic state of his country in general. But even he has had his Marxian period and is keenly aware of international currents and relationships. A good sample of his work will be found in his *Gnashing of Teeth* (1945). In his ambitious sequence, *Bourgeois Tragedy*, which keeps appearing volume after volume, Octávio de Faria is intent upon presenting from the Catholic point of view a picture of his times that reminds one of Jules Romains and the *Men of Good Will*.⁴⁵

Unfortunately at the moment of writing only three or four of Brazil's contemporary novelists are available in English in the form of scattered translations, but happily this number includes some of the most typical of them in their most representative works. Amado's *The Violent Land*, Graciliano Ramos's *Anguish*, and Érico Veríssimo's *Crossroads* could not have been produced in any other country, or in Brazil in any other era. Two other

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novels of Veríssimo, *The Rest Is Silence* and *Consider the Lilies of the Field*, are accessible to the North American reader Amado's *Jubiabá*, a masterly story of a black man of Bahia, published in the mid-thirties, has been done into French, and an extract from his *Sea of the Dead* is given in the Flores-Poore anthology, *Fiesta in November* There is also Sylvia Leão's *White Shore of Olinda*, written directly in English (1943) These specimens should serve to whet the appetite for more ⁴⁶

Brazilian poetry since 1930, like the novel, makes an impressive showing and gives evidence of having truly come of age Jorge de Lima, Carlos Drummond de Andrade, Manuel Bandeira, Vinícius de Moraes, Felipe de Oliveira, Guilherme de Almeida, Cecília Meirelles, Augusto Frederico Schmidt, Rubem Couto, Murilo Mendes — again to mention but a few — have produced work that will stand comparison with that of the best of their contemporaries in any land Two women poets, Cecília Meirelles and Adalgisa Nery, merit a place in the Latin American pantheon alongside Gabriela Mistral, Juana de Ibarbourou, Alfonsina Storni, and Maria Olmpia de Obaldia

In the realm of verse what we encounter is a mingling of modern and modernist currents with the native stream Modernism is particularly apparent on the side of technique in poets such as Carlos Drummond de Andrade and Jorge de Lima, and not infrequently, especially with Drummond de Andrade, it is applied to the social theme The latter's *Fen of Souls* is one of the important volumes of a decade ⁴⁷ As for Jorge de Lima, who, as has been said, is a mulatto, he is the author of a classic Brazilian poem, "That Negress Fulô" His collection *Negro Poems*, with a preface by Freyre, was published in 1946 Starting as something of a surrealist, he with Murilo Mendes experienced a conversion to Catholicism, an event reflected in their collaboration, *Time and Eternity*, and in Lima's *The Seamless Robe* Since then both men have been under a strong Bergsonian-Neo-Thomist influence ⁴⁸

Meanwhile Manuel Bandeira, now an academician, remains the distinguished critic and animator of poetry that he has been for many years, as well as a very fine poet himself ⁴⁹ His labors as an anthologist are noteworthy Guilherme de Almeida is a superb

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technician and one of the best-loved poets of modern times, and new voices are constantly being raised. Emilio Moura, Oswaldino Marques, Odorico Tavares, Haydée Nicolussi, Henriqueta Lisboa, and many others. In Dudley Fitts's *Anthology of Contemporary Latin American Poetry*, in the remarkable translations of Dudley Poore, the English-language reader will find selections from the work of half a dozen poets of today who are among the best their country has to offer.

We have heard Ronald de Carvalho's acerbic comment on the absence of criticism in Brazil. This is no longer true. Alceu Amoroso Lima (who also writes under the pen name of Tristão de Ataíde), Álvaro Lins, Sérgio Milhet, Lucia Miguel Pereira, Agrippino Grieco, Viana Moog, Andrade Muricy, and among the younger men Antônio Cândido and Wilson Martins have raised their calling to a new dignity. Philosophically a disciple of Jacques Maritain, Amoroso Lima is not merely a critic but an aesthete whom the world outside Brazil ought to know.⁵⁰ He has what many of his fellows have lacked: a life view that shapes his aesthetic and critical practice. Álvaro Lins, close to Lima in basic attitudes, is the author of a continuing *Journal of Criticism* of which several volumes have been published to date.⁵¹

In the field of the literary essay Sérgio Milhet has, not too accurately, been termed by some "the Brazilian Gide." This is probably due to his broad background of European culture as shown in his writings, but he is nevertheless very much the Paulista, being in charge of the municipal library in his native city. He has published a number of essay collections, outstanding among which is his *Salt of Heresy*.⁵² Agrippino Grieco is another critic with a cosmopolitan bent who has done much to make Brazilians acquainted with foreign writers. Noted for the sharp tone of his criticism, his habit of speaking his mind, he has made valuable contributions to literary history with his *Evolution of Brazilian Poetry* and *Evolution of Brazilian Prose*.⁵³

The same may be said of Andrade Muricy, an old-time modernist, and his admirable anthology, *The New Brazilian Literature*, which has more than once been cited in these pages. Lucia Miguel Pereira, biographer of Machado de Assis, is active in

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preserving the Luso-Brazilian cultural bond, and Lms do Rego appears to be turning more and more from the novel to the critical essay. It is too early as yet to say what direction the newcomers, those who have started publishing within the last few years, will take. But that new forces are at work and a new spirit is in the air, no one who has visited the country since 1945 can for a moment doubt.

Brazil is the land of the future in more ways than one, and her writers are now ready to speak in the full, deep-throated accents of maturity.

Notes, Bibliography,
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FOREWORD

¹ José Pereira de Graça Aranha's *Canaan*, in Mariano Joaquín Lorente's translation, was published by the Four Seas Company of Boston. The first edition of the original was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1901. On Graça Aranha, see pp. 178 ff.

² *Brazilian Tales* was published by the Four Seas Company, *Brazilian Literature* by Alfred A. Knopf of New York.

³ The eight novels in question (listed alphabetically by authors) are Jorge Amado's *The Violent Land* (*Terras do sem fim*), Aluizio Azevedo's *A Brazilian Tenement* (*O Cortiço*), Graça Aranha's *Canaan*, Graciliano Ramos's *Anguish* (*Angústia*), Paulo Setubal's *Domitila*, Alfredo d'Escagnolle Taunay's *Inocência*, and Érico Veríssimo's *Crossroads* (*Caminhos Cruzados*) and *The Rest Is Silence* (*O Resto é Silêncio*). For these works, see the Bibliography. In addition, one or two Brazilian novels were published in English translation in London. José de Alencar's *Iracema*, translated by Isabel Burton, 1886, Taunay's *Inocência*, 1889, and possibly others. Mention should also be made of Sylvia Leão's *White Shore of Olinda*, written directly in English and published by the Vanguard Press, New York, 1943.

⁴ The volume of *Brazilian Tales* previously mentioned and a collection of *Brazilian Short Stories* by Monteiro Lobato, in Goldberg's translation, published in Haldeman Julius's "Little Blue Book" series (No. 733) in 1925.

⁵ *Rebellion in the Backlands*, in Samuel Putnam's translation, was published by the University of Chicago Press in 1944. *The Masters and the Slaves*, also translated by Putnam, was published by Knopf in 1946.

⁶ See Dudley Fitts' *Anthology of Contemporary Latin American Poetry*, New Directions, 1942, which contains poems by Manuel Bandeira, Ronald de Carvalho, Menotti del Picchia, Drummond de Andrade, Jorge de Lima, Murilo Mendes, and Ismael Nery. *Fiesta in November, Stories from Latin America*, edited by Angel Flores and Dudley Poore and published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1942, has a selection, "Sea of the Dead," from Amado's novel, *Mar Morto*, Rio de Janeiro, 1936. A selection from *Canaan* will be found in Germán Arciniegas's *The Green Continent*, Knopf, 1944.

⁷ See Érico Veríssimo's *Brazilian Literature: An Outline*, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1945.

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⁸ See Amado's *The Violent Land*, pp 124-30 On the *candomblé*, see *Negroes in Brazil* by Donald Pierson, the University of Chicago Press, 1942 Chapter X For the *macumba*, consult *The Masters and the Slaves*, pp 335-6 When I was in Brazil last year (1946), I was invited to attend a *macumba*

⁹ Caio Prado Junior *Formação do Brasil Contemporâneo* (Colômbia), São Paulo, 1942, pp 7-8

¹⁰ Dr Torres-Rioseco, a Peruvian scholar who came to this country as a Guggenheim fellow, is the author of *The Epic of Latin American Literature*, Oxford University Press, 1942

¹¹ President Bolton's address appeared in the *American Historical Review*, April 1933

¹² Professor Bolton published a 365-page syllabus of this course

¹³ For the debate on this subject, see *Is America a Continent?* A Round Table Discussion, published by the Division of Intellectual Cooperation of the Pan American Union, Washington, D C, in the "Points of View" series, No 2, October 1941 The reader may also be referred to the following *Do the Americas Have a Common History?* by Edmundo O'Gorman, "Points of View," No 3, December 1941, the original of the O'Gorman article, "Hegel y el moderno panamericanismo," in *Universidad de la Habana*, January 1939, an article by the Peruvian critic, Jorge Basadre, that originally appeared in *Excelsior*, Lima, June-July 1942, and was published in English translation in the *Bulletin* of the Pan American Union under the title, "Do the Americas Have a Common History?", the article by Germán Arciniegas, "Our Continent," in *Tomorrow*, II, No 7, March 1943 The Mexican O'Gorman associates Professor Bolton's view with that advanced by Hegel, and undertakes to refute what he regards as the basic fallacy of both theses

CHAPTER I

¹ This is the "*baptismo literário*" of which José Osório de Oliveira speaks in his *História Breve da Literatura Brasileira* (Lisboa, s d), p 7 (Oliveira's work was printed in 1939, an undated Brazilian edition was published at São Paulo) For Vaz de Caminha's letter, see Manuel Ayres de Cazal's *Chorographia Brasílica*, 2nd edition, Rio de Janeiro, 1845, Vol I, p 10 Evidence of a previous Portuguese voyage to the coast of Brazil, kept secret for reasons of state, has come to light in recent years Some scholars believe that this took place prior to the year 1448, but P A Martin, an authority on Brazilian history, doubts that there was any pre-Columbian discovery and gives the date as 1498 See F A Kirkpatrick *Latin America, A Brief History*, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1939, p 13.

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² Sr Nelson Werneck Sodré has written a history of Brazilian literature from the economic point of view, see *História da Literatura Brasileira Seus Fundamentos Econômicos*, Rio de Janeiro, 1940. In recent years an influential school of æsthetic criticism based upon Neo-Thomist principles has arisen under the leadership of Alceu Amoroso Lima ("Tristão de Ataíde"), but even these critics do not neglect the social aspect.

³ Cited by José Osório de Oliveira, *op cit*, pp 11-12, and by Ronald de Carvalho *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira*, Rio de Janeiro, 1937, p 22.

⁴ Cited by Carvalho, *op cit*, pp 21-2.

⁵ Rocha Pitta is the author of a History of Portuguese America (*História da América Portuguesa*), published at Lisbon, in 1730. See pp 73, 75.

⁶ For an interesting, nontechnical, and comparatively recent discussion of the subject of philosophy in Brazil, see the paper, "A América Também Pensa," in the volume of essays by Edmundo Rossi, *Retorno à Vida*, São Paulo, 1941, pp 17 ff. For a Spanish-American view of Brazilian thinkers, the laudatory volume (written in Spanish) by the Bolivian Guillermo Francovich, *Filósofos Brasileños*, Rio de Janeiro, 1939, may be consulted. See also the chapter on "Three Brazilian Thinkers" in William Rex Crawford's *A Century of Latin American Thought*, Harvard University Press, 1944, pp 190 ff. A classic work on the subject is Sílvio Romero's *A Filosofia no Brasil*, published in 1873. Alcides Bezerra deals with philosophy in the colonial era *A Filosofia na Fase Colonial*, Rio de Janeiro, 1935, and Monteiro de Barros Lins, contemporary representative of a lingering Positivism, considers the various philosophic movements of his country, in his *Escolas Filosóficas*, Rio de Janeiro, 1939. Perhaps the most interesting of Brazilian philosophers is Farnas Brito, see Sílvio Rabello's *Farnas Brito, Ou uma Aventura do Espírito*, Rio de Janeiro, 1941, and the severe criticism of this work by Jonathas Serrano "À Margem de um Ensaio," in the *Revista das Academias de Letras*, No 37, setembro-outubro 1941, pp 27-34. The reader may also be referred to Afrânio Coutinho's "Some Considerations on the Problem of Philosophy in Brazil," in *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research*, Vol IV, 1943, pp 191 ff.

⁷ See *The Vortex (La Vorágine)*, translated by Earle K. James, New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1935. The reader may make Ciro Alegría's acquaintance in English in his prize novel, *Broad and Alien Is the World (El Mundo Es Ancho y Ajeno)*, translated by Harriet de Onís, New York, Farrar and Rinehart, 1941, the reader of Spanish may be referred to the same author's *La Serpiente de Oro*, Santiago de Chile, 1936, and *Los Perros Hambrientos*, Santiago de Chile, 1939. Amado's *The Violent Land* has been mentioned. The Ecuadorian nov-

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elist Jorge Icaza, author of *Huasipungo*, *Cholos*, and other works, has not been translated and unfortunately is all but untranslatable

⁸ See Debret's *Voyage pittoresque et historique au Brésil*, 1816-1831, 3 vols, Paris, 1835, a number of reproductions of Debret's paintings will be found in Donald Pierson's *Negroes in Brazil* The work of the German artist Maurice Rugendas, who also visited Brazil, is almost equally famous, see his *Voyage pittoresque dans le Brésil*, translated from the German, 3 vols, Paris, 1835

⁹ On the subject of climate, see Freyre *The Masters and the Slaves*, pp 19 ff

¹⁰ *Sertão* (plural *sertões*) is the name given to the backland region of northeastern Brazil, described in the classic *Os Sertões* of Euclides da Cunha

¹¹ *Introduction to the History of Civilization in England*, by Thomas Henry Buckle, London, George Routledge and Sons, Ltd, s d, pp 75-6 Cited by Carvalho, op cit, pp 26-7

¹² The process of assimilation is sometimes known as "Aryanization," a term that does not have the same meaning in Brazil that it did in Hitler's Germany, see the works of F J Oliveira Vianna *Evolução do Povo Brasileiro*, 2nd edition, São Paulo, 1933, *Populações Meridionais do Brasil*, 3rd edition, São Paulo, 1933, and *Raça e Assimilação*, 2nd edition, São Paulo, 1934 See the chapter on "Miscegenation" in Pierson's *Negroes in Brazil*, pp. 111 ff

¹³ On Machado de Assis and Lima Barreto and their sharply contrasting attitudes toward their status as mulattoes, see the essay by José Lins do Rego, *Conferências no Prata*, Rio de Janeiro, 1946, pp 100 ff See Jorge de Lima's *Poemas Negros*, with a preface by Gilberto Freyre, Rio de Janeiro, 1946, he is the author of a number of volumes of verse, his "Essa Negra Fulô" is one of the best-known poems in Brazil The rise of the mulatto in Brazilian society provides Gilberto Freyre with his theme in his book, *Sobrados e Mucambos*, São Paulo, 1936, see the chapter in Pierson, op cit, pp 159 ff, on "The Rise of the Mixed-Blood"

¹⁴ Freyre's best-known work is, of course, his *Casa Grande & Senzala* (literally, *Big House and Slave Quarters*), published in English under the title, *The Masters and the Slaves* His *Sobrados e Mucambos* (*Town House and Slums*) has been referred to in the preceding note Among the works of Arthur Ramos are *O Negro Brasileiro*, Rio de Janeiro, 1934, *O Folk-lore Negro do Brasil*, Rio de Janeiro, 1935; and *As Culturas Negras do Novo Mundo*, Rio de Janeiro, 1937 His English-language volume, *The Negro in Brazil*, Washington, D C, 1939, was specially prepared by the author and Richard Pattee for a North American audience Amado's *Jubiabá* was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1935, there is a French translation by Michel Berveiller and

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Pierre Hourcade under the title of *Bahia de Tous les Saints*, Paris, 1939 On the Brazilian Negro as an ethnic factor, see *Influência étnico-social do elemento africano no melting-pot brasileiro*, by Nelma Pereira Pinto Amaral, Rio de Janeiro, 1941 For his influence on Brazilian poetry, see Roger Bastide's *A poesia afro-brasileira*, São Paulo, 1943

¹⁵ The story, a famous one, has been told many times, see Pierson, op cit, p 170, Pedro Calmon *História Social do Brasil*, São Paulo, 1937-9, Vol II, p 114

¹⁶ See the novel by Eça de Queiroz, *A Ilustre Casa de Ramires*, Lisbon, 1897, and Freyre's comments in *The Masters and the Slaves*, pp 7-8, 185 ff See also Bell's *Portugal of the Portuguese*, London, 1915, pp 1-24, cited by Freyre, op cit, pp 8-9

¹⁷ Torres-Rioseco, in *The Epic of Latin American Literature*, pp 209-10, states that "the literary development of Brazil follows much the same stages as that of Spanish America"

¹⁸ *The Masters and the Slaves*, pp 17, 71.

¹⁹ See José Lins do Rego *Conferências no Prata*, pp 81 ff

²⁰ See the translator's introduction to *Rebellion in the Backlands*

²¹ *Retrato do Brasil*, by Paulo Prado, 5th edition, São Paulo, 1944 Some Brazilians also disapprove the translation of a work like Freyre's

²² See what Euclides da Cunha has to say on the phenomenon of "Sebastianismo," in *Rebellion in the Backlands*, pp. 112 and 163-4 On Antonio Conselheiro, see also R B Cunningham-Graham's *A Brazilian Mystic*, New York, the Dial Press, 1925, a volume based on da Cunha's account in *Os Sertões*

²³ This is a point made by the distinguished novelist Raquel de Queiroz in reply to my mild criticism of Erico Veríssimo for having undervalued Brazilian literature in the eyes of North American readers In an article that appeared in the Sunday literary supplement of *O Jornal* of Rio in September 1946 (unfortunately the exact reference cannot be given here), she cited an amusing example or two See Veríssimo, op cit, p 2

²⁴ Afrânio Peixoto *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, Rio de Janeiro, 1931, pp 45-8, the passage is also cited in part by Torres-Rioseco, op cit, p 212

²⁵ Two or three other examples may be cited João Duarte Filho, writing in the *Anuário Brasileiro de Literatura*, Rio de Janeiro, 1939, pp 47-8, says "The whole of Brazilian literature, in its various phases, is a false literature False in its objectives, which are almost never well defined, false in its origins, false in its development And this has been true from the very beginning" Speaking of Brazilian novelists, in the *Boletim de Ariel*, Rio de Janeiro, Ano VII, No 1, outubro 1939, pp. 10-11, Edgard Cavalheiro declares "The sad part

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of the matter is that our novelists suffer from an incredible lack of spirit. Of spirit and of brains." He then goes on to discuss the "primordial absence of any 'inner light,' an absence of culture, and, above all, of intelligence" that is to be discerned in his contemporaries; he stresses the "unvarying unilateralness" that characterizes their approach to social, sexual, and philosophic problems, and suggests that they read more and devote more time to the study of the masters of their art. See, also, the passionate article that Graciliano Ramos wrote on this subject, out of the bitterness of exile "Decadência do Romance Brasileiro," *Literatura*, Rio de Janeiro, 1946, pp. 20-4; this article originally appeared in Spanish "Decadencia de la Novela Brasileña," Buenos Aires, *La Nueva Gaceta*, No. 11, diciembre 1941, p. 3. "In the older literature," Ramos asserts, "there is not to be found a single true-to-life bit of dialogue", and he adds "The novels that appeared at the beginning of the century have sunk into complete oblivion. One of them, *Canaan*, which had an enormous success, is frightful, nauseating."

²⁶ *Dúlogos das Grandezas do Brasil*, edited by Rodolfo Garcia, Rio de Janeiro (1944). See pp. 56-9.

²⁷ Vacher de Lapouge, *L'Aryen*, Paris, 1899, p. 500, cited by Carvalho, *op. cit.*, pp. 30-1.

²⁸ "Banzo" is defined by the Brazilian dictionary (Lima and Barroso, 6th edition) as "the mortal nostalgia of African Negroes"; see Freyre, *The Masters and the Slaves*, p. 181. Freyre (*ibid.*, p. 179) observes that the Indian, when put at agrarian labor, "became enveloped in the sadness of the introvert." It will be noted that nothing is said here of the supposedly enervating effects of a tropical climate, its tendency to induce physical laziness and procrastination. The average North American is probably convinced that all Latin Americans have a "mañana" psychology, but while such a climate may diminish the capacity for bodily toil (see *The Masters and the Slaves*, p. 20), the fact remains that Latin American writers and other intellectuals produce an astonishing amount of work, as a glance at their bibliographies will show. Could the climate possibly have something to do with that aversion to the more sustained and arduous forms of intellectual labor of which Peixoto speaks?

CHAPTER II

¹ Érico Veríssimo, *op. cit.*, p. 4; Peixoto, *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, p. 59.

² See *The Masters and the Slaves*, pp. 187-8; Bell, *Portugal of the Portuguese*, pp. 13-14.

³ For an excellent account of this period in the literary history of

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modern Portugal, see the introduction Lusitano de Castro wrote for the Portuguese section of *Heart of Europe An Anthology of Creative Writing in Europe 1920-1940*, edited by Klaus Mann and Hermann Kesten, with an introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, New York, L B Fischer (1943), pp 186-9 The most famous of the suicides was the poet, Antero de Quental, on this writer, see *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, No 8, 1942, p 381 and items 4205, 4223, 4249, and 4343, there has been a great interest in Antero de Quental in Brazil in recent years. Lusitano de Castro quotes another poet, Antônio Nobre, who died at the age of thirty-three "Que tristeza, rapazes, ter nascido em Portugal" ("How sad, my lads, to have been born in Portugal")

⁴ Georges Bernanos *Les grands Cimetières sous la lune*, Paris, 1938 On *memorialismo*, see the essay by Portugal's greatest living literary scholar and critic, Fidelino de Figueiredo *Menoridade da Intelligencia*, Santiago (Portugal), 1933, pp 35 ff, see the article by Samuel Putnam "Fidelino de Figueiredo, o el Sabio y la Ciudad," *Revista Hispánica Moderna* (Columbia University), año III, num 2, enero 1937, pp 97-105 (see in particular p 104), a partial Portuguese version of this article was published in the *Revista do Arquivo Municipal* of São Paulo, ano 6, vol 41, setembro-outubro 1939, pp 225-38 On the modern Portuguese writing scene, see Figueiredo's *Depois de Eça de Queiroz 1900-1933*, Santiago, 1934

⁵ The quotation, cited by Lusitano, is from an article by Bell in the *Fortnightly Review*, London, June 1922

⁶ "Martin Affonso de Souza . . . set up in January, 1532, the first substantial Portuguese settlement at São Vicente, near the present port of Santos This event, the real birth of Brazil, is commemorated by a monument which stands today on the spot where the founder set foot upon the shore" - F A Kirkpatrick *Latin America A Brief History*, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1939, p 35

⁷ Peixoto, op cit, pp 88-9

⁸ See the article by Professor Harry Merman Gardner in the eleventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* "Certainly the most able metaphysician and the most influential religious thinker of America, he must rank in theology, dialectics, mysticism, and philosophy with Calvin and Fenelon, St Augustine and Aquinas, Spinoza and Novalis, with Berkeley and Hume as the great English philosophers of the eighteenth century, and with Hamilton and Franklin as the three American thinkers of the same century of more than provincial importance" There are those who would disagree violently with this estimate Among the noteworthy colonial prose writers, Roger Williams should be mentioned. He might be compared with a figure like Father Vieira

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⁹ The brazil or brazilwood is a redwood tree, the *Cæsalpina eschinata* of the *Leguminosæ* or bean family, that is employed as a dye-stuff. The name comes from the resemblance to glowing coals (Middle English *brasil*, Old French *bresil*, Spanish and Portuguese *brasil*, from the stem of *braise*, live coals)

¹⁰ See the opening section, "Background to Flight," of *Paris Was Our Mistress*, by Samuel Putnam, New York, the Viking Press, 1947

¹¹ The germ of independence probably lay smoldering from a very early time. Sr. Jaime Cortesão believes that it is to be made out in the *Diálogos das Grandezas do Brasil*, see his "Apresentação" to that work, p. 16

¹² See pp. 54-5

¹³ Sílvio Romero in his *História da Literatura Brasileira* distinguishes the following periods: Period of Formation, 1500-1750, Period of Autonomous Development, 1750-1830, Period of Romantic Transformation, 1830-1870, Period of Critical and Naturalistic, and later, of Parnassian and Symbolist Reaction, from 1870 on, but he afterwards reduced the periods to two, Period of Formation or Classical Period, 1592-1836, Period of Development or Later Reactions, 1836 to the present, see his Introduction to the *Compêndio de História da Literatura Brasileira*, by Romero and João Ribeiro. José Veríssimo in his *History* distinguishes a Colonial and a National Period, with a transitional "moment" or stage represented by the poets of Minas Gerais of the era of independence, 1769-1795. Ronald de Carvalho in his excellent *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira* gives this classification: Period of Formation, 1500-1750, Period of Transformation, 1750-1830, Autonomous Period, from 1830 on. Arthur Motta prefers the scheme: Formative Era, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Era of Transformation, eighteenth century, Autonomous Era, nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The classification I have suggested varies from the other schemes in that it breaks down into four distinct eras: the period from 1870 to date.

¹⁴ The romantic movement in Brazil is usually seen as beginning in 1830 (the year in which French romanticism began) or in 1836 with the publication of the *Poetical Sighs and Longings* of Domingos José Gonçalves de Magalhães, but recent literary scholarship indicates that the first work showing the influence of romanticism was the *Américo Elysio* of José Bonifácio, published in 1825. Afrânio Peixoto characterizes this work as "the first book that underwrote romanticism in Brazil." See the *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, Vol. VIII, 1942, p. 382 and item 4337.

¹⁵ The year 1870 seems to be the inevitable demarcation here, although there were stirrings of the pre-Parnassian movement in poetry in the later sixties (see Manuel Bandeira's preface to his *Antologia dos*

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Poetas da Fase Parnasiana, Rio de Janeiro, 1940) It was in this year that, according to Ronald de Carvalho, "our country really began to enter the evolutionary current of universal ideas" (op cit, p 321)

¹⁶ It was in 1901 that Graça Aranha's *Canaan* was published, Euclides da Cunha's *Os Sertões* appeared the following year.

¹⁷ José América de Almeida's novel, *A Bagacera* (*Cane Trash*), published in 1928, as I see it, marks the beginning of the new social literature that was to flower so brilliantly during the next decade.

¹⁸ This writer prefers the dates 1789-1821, from Washington's inauguration to the publication of Cooper's *The Spy* Cooper's work, much of which came in the 1820's, certainly belongs with the romantic movement, and by taking 1789 as the starting point, we are able to include in the first formative period of our national literature Joseph Dennie and his circle, such early novelists as Charles Brockden Brown, Hugh H Brackenridge, Mrs Ann Eliza Bleecker, Mrs S H Rowson, Mrs Hannah Webster Foster, and finally, the first works of Washington Irving

¹⁹ It was in 1867 that Bret Harte's *Condensed Novels* appeared

²⁰ Most literary historians appear to be agreed that the year 1888 marks the beginning of social realism in American writing This demarcation is indicated by such period anthologies as Oscar Cargill's *The Social Revolt, American Literature from 1888 to 1914*, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1933, and Louis Wann's *The Rise of Realism, 1860-1888*, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1933 It was in that year that William Dean Howells's *Annie Kilburn* and Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* appeared It was on October 10, 1888, that Howells wrote to Henry James "I should hardly like to trust pen and ink with all the audacity of my social ideas"

²¹ See "The Influence of European Thought on Brazilian Literature," by Manuel de Oliveira Lima, *Royal Society of Literature Transactions*, London, 1915, Vol XXXIII, pp 89-116 On the French influence in particular, see a paper by Tristão de Ataíde (Alceu Amoroso Lima) on "L'Influence Française au Brésil," *Revue Française du Brésil*, Paris, novembre 1935

²² During the troubled decade just past, Portuguese influence in Brazil has waxed and waned with the political winds that happened to be blowing, see the *Handbook of Latin American Studies* for these years, "Brazilian Literature" section On the whole, however, it has increased, and now that the war is over and the fascist peril removed, Brazilian writers appear to be able to see things more clearly and in perspective and to be inclined once more to draw near the cultural home land See, among numerous works that might be cited, Gilberto Freyre's *Conferências na Europa*, Rio de Janeiro, 1938, consisting of lectures given at Portuguese universities The publication in 1939 by

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the Portuguese critic José Osório de Oliveira of a *História Breve da Literatura Brasileira* is another token of the growing *rapprochement*. This work has attracted considerable attention in Brazil. For the situation today—the impulse toward a “família literária luso-brasileira” and a “república das letras para Portugal e Brasil”—see the 1943 *Handbook of Latin American Studies* (No. 9), “Brazilian Literature” section, “General Statement.” It is of interest to contrast the situation that prevailed in 1935, see the *Handbook* for that year.

²³ On language as a reflex rather than as a determinant of culture, see the paper by Franz Boas “Language and Culture,” *Studies in the History of Culture*, Menasha, Wisconsin, the George Banta Publishing Company (Published for the Conference of Secretaries of the American Council of Learned Societies), pp. 178–84.

²⁴ *The Masters and the Slaves*, p. 167. On the “lingua geral” *ibid.*, pp. 39, 42, 107.

²⁵ For the influence of the Negro nurse, see *The Masters and the Slaves*, pp. 342 ff., see also p. 417. For the influence of the jungle and the Tupi-Guarani tongue, see *ibid.*, pp. 166 ff. For a comparison of Brazilian Portuguese with that of Portugal *ibid.*, pp. 348 ff.

²⁶ For a summary of the controversy by the present writer, see his paper, “The Brazilian Language,” *Books Abroad*, Vol. XII, No. 4, Autumn 1938, pp. 418–19. On the deputy’s proposal and the discussion that followed, see Luiz Vianna Filho, *A língua do Brasil*, Bahia, 1936. For a scholarly treatise, *O Português do Brasil*, by Renato Mendonça, Rio de Janeiro, 1937. For the effect of the Indian on geographical nomenclature, *O Tupi na Geografia Nacional*, by Theodoro Sampaio, Bahia, 1928.

CHAPTER III

¹ Jorge Amado, *The Violent Land*, pp. 34–5.

² Freyre, *The Masters and the Slaves*, pp. 139 ff., see also pp. 338 ff. On the game of chance known as *bicho*, see *ibid.*, p. 147.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 155.

⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 81 ff. See the works on the Indian listed by Freyre, *ibid.*, p. 89. See Raphael Karsten, *The Civilization of the South American Indians*, New York, 1920.

⁵ See the fine work by Gastão Cruis, *Heléia Amazônica*, Rio de Janeiro, 1945.

⁶ See *The Masters and the Slaves*, p. 145, also pp. xxxii, xl, 158, 159, 182. On fraternity with animals, see *ibid.*, p. 93.

⁷ On taboos, see *ibid.*, pp. 99, 101.

⁸ *The Path on the Rainbow: An Anthology of Songs and Chants from the Indians of North America*, edited by George W. Cronyn,

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with an Introduction by Mary Austin, New York, Liveright Publishing Corporation, 1934 See, also *The Winged Serpent, An Anthology of American Indian Prose and Poetry*, edited with an Introductory Essay by Margaret Astrov, New York, John Day Company, 1947

⁹ *Caboclo* literally means "copper-colored", originally applied to the aborigine, it is now commonly used of anyone of part-Indian descent

¹⁰ Ronald de Carvalho, *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 64-5

¹¹ On the animism of the Jibaros, see Raphael Karsten, cited by Freyre, *The Masters and the Slaves*, p 93 In the preface to his *Tales and Nights with Uncle Remus*, Harris states "One thing is certain The animal stories told by the negroes in our southern states and in Brazil were brought by them from Africa"

¹² For the text of this story, see Bezerra de Freitas *História da Literatura Brasileira*, Porto Alegre, 1939, pp 44-51, cf Veríssimo, op cit, pp 12-13

¹³ See Sílvio Romero *História da Literatura Brasileira*, 3rd edition, 5 vols, Rio de Janeiro, 1943, Vol I, Chapter vii, pp 106 ff See Couto de Magalhães *O Selvagem*, Rio de Janeiro, 1876

¹⁴ Given by Romero, op cit, p 109

¹⁵ See Ronald de Carvalho, op cit, pp 56-7

¹⁶ Romero, op cit, pp 107-8

¹⁷ See David Miller Driver *The Indian in Brazilian Literature*, New York, Hispanic Institute in the United States, 1942

¹⁸ For details of Mann's maternal ancestry, see the bulletin, *Panorama*, of the Pan American Union, No 22, June 1943, p 22

¹⁹ Romero, op cit, p 117

²⁰ See Freyre, op cit, p 67 and note 187

²¹ Romero, op cit, p 113

²² Text in Freitas, op cit, pp 52-3

²³ Reference is to the Maria Borralheira legend

²⁴ Ronald de Carvalho, op cit, p 60

²⁵ See *Aventuras de Malasarte*, by Jorge and Mateus de Lima, Rio de Janeiro, 1942

²⁶ See *Vaqueiros e Cantadores*, by Luis da Câmara Cascudo, Porto Alegre, 1939, pp 183 ff

²⁷ For disparaging views of the Brazilian novel by Brazilians, see Chapter I, note 25

²⁸ For a perfect example of how a Brazilian novel can be misunderstood and misrepresented by a North American reviewer without the requisite background for the task, see the notice of *The Violent Land* by Nancy Flagg in the *New York Times Book Review*, June 24, 1945, p 8, which treats the story as merely lurid melodrama.

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Such reviewers — and readers — need to be reminded of the words of Caio Prado Junior quoted in the Foreword of this book

CHAPTER IV

¹ For the letters of the early Jesuits in general, see the *Cartas Jesuíticas* series edited by Capistrano de Abreu and Valle Cabral in the 1880's from manuscripts in the National Library. Volume I contains Anchieta's *Informações e Fragmentos Históricos*, and Volumes III and IV give the letters of Anchieta, Nóbrega, and numerous others. See also the *Primeiras Letras*, published by the Brazilian Academy of Letters, Rio de Janeiro, 1923. The *Arte de Grammatica da Lingua Mais Usada na Costa do Brasil* was published at Coimbra, in 1595. For Érico Veríssimo's opinion, see his *Brazilian Literature An Outline*, p. 8. Viana Moog's *Uma Interpretação da Literatura Brasileira*, Rio de Janeiro, 1943, is a most interesting and provocative study. The volume by Osvaldo Orico is in Spanish: *Expresión de la Literatura Brasileña*, Madrid, 1946. On this period, see Sílvio Romero *História da Literatura Brasileira*, Vol. II, Chapter I, pp. 11 ff. See an article by Jaime de Barros "A Formação da Literatura Brasileira," *Cultura Política*, Ano III, No. 23, janeiro de 1943, pp. 101-6.

² Afrânio Peixoto *Panorama da Literatura Brasileira* (see Bibliography), cited by Jaime de Barros, loc. cit., note 1 above. Cf. Érico Veríssimo, op. cit., p. 8.

³ For an English version of Hans Staden, see *Hans Staden The True History of His Captivity, 1597*, Translated and Edited by Malcolm Letts, London, George Routledge & Sons, Ltd. (The Broadway Travellers Series), 1928, an American edition of this translation was published by Robert M. McBride & Company in the Argonaut Series, New York, 1929. The first German edition bore the title *Warhaftig Historia vnd beschreibung eyner Landtschafft der Wilden Nacketen, Grimmigen, Menschenfressen Leuthen, in der Newenwelt America gelegen*. The first Portuguese translation, by Tristão de Alencar Araripe, was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1892 under the auspices of the Brazilian Historical and Geographical Institute. Three other Portuguese versions have appeared in recent years: one by Monteiro Lobato in 1927, one by Alberto Lofgren, revised and annotated by Theodoro Sampaio, in 1930, and one by Guomar de Carvalho Franco in 1942. All in all seventeen editions of the work have appeared since 1925 (1925-1944), ten of which were Brazilian ones. For full bibliographic details see the article by C. Fouquet "Bibliografia da 'Verdadeira História' de Hans Staden," *Boletim Bibliográfico* (Biblioteca Municipal de São Paulo), No. 4, 1944, pp. 7-31.

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⁴ André Thévet *Les Singularitez de la France antarctique autrement nommée Amérique*, Paris, 1878 On Thévet, see *The Masters and the Slaves*, pp 115-16 and 422 On the French in Brazil, see *ibid*, pp 86-7

⁵ Jean de Léry *Histoire d'un voyage faict en la terre du Brésil*, new edition with introduction and notes by Paul Gaffarel, Paris, 1770 A Portuguese translation (*Viagem á Terra do Brasil*) by Sérgio Milhet, was published at São Paulo in 1941 Léry has been called the "Montaigne of travellers", see *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, No 7, 1941, p 485, item 5063 For Freyre's estimate, see *op. cit.*, pp 115-16 Among other travel narratives of this period may be mentioned the *Diário de Navegação da Armada que foi á terra do Brasil em 1530* (*Log of the Fleet Which Visited Brazil in 1530*) by Pero Lopes de Souza, this work was first published by the scholar, F A Varnhagen in 1839, and an edition with notes by Eugénio de Castro appeared at Rio de Janeiro in 1927 There is also an extended reference to Brazil in the book written by the Italian navigator Francesco Antonio Pigafetta, *Viaggio intorno del Mondo*, an account of the Magellan expedition, the manuscript of which is in the Biblioteca Ambrosiana of Milan, the author gives an interesting list of native words The English-language reader may be referred to Richard Hakluyt's *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation*, 1552-1616, London, 1925, New York, Alfred A Knopf, 1926 And finally, there is the "New German Gazette" (*New Zeitung ausz persillandt*), a manuscript dating from 1515 and found in the archives at Augsburg, Germany, of which three printed versions appeared, see Clemente Brandenburger *A Nova Gazeta Alemã da Terra do Brasil*, Rio de Janeiro, 1922, see Afrânio Peixoto *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 66-7

⁶ For a recent account of Anchieta's life and work, see the volume by the poet Jorge de Lima *Anchieta*, Rio de Janeiro, 1934 For the well-known story of his writing in the sand, see Érico Veríssimo, *op cit.*, p 8 The passage quoted from Osório de Oliveira will be found in his *História Breve da Literatura Brasileira*, p 15 The poem "Ao Santíssimo Sacramento" is given by Carvalho, *op cit.*, pp 73-5 Romero quotes extended passages of his prose descriptions, *op cit.*, pp 19 ff Mention should also be made of Anchieta's Latin treatise on the Jesuit Order in Brazil *Brasilica Societatis Historia et vita clarorum Patrum qui in Brasilia vixerunt*

⁷ Cardim's three treatises *Narrativa epistolar de uma viagem e missão jesuita*, *Clima e Terra do Brasil*, and *Origem dos Índios do Brasil* will be found in the volume entitled *Tratado da Terra e Gente do Brasil*, published with the notes of Rodolfo Garcia, Rio de Janeiro, 1925 See the passages quoted by Romero, *op cit.*, pp 13 ff

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⁸ Peixoto, *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 67-8
Still another Jesuit who should be mentioned is Father João de Aspícueta Navarro, for his letters, see the *Cartas Jesuíticas*, Vols III and IV He was known for his translations into the native tongue

⁹ *Op cit*, pp 25-6, for Romero's unflattering view of the moral character of the Jesuits, see *ibid*, p. 17

¹⁰ *Op cit*

¹¹ For Freyre's original views on the historic role of the Jesuits, consult the index to *The Masters and the Slaves* In the little essay on Euclides da Cunha which he published some years ago (*Atualidade de Euclides da Cunha*, Rio de Janeiro, 1941), he speaks of da Cunha's "reconciliation" with the Jesuits, or, better, with the history of the Order in Brazil, and it would now (1946-1947) seem that Freyre himself is undergoing a somewhat similar change of attitude This is evident from his public acts, speeches, and newspaper articles rather than as yet in any of his formal works For da Cunha's views, consult the index to *Rebellion in the Backlands*

¹² While the *História da Província de Santa Cruz a que vulgarmente chamamos Brasil* saw the light in the sixteenth century, the *Tratado das Terras do Brasil* remained to be excavated by the modern scholar, appearing for the first time (Lisbon, 1826) in the "Collecção de Notícias para a História das Nações Ultramarinas" Soares de Souza's *Tractado Descriptivo do Brasil em 1587* likewise had to wait until the nineteenth century, being first published by Varnhagen, Rio de Janeiro, 1851 With such works as those of Pero Magalhães, Soares de Souza, and other early historians, it may be instructive to compare certain North American treatises like Bradford's *History of the Plimmoth Plantation* and Winthrop's *History of New England*

¹³ See Arthur Motta *História da Literatura Brasileira*, Vol. I, pp 363 ff

¹⁴ Of Oswald de Andrade, more will be heard Simonsen's highly esteemed work, the *História Económica do Brasil, 1500-1820*, was published at São Paulo in 1937

¹⁵ Astrogildo Pereira *Interpretações*, Rio de Janeiro, 1944 See in particular the essay "Posição e Tarefa da Inteligência," pp 254 ff On the timely significance of this volume and especially the essay mentioned, see my review in the *Inter-American*, Vol IV, No 10, October 1945, p 35

¹⁶ Freyre's *Brazil An Interpretation*, New York, Alfred A Knopf, 1945, was written directly in English In Portuguese, see his *Região e Tradição*, Rio de Janeiro, 1941, with an illuminating Preface by José Lins do Rego All of Freyre's work is more or less an expression of his regionalist attitude. The same is true of Amado, all of whose novels from his *Cacau* (Cacao) of 1933 to his *Seara Vermelha* of 1946 — in-

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cluding *The Violent Land*—deal with his native State of Bahia and its economic and social problems from a mass-revolutionary point of view Ramos's *Anguish*, available in L C Kaplan's rendering, and his *Vidas Seccas*, Rio de Janeiro, 1938, are an expression of the intellectual's revolt But the classic portrayal in fictional form of the decay of the old patriarchal order is to be found in José Lins do Rego's novel sequence known as the "Sugar-Cane Cycle" ("Ciclo da Cana de Açúcar")

¹⁷ See the article by M F de Andrade on Lins do Rego's novel, *Usina* "Usina e a Invasão dos Nortistas," *Ariel*, Ano V, No 11, agosto de 1936, pp 286-7 See also Viana Moog's *Uma Interpretação da Literatura Brasileira*

¹⁸ Cited by Carvalho, op cit, pp 76-7.

CHAPTER V

¹ Much depends upon the amount of elasticity that we give to the term "epic" May it be extended for example to apply to such works as Goethe's *Faust* or Byron's *Manfred*?

² Arturo Torres-Ríoeco *The Epic of Latin American Literature*, pp 15 ff

³ *Relação do Naufrágio que passou Jorge de Albuquerque Coelho vindo do Brasil no anno de 1565*, Lisbon, 1601 This was a second edition The work was again reprinted in 1753 in the *História Trágico-Marítima*, a collection of such tales of shipwreck See Ronald de Carvalho *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp. 82-3

⁴ Varnhagen attributes the account to the pilot Affonso Luiz and believes that it was revised by Antônio de Castro, tutor to Dom Duarte Bragança More than one edition appeared with Bento Teixeira Pinto's name See Carvalho, op cit, p 80

⁵ Érico Veríssimo *Brazilian Literature An Outline*, p 17

⁶ Romero *História da Literatura Brasileira*, Vol II, p 28 Ríoeco, op cit, pp 212-13 Peixoto *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 64

⁷ Peixoto, op cit, p 75, cites Rodolfo Garcia, who bases his view upon a denunciation made to the Holy Office in Pernambuco

⁸ This is the opinion of Carvalho, op cit, p 81

⁹ Peixoto, op cit, p. 64

¹⁰ The date of the "Descobrimento das Esmeraldas" is 1629 The eighteenth-century poet Claudio Manoel da Costa, who had access to a copy, has preserved four ottava rima stanzas Peixoto, op cit, p 101

¹¹ Freyre *The Masters and the Slaves*, p. 222

¹² Claude d'Abbeville *Suite de l'Histoire de la Mission des Pères Capucins en l'isle de Maragnan*, Paris, 1614 Both d'Abbeville and d'Évreux were Capuchins. Yves d'Évreux *Histoire des Choses plus*

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Memorables advenues en Maragnan, Paris, 1615 See this author's *Voyages dans le Nord du Brésil*, Leipzig and Paris, 1864

¹³ *Castroto Lusitano ou História da Guerra entre o Brasil e a Hollanda*

¹⁴ Reference is to the *Rerum per Octennium in Brasilia* of Barlaeus and the *Historiae Naturalis Brasiliae* of G. Piso and G. Marcgraf, the dates of which are respectively 1647 and 1648

¹⁵ Cf. the view expressed by Isaac Goldberg in his *Brazilian Literature* (see Bibliography), pp. 19 ff

¹⁶ *Diálogos das Grandezas do Brasil*, edited by Rodolfo Garcia with an introduction by Jayme Cortesão, Rio de Janeiro, 1944, p. 16, Senhor Cortesão cites the views of João Rubério

¹⁷ Humberto Bastos, *Produção ou Pauperismo*, Rio de Janeiro, 1946 On Prado, see Chapter I, note 21, p. 227 and pp. 213-14

¹⁸ José Veríssimo *História da Literatura Brasileira*, p. 66, see pp. 58 ff., Veríssimo gives extended excerpts.

CHAPTER VI

¹ On Gregório de Matos and Villon, see Carvalho *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp. 109, 115, 122 (see in general pp. 109 ff.) For the comparison with Verlaine, see *ibid.*, p. 121, and Goldberg *Brazilian Literature*, pp. 43-4. On Gregório as "the founder of our literature," see Romero *História da Literatura Brasileira*, Vol. II, p. 39 "Charlatan" José Veríssimo *História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp. 93-4. On the question of originality, see Romero, *op. cit.*, pp. 39-48, José Veríssimo, *op. cit.*, pp. 97-8 ("servile imitator of Quevedo"), Goldberg, *op. cit.*, pp. 41-2. On a possible reevaluation Peixoto *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, p. 98. The attitude of the young leftists of today is revealed in a lecture Jorge Amado gave in the city of Salvador (Bahia), January 1, 1946, and which was printed in the *Tribuna Popular* of Rio, in August or September of that year (the exact date is not available). Amado refers to Gregório de Matos as a "mulato brasileiro inconformado," a "nonconforming Brazilian mulatto", on the question of a possible *mestizo* origin, see José Veríssimo, *op. cit.*, pp. 91-3 "First Bohemian" José Veríssimo, *op. cit.*, p. 94 "Most striking literary figure," etc. there is general agreement that he is the pivotal figure of seventeenth-century literature in Brazil, see Goldberg, *op. cit.*, pp. 40-1, Romero, *loc. cit.*

² On Valle y Caviedes, see Goldberg, *op. cit.*, p. 44, Ríoseco, *The Epic of Latin American Literature*, p. 215 (see also pp. 28-9), and Luis Alberto Sánchez. *Historia de la Literatura Peruana*, Vol. I, pp. 186-200.

³ The account referred to is by Manoel Pereira Rabelo. *Vida*

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escripta por um amante de sua memória. It will be found printed in the *Obras Poéticas de Gregório de Matos*, Rio de Janeiro, 1882 (see note 12 below), where it bears the title "Vida do Dr. Gregório de Matos Guerra."

⁴ The poet's mother was D. Maria da Guerra, but he is known in literature simply as Gregório de Matos.

⁵ Machado de Assis, *Memórias Postumas de Braz Cubas*, Rio de Janeiro, 1881. See *The Masters and the Slaves*, p. 393. On sadism, see *ibid.*, pp. 75 ff., 390 ff., 402-3.

⁶ On slavery and the sexual relations of young Brazilians, see Freyre, *op. cit.*, pp. 70, 395, on the preference for brown women, see *ibid.*, pp. 13-14, 445 ff. and the anecdote on p. 279. On the Brazilian's fondness for the Bahian *morena* type, see Donald Pierson, *Negroes in Brazil*, pp. 136-8.

⁷ Based upon the statement of the manuscript biographer, see Romero, *op. cit.*, pp. 40, 41.

⁸ In the lines on the Indian quoted in the text, the poet makes use of such expressions as *abaeté* (ugly clod) and *Adão de massapé* (clay-soil Adam). *Abaeté* means an ugly or repellant person. *Massapé* is the term applied to the clayey soil of the states of Bahia and Sergipe, which is particularly suited to the raising of sugar cane.

⁹ Romero, *op. cit.*, gives a number of anecdotes.

¹⁰ Érico Veríssimo, *Brazilian Literature: An Outline*, p. 25.

¹¹ This is not intended as a translation but rather as a paraphrase close to the original in form. The lines will be found in Carvalho, *op. cit.*, p. 120.

¹² The first collection of the *Obras Poéticas* was published by Valle Cabral at Rio in 1882. In 1929 the Brazilian Academy of Letters began the publication of a five-volume edition of the *Obras de Gregório de Matos*. A convenient two-volume pocket-size edition of the *Obras Completas* was published at São Paulo in 1943, this has no notes or introductory matter.

¹³ The first section of the *Obras Completas* referred to in the preceding note is devoted to religious poems.

¹⁴ Carvalho, *op. cit.*, pp. 121-2.

¹⁵ An edition of the *Poemas Escolhidos* of Catullo da Paixão Cearense was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1944, the poet's work runs into many volumes. He died in 1946.

¹⁶ For the latest view of Gregório de Matos in English, and, as it happens, a Catholic one, see "A Poet of Seventeenth Century Brazil: Gregório de Matos," by Margaret J. Bates, *The Americas*, Vol. IV, no. 1, July 1947, pp. 83-99.

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CHAPTER VII

¹ *História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 31

² For Romero's rectification of view, see his *História do Brasil pela Biografia de Seus Heróis*, pp 61 and 71, see his son's note in the *História da Literatura*, Vol II, p 31

³ *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 90-1

⁴ *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 99-101 The Vieira quotation is from a letter written in 1673 For a Portuguese view, see Fidelino de Figueiredo *História Literária de Portugal* (Séculos XII-XX), Coimbra, 1944, pp 237-43

⁵ For bibliography, see Peixoto, loc cit See *Vieira Brasileiro*, two volumes, Paris-Lisboa, 1921 From 1679 to 1748 fifteen volumes of sermons were published at Lisbon *Sermões do P Antônimo Vieira* Two volumes of *Cartas Selectas* appeared at Lisbon in 1852 The *Obras Completas*, including the Sermons and the Letters, were published at Lisbon 1854-1858. The best edition of the *Cartas*, in Peixoto's opinion, is that by J Lúcio d'Azevedo, Coimbra, 1825-1828, three volumes

⁶ Romero, op cit, Vol. II, pp 49-50

⁷ Volumes of sermons by Eusébio de Matos appeared from 1677 on, see the *Sermões do Padre Mestre Eusébio de Mattos*, Lisbon, 1694.

⁸ See the *Sermões Vários do Padre Antônimo de Sá*, Lisbon, 1750

⁹ The *História da América Portuguesa*, Lisbon, 1730, covers the period from 1500 to 1724. On Vicente do Salvador, see Chapter V Another historian of this period who may be mentioned is Diogo Gomes Carneiro, known as "the common chronicler of Brazil", his *Oração Apodixica* appeared at Lisbon in 1641, he was the author of historical and moral treatises in Latin, Spanish, and Italian

¹⁰ The *Música de Parnasso*, Lisbon, 1705, was the first book by a Brazilian to be published during the author's lifetime Oliveira also wrote mediocre pieces for the theater

¹¹ *Brazilian Literature*, p 40, in all of Manoel Botelho de Oliveira's work, Goldberg finds four lines of real poetry

¹² Op cit, p 102 José Veríssimo *História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 83-5

¹³ Op cit, p 99, for the quotation from Veríssimo, see the latter's *História*, p 84

¹⁴ On the *bandeirantes*, see Joaquim Ribeiro *Folklore dos Bandeirantes*, Rio de Janeiro, 1946, on their dialect, see *ibid*, pp 163 ff On the *bandeirante* movement in general, see the definitive work by Affonso d'E Taunay *História Geral das Bandeiras Paulistas*, São Paulo, 1924-1929 See also *Vida e Morte do Bandeirante*, by Alcân-

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tara Machado, São Paulo, 1930, and Belmonte's *No Tempo dos Bandeirantes*, 3rd edition, São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, 1943 The "Guerra dos Mascates" was a war between the native Brazilians and the Portuguese that broke out in Pernambuco in 1710 The term *mascate* originally meant a peddler and in Olinda came to be applied as a nickname to those from the Realm This struggle forms the subject of a *roman à clef* by the nineteenth-century novelist José de Alencar (see p 151) Minas Gerais became a *capitânia* in 1720 Diamonds were discovered there in Tejuco, what is today Diamantina, in 1729 On Aleijadinho, see Augusto de Lima Junior *O Aleijadinho e a Arte Colonial*, Rio de Janeiro, 1942

¹⁵ An excellent account of the numerous Italian "academies" is given in the introduction to the erotic work, *La Cazzaria*, by Antonio Vignali, which was published in a limited edition at Paris in 1863, Vignali was the head of the "Academy of the Thunderstruck," the *Intronati* Copies of this edition are extremely rare

¹⁶ Cf Carvalho, *op cit*, pp 127 ff

¹⁷ The *Compêndio Narrativo do Peregrino da América em que se Tratam de Vários Discursos Espirituaes e Moraes, com Muntas Advertências e Documentos contra os Abusos que se Acham Introduzidos pela Malícia Diabólica no Estado do Brasil*, by Nuno Marques Pereira, was published at Lisbon in 1728

¹⁸ The passage is from Rocha Pitta's *História*, cited by Carvalho, *op cit*, p 136

¹⁹ See Ríoseco *The Epic of Latin American Literature*, pp 214-

15 On the first Brazilian novel, see pp 137-9

²⁰ Romero, *op cit*, Vol II, p 106, Carvalho, *op. cit*, pp 139-41

²¹ *Op cit*, pp 112-13 On the *literatura de cordel*, see Romero, *op cit*, Vol II, p 106.

²² André João Antonil *Cultura e Opulência do Brasil por suas Drogas e Minas*, with a biographical study by Affonso d'E Taunay, São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, 1943

²³ This was pointed out by Machado de Assis in an article in the *Revista Brasileira*, Vol I, pp 225 ff

²⁴ This is the view of Peixoto, *op cit*, p 122, Lafayette Silva, in his *História do Teatro Brasileiro*, Rio de Janeiro, 1938, pp 18-19, states the exact opposite

²⁵ A concise but vivid account of da Silva's life is given by Romero, *op cit*, Vol II, pp 57 ff

²⁶ *Op cit*, p 142

²⁷ See Oscar Wilde *His Life and Wit*, by Hesketh Pearson, New York, Harper and Brothers, 1946 Compare the case of Heinrich Heine

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²⁸ This passage is from *Os Encantos de Medea*, Scene III, Part 1, cited by Carvalho, op cit, p 144

²⁹ For bibliography, see Peixoto, op cit, p 122 The Ribeiro edition was published by the Livraria Garnier of Rio In 1937 the centennial of the dramatist's death was observed in Brazil Two of his pieces, the *Amphytrão, ou Jupiter e Alcmena* and the *Guerras do Alecrim e da Mangerona*, are given in a volume published at Rio under the auspices of the Serviço Nacional do Teatro in 1940, see the *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, p 378 and p 389, item 4410

³⁰ Lafayette Silva, op cit, p 19

³¹ See Carvalho, op cit, p 141, José Veríssimo, op cit, Goldberg, op cit, p 50, Romero, op cit, Vol II, p 62 See B Gorn *Die Geschichte von Yiddish Theatre*, New York, Vol I, p 33, cited by Goldberg The German critic Ferdinand Wolf, whose work on Brazilian literature was published in French *Le Brésil Littéraire*, Berlin, 1863, has compared Antônio José da Silva to Offenbach, also a Jew (Goldberg, loc cit)

³² Aubrey Bell *Portuguese Literature*, Oxford, 1922, pp 282-4 Georges Le Gentil *La Littérature Portugaise*, Paris, 1935, pp 117-18

CHAPTER VIII

¹ Cf Peixoto, *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 115-16

² Carvalho *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 153 *O Uruguai* was published at Lisbon in 1769 See the commemorative second-centenary edition by Peixoto, Rodolfo Garcia, and Osvaldo Braga, Rio de Janeiro, 1941

³ For a concise account of the poet's life, see Carvalho, op cit, pp 153-4 Romero (*História da Literatura Brasileira*, Vol II, p 87) finds that Basílio was sincere in his admiration of Pombal

⁴ These lines are from Canto IV.

⁵ From Canto I

⁶ From Garrett's "Bosquejo da História da Língua Portuguesa," in *Parnaso Lusitano*, Vol I, cited by Carvalho, op cit, p. 155

⁷ Carvalho, op cit, p 159

⁸ *La Littérature Portugaise*, pp 122-3

⁹ This statement is made in Durão's "Reflexões Prévias e Argumentos," cited by Carvalho, op cit, p 160

¹⁰ Romero, op cit, Vol II, pp 89, 91, 86

¹¹ Cf Carvalho, op cit, p 168 Da Costa translated Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* into the Portuguese

¹² Carvalho, op cit, p 181 José Veríssimo *História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 154 The *Glaura* was published at Lisbon, the exact

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date of the first edition being uncertain (around 1798) Silva Alvarenga was the author of a number of other works, a bibliography will be found in the pocket-size edition put out in the Biblioteca Popular Brasileira (No XVI), Rio de Janeiro, 1943, pp xix ff

¹³ Goldberg (*Brazilian Literature*, p 62) denies that the Minas bards constituted a school

¹⁴ See Carvalho, op cit, pp 166-7.

¹⁵ See the critical edition of the *Obras Completas*, by Rodrigues Lapa, Rio de Janeiro, 1942 The editor contributes a valuable introduction, giving an analysis of Gonzaga's complicated life and character He points out that the poet's passion for Marília, who was much younger than he, was largely an imaginary one—a case of being in love with love—and that Gonzaga later came to realize this The latter's political career was also rather a checkered one

¹⁶ José Veríssimo, op cit, p 138

¹⁷ *Obras Completas*, p 5 (poem 58).

¹⁸ *Ibid*, pp. 123-4 (poem 94)

¹⁹ *Ibid*, pp 157-9 (poem 23)

²⁰ *Ibid*, p 132 (poem 99)

²¹ The first printing of the *Cartas Chilenas* was at Rio de Janeiro in 1845 A popular edition was published by the Livraria Martins Editora of São Paulo, 1945 On the authorship of the work, see the article by Afonso Arnos de Melo Franco "O problema da autoria das *Cartas Chilenas*" in the *Revista do Brasil*, Ano III, No 28, outubro 1940, pp 7-17

²² Canto III, verse 29

²³ Cited by Roberto Seidl in *Estudos Brasileiros*, Ano VI, p 236

²⁴ *História Geral do Brasil*, Vol IV, p 399 See the article by Samuel Putnam "Jefferson and the Young Brazilians in France," *Science & Society*, Vol X, No 2, Spring 1946, pp 185-92 See also "The Story of Jefferson and Maia," by Dr David da Silva Carneiro, *Brazil* (magazine, New York City), Vol XX, No 1, January 1946, pp 8-9

²⁵ Érico Veríssimo: *Brazilian Literature An Outline*, pp 31-2 See the thesis by José Oswald de Souza Andrade *A Arcádia e a Inconfidência Mineira*, São Paulo, 1945 (the author is better known as Oswald de Andrade) See further Octavio Tarquínio de Souza "O Meio Intelectual na Época da Independência in *Literatura*, Ano 1, No 1, setembro 1946, pp 4-19, and Fidelino de Figueiredo *História Literária de Portugal, Séculos 12-20*, Coimbra, 1944, pp 282-8 "O Grupo Brasileiro" See Afrânio Peixoto "American Social and Literary Influences in Brazil," *Books Abroad*, Vol 9, No 1, Winter 1935, pp 3-5

²⁶ Carvalho, op cit, p 152

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²⁷ Among other poets of the latter eighteenth century in addition to the Minas group may be mentioned Domingos Caldas Barbosa, essentially a troubadour, whose various collected works were published at Lisbon between 1775 and 1798

²⁸ Carvalho, *op cit*, p 192

²⁹ Carvalho, *op cit*, p 193

³⁰ Ottoni's *Anália de Josino* was published at Lisbon, in 1801-1802, his *Paraphrase dos Provérbios de Salomão* at Bahia, in 1815, his verse translation of *Job* at Rio, in 1852 He also left scattered pieces

³¹ *The Assumpção da Santíssima Virgen* was published at Rio in 1729

³² *Reflexões sobre a Vaidade dos Homens, ou Discursos Moraes sobre os Efeitos da Vaidade*, Lisbon, 1752 See the bibliography in Peixoto, *op cit*, p 130

CHAPTER IX

¹ The date of the *Cromwell* is 1830, the French romantic movement is sometimes dated from the première of Hugo's *Hernani*, on February 25, 1830, on which occasion Théophile Gautier may be said to have initiated the "*vie de Bohème*" by appearing in his famous red vest With regard to the stabilization of capitalism in this period it may be noted that the modern struggle between labor and capital began in 1831 with the uprising of the weavers of Lyon.

² Peixoto *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 148

³ Cf Peixoto, *op cit*, p 157

⁴ Cf Carvalho *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 208-9

⁵ Carvalho, *op cit*, pp 209-10

⁶ This is brought out by the Soviet writer, Mikhail Lifschitz, in his paper "*Karl Marx i voprosy iskusstva*" ("Karl Marx and Artistic Questions"), one of the essays in the volume *Voprosy iskusstva i filosofii* (*Artistic and Philosophical Questions*), Moscow, 1834 An English version of this paper *The Philosophy of Art of Karl Marx*, translated by Ralph B Winn and edited by Angel Flores, was published at New York, in the Critics' Group Series (No 7), 1938 The Russian volume also contains an extremely interesting paper on the Hegelian aesthetic in relation to the French Revolution

⁷ José Mariano da Conceição Velloso *Diccionario Portuguez e Brasileiro*, Lisbon, 1795 Antônio de Moraes Silva's *Diccionario da Lingua Portuguesa* had appeared at Lisbon in 1789.

⁸ See Pedro Calmon *O Rei Cavalheiro, Vida de Pedro I*, São Paulo, 1933 An especially colorful account is provided by Sérgio Cor-

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rea da Costa in *As Quatro Coroas de D Pedro I*, which contains a preface by Oswaldo Aranha, Rio de Janeiro, 1941. On the amours of this prince, see Christovão de Camargo's play *O Príncipe Galante*, Rio de Janeiro, 1941. Of historical interest are the *Cartas de D Pedro I a D João VI, Relativas á Independência*, edited by Augusto de Lima, Junior, Rio de Janeiro, 1941.

⁹ Lamartine's *Meditations* had appeared the year before (1821), Byron's *Childe Harold* in 1813.

¹⁰ Peixoto, op cit, p 179

¹¹ The facsimile edition of the *Poesias* was published at Rio in 1942, see the *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, No 8, 1942, p 382 and p 394, item 4337.

¹² Domingos José Gonçalves de Magalhães *Poesias*, Rio de Janeiro, 1832, *Suspiros Poéticos e Saudades*, Paris, 1836. Gonçalves de Magalhães was also the author of a tragedy, *Antônio José*, Rio de Janeiro, 1839, and other works. The *Obras Completas* were published at Vienna, 8 volumes, 1864-5. A scholarly new edition of the *Suspiros Poéticos* was published under the auspices of the Brazilian Ministry of Education in 1940, with notes by Sousa da Silveira and a preface by Sérgio Buarque de Holanda. Manoel de Araujo Porto-Alegre *A Voz de Natureza*, Naples, 1836, *Colombo*, Rio de Janeiro, 1866, for further bibliography, see Peixoto, op cit, p 233.

¹³ Carvalho, op cit, p 213

¹⁴ Cf Carvalho, op cit, pp 218-19

¹⁵ Ibid, pp 208 ff

¹⁶ *Primeiros Cantos*, Rio de Janeiro, 1846. *Segundos Cantos e Sextilhas de Frei Antônio*, Rio, 1848, *Últimos Cantos*, Rio, 1851. The drama, *Leonor de Mendonça*, was published at Rio in 1847, the *Obras Posthumas* appeared in 1868, see also the *Poesias*, Rio, 1870. See the modern critical edition of the *Obras Poéticas*, by Manuel Bandeira, Rio de Janeiro, 1944.

¹⁷ Carvalho, op cit, p 222

¹⁸ *Os Timbiras*, Cantos I a IV, Leipzig, 1857, *Dicionário da Língua Tupy*, Leipzig, 1858.

¹⁹ For a biography of the poet, see Lucia Miguel Pereira *A Vida de Gonçalves Dias*, Rio de Janeiro, 1943. See the bio-bibliographic essay, *Gonçalves Dias*, by Josué Montello, Rio, 1942.

CHAPTER X

¹ Peixoto *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 161

² *Obras Completas*, Rio de Janeiro, 1942. Various editions of the *Obras* have appeared. Rio, 1853-5 and 1873, Paris, 1862. *A Noite na*

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Taverna was published at Lisbon, in 1878 *O Conde Lopo*, at Rio, 1887 The second volume of the *Obras Completas* contains Azevedo's literary criticism, addresses, and letters

³ See the article by Orvácio Santamarina "Alvares de Azevedo, O Grande Romântico," in *Cultura Política*, Ano 5, No 48, janeiro 1945, pp 158-67

⁴ Osório de Oliveira *História Breve da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 46-7. See the article by Jamil Almansur Haddad "A História Visível e a História Subterrânea do Romantismo Paulista," in *Planalto*, 15 de janeiro 1942, pp 21-2

⁵ See Lawrence's paper on Poe in his *Studies in Classic American Literature*

⁶ See an article by Afrânio Peixoto "American Social and Literary Influences in Brazil," *Books Abroad*, Vol 9, No 2, Spring 1935, pp 127-9, see also a preceding instalment, *ibid*, Vol 9, No 1, Winter, 1935, pp 3-5

⁷ *Op cit*, note 4, above Lisbon, 1939 (?), São Paulo, s d

⁸ Osório de Oliveira, *op cit*, pp 46-7.

⁹ The *Primaveras* was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1859 Casimiro de Abreu's play, *Camões e o Jão* (Camões and the Javanese), had been printed in Lisbon three years before Peixoto points out the need of a bibliography of this poet (*Noções*, p 215) There is an edition of the *Obras Completas* put out by Garnier of Rio which has been many times reprinted In private life the poet was Casimiro José Marquês de Abreu Luis Nicolau Fagundes Varela's *Nocturnas* appeared at São Paulo in 1861. He was the author of numerous other works (for bibliography, see Peixoto, *ibid*, p 225), a 3-volume edition of the *Obras Completas* was published by Garnier at Le Havre in 1886

¹⁰ Cf José Veríssimo *História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 304 ff

¹¹ Cf Osório de Oliveira, *op cit*, pp 48 ff On the popular character of Casimiro de Abreu's work, see an article by Renato Almeida "Casimiro de Abreu," *Boletim de Ariel*, Ano 8, No 5, fevereiro 1939, pp 5-6

¹² See Carvalho *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 241 For Veríssimo's view of Varela's work, see *op cit*, p 334

¹³ For the view of a leading modern poet and a Catholic, see Jorge de Lima's article "Fagundes Varela," *Revista do Brasil*, Ano 1, 3^a phase, No 4, outubro 1939, pp 358-73.

¹⁴ *Brazilian Literature*, p 91

¹⁵ See Manuel Bandeira *Antologia dos Poetas Brasileiros da Fase Romântica*, Rio de Janeiro, second edition, 1940 Cf Osório de Oliveira's comment, *op cit*, p '68 In addition to his philosophical and critical studies, to be considered later, Tobias Barreto de Menezes was the author of a collection of poems, *Dias e Noites*, Rio, 1881

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¹⁶ From the poem, "Sub tegmine fagi", see Carvalho, *op cit.*, pp 244-6 Castro Alves's poetical volume *Espumas Flutuantes* was published at Bahia in 1871, his play *Gonzaga, ou a Revolução de Minas* appeared at Rio in 1875, *A Cachoeira de Paulo Afonso* at Bahia in 1876 A 2-volume critical edition of the *Obras Completas*, by Afrânio Peixoto, was published at Rio in 1921

¹⁷ *Op cit.*, p 69

¹⁸ Ramos's work will be considered later, for bibliography, see pp 226-7 (Chapter I, note 14)

¹⁹ Peixoto, *loc cit.*, note 6, above (second installment, p 127) It is difficult to fix the exact date of the first Portuguese translation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* published in Brazil, but the first version in that language was in all probability that of Francisco Ladislav d'Andrada, which appeared at Paris (Chez Rey et Ballate) in 1853 The French version by León de Wailly and Edmond Texier (*La Case de l'Oncle Tom*, Paris, 1853) was rendered into Portuguese by Feliciano Tavares and published by the house of A. A. de Coutinho, Rio de Janeiro, 1881

²⁰ Nabuco's outstanding works are his *Abolicionismo*, London, 1883, and his autobiography, *Minha Formação*, Rio de Janeiro, 1900. The latter is a classic in its kind, one that has been compared to *The Education of Henry Adams* See Carolina Nabuco *A Vida de Joaquim Nabuco por Sua Filha*, São Paulo, 1928 Nabuco's university lectures in the United States were written and delivered in English Some years ago they were translated into Portuguese by his daughter and published under the title *Camões e Assumptos Americanos*, São Paulo, 1940

²¹ *Espumas Flutuantes*, Bahia, 1871 See the two-volume collection of the poet's work published under this title at São Paulo, in 1938, and including the *Hymnos do Equador*, *Os Escravos*, and *A Cachoeira de Paulo Afonso*

²² See Peixoto, *op cit.*, p 222, and Heitor Ferreira Lima *Castro Alves e Sua Época*, São Paulo, 1942, p. 149

²³ Peixoto, *ibid.*

²⁴ See the article by Mário de Andrade "Castro Alves," *Revista do Brasil*, Ano II, 3^a phase, No 9, Março 1939, pp 1-13

²⁵ Jorge Amado *ABC de Castro Alves*, São Paulo, 1941, see the *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, p 467, item 4852 For the work by Ferreira Lima, see note 22, above Edison Carneiro *Trajeto de Castro Alves*, Rio de Janeiro, 1947 It is of interest also to compare Euclides da Cunha *Castro Alves e Seu Tempo*, Rio de Janeiro, 1907

²⁶ The *Obras Poéticas* of Laurindo José da Silva Rabello were published at Rio in 1876 Much of his work remains unpublished There were two undated printings of the *Obras Poéticas* of Luis José

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Junqueira Freire, by Garnier at Rio His *Inspirações do Claustro* appeared at Bahia in 1855 The Portuguese Antero de Quental said of him "He is a true poet, of the first rank"

CHAPTER XI

¹ See the special and important number of the *Revista do Brasil*, Ano IV, 3^a phase, No 35, maio 1941, devoted to "O Romance Brasileiro" See in particular the foreword by Octávio Tarquínio de Sousa, pp 1-3 In connection with the Brazilian novel in general, see José Lins do Rego "Tendências do Romance Brasileiro," in *Conferências no Prata*, Rio de Janeiro, 1946, pp 17 ff, Olívio Montenegro *O Romance Brasileiro As suas Origens e Tendências*, with a preface by Gilberto Freyre, Rio de Janeiro, 1938, and Bezerra de Freitas *Forma e Expressão no Romance Brasileiro*, Rio de Janeiro, 1947

² The *Tragédia Burguesa*, four volumes of which had appeared down to 1944, is published at Rio de Janeiro by José Olympio

³ See Arthur Motta *História da Literatura Brasileira, Época de Transformação, Século XVIII*, p 38 Cf José Veríssimo *História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 220

⁴ See the article by Tristão de Ataíde, *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, pp 4-11

⁵ See p 95.

⁶ See the article by Bloem "O Primeiro Romance Brasileiro Rectificação de um Erro da História Literária do Brasil," *Revista do Arquivo Municipal*, São Paulo, Ano V, Vol LI, pp 45-66 Attention was first called to this work by the Portuguese scholar Ernêsto Ennes in the monthly supplement of the *Jornal do Comércio* of Rio, junho 1938, Tomo II, Vol III, p 989. The *Aventuras* was attributed for a time to the well-known writer Alexandre de Gusmão.

⁷ The Portuguese scholar Fidélnio de Figueiredo, cited by Bloem, disagrees with this

⁸ In addition to *O Filho do Pescador*, Teixeira e Sousa published numerous other works For bibliography, see the *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, opposite p 12 See the article by Aurélio Buarque de Holanda in the same issue, pp 12-25

⁹ See the *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, p 12, and the article by Bloem, loc cit, pp 48-50

¹⁰ For a concise account, see Gilberto Freyre "Social Life in Brazil in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century," *The Hispanic American Historical Review*, V (1922), pp 597-628.

¹¹ For *A Moreninha*, *O Moço Louro*, and Macedo's other works, see the bibliography in the *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, opposite p 40 An edition of *A Moreninha* was published at Rio de Janeiro in

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1943, and one of *O Moço Louro* in the same year at São Paulo. These are the latest, so far as I know.

¹² See Erico Veríssimo *Brazilian Literature An Outline*, p. 49, and the article by Astrogildo Pereira, *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, pp. 26 ff. Pereira's article is reprinted in his *Interpretações*, Rio de Janeiro, 1944, pp. 49 ff.

¹³ Cited on the jacket flap of the undated edition of *A Moreninha*, São Paulo, Editora Assunção Ltda.

¹⁴ Op. cit., pp. 22, 23.

¹⁵ Cf. Lins do Rego, loc. cit.

¹⁶ *História da Literatura Brasileira*, Vol. II, p. 28.

¹⁷ The famous "last stand" of General Custer occurred in 1876.

¹⁸ See Freyre *The Masters and the Slaves*, p. 67 and note 187.

¹⁹ The term "*bugre*" originally meant a "bugger", see Freyre, op. cit., p. 124, today it commonly signifies simply an Indian, a savage, or an individual with Indian traits, but the original word has been retained here for the sake of the shading.

²⁰ See Freyre's chapter on the Indian, op. cit., pp. 81 ff.

²¹ For "Philip of Pokanoket," see *The Sketchbook*.

²² See Albert Keiser's *The Indian in American Literature*, New York, Oxford University Press, and David Miller Driver *The Indian in Brazilian Literature*, New York, Hispanic Institute in the United States, 1942. For Latin American "*indianismo*" today, see "The Indian, Citizen of America," by Moisés Sáenz, *Points of View* (Pan American Union), No. 9, September 1946.

²³ *Sonhos d'Ouro* was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1872.

²⁴ An English-language version of *Iracema*, by Isabel Burton *Iracema, the Honey-Lips A Legend of Brazil*, was published at London in 1886.

²⁵ See the article by Pedro Dantas in *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, pp. 58 ff. See also, *ibid.*, the article by Augusto Myer, pp. 69 ff.

²⁶ For a bibliography of Alencar's work, see *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, opposite p. 60.

²⁷ Cf. Erico Veríssimo, op. cit., p. 50.

²⁸ Goldberg *Brazilian Literature*, pp. 95, 97.

²⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 94.

³⁰ *Ubirajara* and *Filhos de Tupã* portray the Indian in his native habitat, *O Guarani* and *Iracema* show him in contact with the European.

CHAPTER XII

¹ Lins do Rego *Conferências no Prata*, p. 35.

² See my "Brazilian Literature" section in the various issues of

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the *Handbook of Latin American Studies* since the inception of that publication in 1935

³ Carl Van Doren, in his *Contemporary American Novelists 1900-1920* (New York, The Macmillan Company, 1922), pp 146 ff, classifies Anderson among those who represent the "revolt from the village"

⁴ In addition to *O Ermitão de Muquem* and *A Escrava Isaura*, Guimarães published numerous novels and collections of verse, for bibliography see the special issue of the *Revista do Brasil*, maio 1941, previously cited, opposite p 74. See also the article by João Alphonso, *ibid*, pp 75 ff

⁵ *Op cit*, pp 24 ff

⁶ See the article by M F de Andrade on Lins do Rego's novel, *Usina* "Usina e a Invasão dos Nortistas," *Boletim de Ariel*, Ano 5, No. 11, agosto 1936, pp 286-7

⁷ For a bibliography of Távora's work, see the *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, opposite p 86. See the article by Lucia Miguel Pereira, *ibid*, pp 86 ff

⁸ *La Retrante de Laguna* was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1871, *Inocência*, also at Rio in 1872. For bibliography, see *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, opposite p 90. For English translations, see *Inocência*, translated by Henriqueta Chamberlain, New York, The Macmillan Company, 1945, and *Inocência A Story of the Prairie Regions of Brazil*, by Sílvia Dinarte (Taunay's pseudonym), London, 1889. The centenary of Taunay's birth was celebrated in 1943, at which time the Biblioteca Militar of Rio instituted a prize in his honor. *Inocência* has been made into an opera and a play

⁹ Lucia Miguel Pereira, *loc cit*

¹⁰ Among representative works by modern regionalists may be mentioned *Gado Humano*, by Nestor Duarte, Rio de Janeiro, 1937, *Ponta de Rua*, *Poço dos Paus*, *Mundo Perdido*, and *Estrêla do Pastor*, by Fran Martins, Rio de Janeiro, 1937, 1938, 1940, and 1942, respectively, *Sangue Sertanejo*, by Peado Ribeiro, Rio de Janeiro, 1937, and *Fronteira Agreste*, by Ivan Pedro de Martins, Porto Alegre, 1944. There are numerous other regional writers but these are typical ones of the present day

¹¹ The *História Geral do Brasil* appeared at Rio de Janeiro in 1854, the *Florilégio da Poesia Brasileira* was published at Lisbon and Madrid in three volumes in 1850. For fuller bibliography, see Peixoto *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 228-30

¹² *O Juiz de Paz da Roça*, Rio de Janeiro, 1842, for bibliography, see Peixoto, *op cit*, pp 181-2

¹³ See Lafayette Silva *História do Teatro Brasileiro*, Rio de Janeiro, 1938. For an illuminating discussion by a distinguished Frenchman of what is wrong with the Brazilian theater, see Fortunat Strow-

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ski's introduction to Delgado de Carvalho's play, *O Canto das Sereias*, Rio de Janeiro, 1940 M Strowski stresses among other things the lack of *régisseurs* and of drama courses such as would serve to equip prospective playwrights

¹⁴ On the subject of regionalism in general, see Gilberto Freyre *Brazil An Interpretation*, New York, Alfred A Knopf, 1945, pp 176 ff, and the same author's *Região e Tradição*, with a preface by José Lins do Rego, Rio de Janeiro, 1941 See also Viana Moog's *Uma Interpretação da Literatura Brasileira*

CHAPTER XIII

¹ *Chrysálidas*, Rio de Janeiro, 1864 *Phalenas*, Paris, 1870

² The works mentioned are entitled in the original *Sonetos e Poemas*, by Alberto de Oliveira, *Versos e Versões*, by Ramundo Correa, *Poesias*, by Olavo Bilac, *Visão dos Tempos* and *Tempestades Sonoras*, by Teófilo Braga (Lisbon, 1864), and *Odes Modernas*, by Antero de Quental (Lisbon, 1865) On the Parnassians in general, see Manuel Bandeira's *Antologia dos Poetas Brasileiros da Fase Parnassiana*, Rio de Janeiro, 1940

³ Gonçalves Crespo was the author of *Mimaturas*, Lisbon, 1871 See Peixoto *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 252, cf Carvalho *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira*, p. 286.

⁴ Bandeira, op cit, p 8

⁵ For bibliography of Crespo, see Peixoto, op cit, pp 262-4.

⁶ *A Semana*, 6 de fevereiro de 1886, cited by Bandeira

⁷ The *Fanfarras* of Teófilo Dias was published at São Paulo in 1882 The *Meridionais* of Alberto de Oliveira appeared at Rio de Janeiro in 1884

⁸ *A Semana*, 20 de agosto de 1887, cited by Bandeira

⁹ Bandeira, op cit, p 15

¹⁰ *Ibid*, p 17

¹¹ *Ibid*

¹² Peixoto, op cit, pp 250-1

¹³ Bandeira, op cit, pp 21-2

¹⁴ *Sonetos e Rimas*, by Luis Guimarães, Rome, 1880 Carvalho, op cit, pp 286 ff, gives Guimarães considerable space He also devotes special attention to Luis Delfino and Luis Murat, op cit, pp 309 ff Bandeira does not include Murat Another poet who should by all means be mentioned is Vicente de Carvalho, whose *Ardentias* appeared at São Paulo in 1885, followed by *Relicário*, São Paulo, 1888, *Rosa, Rosa de Amor*, Rio de Janeiro, 1902, and *Poemas e Canções*, São Paulo, 1908

¹⁵ Carvalho's phrase, op cit, p 305

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¹⁶ *Tarde*, Rio de Janeiro, 1919 The *Últimas Conferências e Discursos* appeared at Rio in 1924 For bibliography, see Bandeira, op cit, p 175 A good deal of Bilac's work remains to be collected in volume form One of his best known poems is "O Caçador de Esmeraldas" ("The Emerald-Hunter") in the *Poesias*

¹⁷ For a bibliography of Correia, see Bandeira, op cit, p 140 A volume, *Poesias*, published at Lisbon in 1896 with a second and enlarged edition in 1906, contains selections from the poet's preceding works with various new pieces

¹⁸ For bibliography of Oliveira, see Bandeira, op cit, p 64

¹⁹ Peixoto, op cit, pp 252-3

²⁰ Bandeira, op cit, pp 17-18

²¹ Carvalho, op cit, p 348

²² Andrade Muricy *A Nova Literatura Brasileira*, Porto Alegre, 1936, p 399

²³ See Carvalho, op cit, pp 353 ff, and Bandeira's comment, op cit, p 20 For bibliography, see Bandeira, *ibid*, p 123

²⁴ The volumes referred to are *Broquéis*, Rio de Janeiro, 1893, *Faróis*, Rio, 1900, and *Últimos Sonetos*, Rio, 1905

²⁵ There has been a revival of interest in Antero de Quental in Brazil of recent years See the *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, No 8, 1942, p 381 and items 4205, 4223, 4249, and 4343

CHAPTER XIV

¹ See p 149 Almeida's bibliography comprises *Memórias de um Sargento de Milícias*, 2 vols, Rio de Janeiro, 1854, 1855, and *Dous Amores*, a lyric drama, Rio de Janeiro, 1861 See the article by Astorildo Pereira, *Revista do Brasil*, Ano IV (3^a phase), No 35, maio de 1941, pp 26 ff This article is reprinted in the author's *Interpretações*, pp 40 ff

² José Veríssimo *História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 279

³ Loc cit

⁴ Veríssimo, op cit, p 281, Lins do Rego *Conferências no Prata*, p 30

⁵ Cf Veríssimo, op cit, p 280

⁶ Two editions of the *Memórias* have been published in recent years one with a distinguished introduction by Mário de Andrade, São Paulo, 1941, and one with a preface by Marques Rebelo, 1944 See also Rebelo's *Vida e Obra de Manuel Antônio de Almeida*, Rio de Janeiro, 1943 See the article by Astorildo Pereira, *Revista do Brasil*, Ano IV (3^a phase), No 35, pp 26 ff

⁷ "Machado de Assis is, undoubtedly, one of the great events in

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our literature" — Bezerra de Freitas *História da Literatura Brasileira*, Porto Alegre, 1939, p. 191

⁸ See the work by Peregrino Junior *Doença e Constituição de Machado de Assis*, Rio de Janeiro, 1938. The novelist also suffered from an affection of the eyes, see Hermínio de Brito Conde *A Tragédia Ocular de Machado de Assis*, with a preface by Dr. João Alfredo Lopes Braga, Rio de Janeiro, 1942. For general biographical-critical studies, see Lucia Miguel Pereira *Machado de Assis, Estudo Crítico e Biográfico*, second edition, São Paulo, 1939, Mário Matos *Machado de Assis, O Homem e a Obra*, São Paulo, 1939, Eloy Pontes *A Vida Contraditória de Machado de Assis*, Rio de Janeiro, 1939. The centenary of the novelist's birth, celebrated in 1939, brought forth a host of works. See the "Brazilian Literature" section of the *Handbook of Latin American Studies* for that year (Handbook No. 5). See the *Exposição Machado de Assis, Centenário do Nascimento de Machado de Assis, 1839-1939*, Rio de Janeiro, 1939 (consult the "Bibliografia do Centenário," pp. 217-35).

⁹ *The Masters and the Slaves*, p. 306, cf. p. 220.

¹⁰ Lins do Rego, op. cit., p. 86.

¹¹ *The Masters and the Slaves*, pp. 393-4, see also p. xlv.

¹² Lins do Rego, op. cit., pp. 97 ff.

¹³ *Ibid.*, pp. 99-100. Lins do Rego cites Olívio Montenegro. See the latter's *O Romance Brasileiro*, p. 117.

¹⁴ See the article by Barretto Filho in the *Revista do Brasil*, Ano IV (3^a phase), No. 35, maio de 1941, pp. 97 ff.

¹⁵ Machado de Assis began his career as a fiction writer with his *Contos Fluminenses* (*Rio de Janeiro Tales*), 1870. His first novel, *Resurreição*, appeared in 1872, *Helena* was published in 1876, *Iaiá Garcia* in 1878 (there was also *A Mão e a Luva*, 1875). The *Memórias Postumas de Braz Cubas* appeared in 1881, *Quincas Borba* in 1891, and *Dom Casmurro* in 1900. For fuller bibliography, see the *Revista do Brasil*, Ano IV (3^a phase), No. 35, maio de 1941, opposite p. 96. The critical studies are exceedingly numerous, not to say innumerable. In addition to the works by Lucia Miguel Pereira and Mário de Matos mentioned in note 8 above, I am particularly indebted to the illuminating *Conferências no Prata* of José Lins do Rego, pp. 36 ff. and pp. 81 ff., and to the section on Machado de Assis in Professor Montenegro's *O Romance Brasileiro*, pp. 105 ff. See also *Interpretações*, by Astorjildo Pereira, pp. 13 ff., *Três Ensaios sobre Machado de Assis*, by Alceu Amoroso Lima (Tristão de Ataíde), Belo Horizonte, 1941, *Jornal de Crítica*, by Álvaro Lins, 1^a série, pp. 171 ff. Numerous articles published in connection with the centenary will be found listed in the index to Ano II of the *Revista do Brasil*, fevereiro de 1939. These articles by well-known writers deal with the poet, the dramatist, the jour-

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nalist, the novelist, etc. Special mention should be made of the volume put out by the Federation of the Brazilian Academies of Letters *Machado de Assis*, Rio de Janeiro, 1939, the essay on Machado de Assis in Viana Moog's *Heróis de Decadência*, Porto Alegre, 1939, and Modesto de Abreu's *Biógrafos e Críticos de Machado de Assis*, Rio de Janeiro, 1939. On the novelist's philosophy, see *Conceitos e Pensamentos de Machado de Assis*, compiled by Júlio Cesar da Silva, second edition, São Paulo (1939-?) On his political views, see the article by Magalhães Junior "Machado de Assis e a Sua Pretendida Indiferença Política," in *Planalto*, Ano I, No 10, 1º de outubro de 1941, pp 1, 6. Magalhães shows that Machado de Assis was in many respects a progressive, for example in his advocacy for æsthetic reasons of the cause of woman's suffrage. Cf. in this regard the views of Lins do Rego, op cit, p 92. On Machado de Assis's humor, see Claudio de Souza *O Humorismo de Machado de Assis*, Rio de Janeiro, 1943. See also the essay by Afrânio Peixoto "Aspectos do 'Humor' na Literatura Nacional," in his *Poesia da Estrada*, pp 281 ff. For the novelist's use of the Portuguese language, see Josué Montelo "Machado de Assis e a Língua Nacional," in *Cultura Política*, Ano III, No 32, setembro de 1943, pp 92-5.

¹⁶ *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 312

¹⁷ See the articles on these writers in the *Revista do Brasil*, special issue devoted to the Brazilian novel, Ano IV (3ª phase), No 35

¹⁸ *O Mulato* was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1881, *Casa de Pensão*, Rio de Janeiro, 1884, *O Cortiço*, Rio de Janeiro, 1890. Azevedo's first novel, *Uma Lagrma de Mulher*, was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1880, it is in the worst romantic genre. For bibliography, see the *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, opposite p 132. The *Obras Completas* are published by Brigueuet & Cia. of Rio.

¹⁹ See the article by Álvaro Lins, *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, pp 133 ff.

²⁰ Reference is to Freyre's *Sobrados e Mucambos*, São Paulo, 1936, and Jorge Amado's *Suor*, Rio de Janeiro, 1934.

²¹ Cf. Álvaro Lins, loc cit.

²² *Carne* appeared in 1888.

²³ *O Atheneu*, Rio de Janeiro, 1888. See the author's verse volume *Canções sem Metro*, Rio de Janeiro, 1881. On Pompéia, see the article in the *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, pp 166 ff, and Lins do Rego, op cit, pp 47 ff.

²⁴ See Montenegro, op cit, p 72 (pp 71 ff). See also the two articles in the *Revista do Brasil*, number cited. *O Missionário* was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1888, for bibliography, see the *Revista do Brasil*, ibid, opposite p 144.

²⁵ See Cavalcanti's article in the *Revista do Brasil*, number cited,

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pp 156 ff. *A Normalista* appeared at Rio de Janeiro in 1892, *Bom Crioulo*, Rio de Janeiro, 1895, for further bibliography, see *Revista do Brasil*, *ibid*, opposite p. 156.

CHAPTER XV

¹ Cf Carvalho *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira*, pp 360-1.

² Cited by Carvalho, *op cit*, p 364

³ See the translator's introduction to *Rebellion in the Backlands* (see Bibliography)

⁴ See pp 158-9

⁵ Cf Carvalho, *op cit*, p. 321.

⁶ See Romero's *Cantos do Fim do Século*, Rio de Janeiro, 1878

⁷ Romero's *A Poesia Contemporânea* was published at Recife in 1869 Barreto's *Estudos Alemães* appeared at Escada, 1880-1, second edition, Recife, 1882, third edition, Rio, 1892

⁸ *Op cit*, pp 324-5

⁹ For bibliography of Barreto, see Peixoto *Noções de História da Literatura Brasileira*, p 268 Farias Brito perhaps is the one philosopher of note that Brazil has produced See *Farias Brito ou Uma Aventura do Espírito*, by Sílvio Rabelo, Rio de Janeiro, 1941, and the article on this book by Jonathas Serrano "A Margem de um Ensaio," *Revista das Acedemias do Brasil*, Ano V, Vol. xiii, No. 37, setembro-outubro de 1941, pp 27-34, on this controversy, see *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, No 7, 1941, p. 464 and item 4926 See also Álvaro Lins "Posição de Farias Brito," in *Jornal de Crítica*, 2ª série, Rio de Janeiro, 1943, pp 234 ff, and Tristão de Ataíde *Estudos*, 1ª série, Rio de Janeiro, 1929, pp 354 ff On the general subject of philosophy in Brazil, see Romero *A filosofia no Brasil*, Rio de Janeiro, 1878, Edmundo Rossi *Retorno à Vida*, São Paulo, 1941, pp. 17-26, and Afrânio Coutinho "Some Considerations on the Problem of Philosophy in Brazil," in *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research*, Vol. IV, 1943, pp 191 ff

¹⁰ For bibliography of Romero, see Peixoto, *op. cit.*, pp 319-20, and Carvalho, *op. cit*, opposite p 322

¹¹ *Op cit*, p 324

¹² For bibliography of Veríssimo, see Carvalho, *op. cit*, opposite p 326

¹³ The *Pequena História da Literatura Brasileira* was first published at Rio de Janeiro in 1919 A seventh edition appeared at Rio in 1944 It has been translated into Spanish and Italian (Buenos Aires, 1943, and Florence, 1937).

¹⁴ For bibliography, see Peixoto, *op. cit.*, pp 315-16

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¹⁵ See p 127 and note 20 (Chapter X) Nabuco has been termed the "finest flower of Brazilian civilization" (see William Rex Crawford *A Century of Latin American Thought*, Cambridge, the Harvard University Press, 1944, p 19) For an interesting note on Nabuco's cosmopolitanism and the Brazilian tradition, see Gilberto Freyre *The Masters and the Slaves*, p 321, note 122, *Casa Grande & Senzala*, fourth edition, Vol II, p 499, note 77

¹⁶ *Cartas de Inglaterra*, Rio de Janeiro, 1896 For full bibliography, see Peixoto, op cit, pp 329-30 A number of Ruy Barbosa's law pleadings and public speeches are available in English, but they fall outside the domain of literature

¹⁷ See Graça Aranha *Machado de Assis e Joaquim Nabuco Comentários e notas á correspondência entre estes dois escritores* Second edition, Rio de Janeiro, 1942 (Vol IV of the *Obras Completas* of Graça Aranha) Other writers of this period who should be mentioned are João Capistrano de Abreu, Oliveira Lima, and Medeiros e Albuquerque

¹⁸ See *Rebellion in the Backlands*, pp 152-3

¹⁹ Ibid, translator's introduction, pp v ff

²⁰ Stefan Zweig *Brazil, Land of the Future*, New York, Viking Press, 1942, pp 159-60

²¹ See "The Hundred Best Novels," by William H F Lamont, *Books Abroad*, Vol 21, No 1, Winter 1947, pp 21-6 See my article on "The Brazilian Social Novel (1935-1940)," *Inter-American Quarterly*, Vol II, No 2, April 1940, pp 5-12

²² *Rebellion in the Backlands*, pp 54, 408.

²³ Ibid, p 481 For bibliography of Cunha, compiled by Afrânio Peixoto, see ibid, pp xxi-iii The end of Cunha's life was a tragic one As the result of an affair involving a woman he was shot and killed in a railway station in Santa Cruz on August 15, 1909

²⁴ See Bibliography

²⁵ For a bibliography of Graça Aranha, see the *Revista do Brasil*, Ano IV, 3ª phase, No 35, maio de 1941, opposite p 176

²⁶ See Andrade Muricy *A Nova Literatura Brasileira*, Porto Alegre, 1936, p 13 On Graça Aranha as a novelist, see the *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, pp 177 ff On his influence, see Bezerra de Freitas *História da Literatura Brasileira*, Porto Alegre, 1939, pp 232-9

²⁷ For bibliography of Lima Barreto, see *Revista do Brasil*, number cited, opposite p 48 See the article by Astorildo Pereira, ibid, pp 26 ff, reprinted in the author's *Interpretações*, pp 49 ff

²⁸ See the *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, No 9, 1943, p 395 and item 4251 See the article by Gilberto Freyre "Vinte e cinco anos depois," *Revista do Brasil*, Ano 6, 3ª phase, No 55, setembro de 1943, pp 136-7 For examples of Lobato's work in the short story

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see Goldberg's *Brazilian Tales* and also *Brazilian Short Stories* by Monteiro Lobato, translated by Goldberg (see Bibliography)

²⁹ Freyre *Brazil An Interpretation*, pp 175 ff

³⁰ Érico Veríssimo's translation of the title *Paulicéia Desvairada* as *Hallucinated City* seems to be as close as any (see his *Brazilian Literature An Outline*, p 110) For the background to this work, see the article by Fernando Góes "História da Paulicéia Desvairada," *Planoalto*, 15 de junho de 1941, pp 21-2 See the Introduction to Andrade Muricy's *A Nova Literatura Brasileira*

³¹ Mário de Andrade *O Movimento Modernista*, Rio de Janeiro, 1942, p 26

³² *Ibid*, pp 13, 25

³³ *Op cit*, p 13

³⁴ For a bibliography of Mário de Andrade, see Muricy, *op cit*, pp 411-12 Another important work by this writer is his *Macunama* A bibliography of Alcântara Machado will be found in Muricy, *ibid.*, p 409 The *Cavaquinho e Saxophone* was published at Rio de Janeiro in 1940 see *Handbook of Latin American Studies* for that year (No 6), p 379, item 4272

³⁵ Tasso da Silveira *Definição do Modernismo Brasileiro*, Rio de Janeiro, 1932 Jorge de Lima *Dois Ensaios*, Rio, 1930 Renato Almeida *Velocidade*, Rio, 1932 See also the work by Nestor Vitor, published some ten years later *Os de Hoje*, São Paulo, 1938

³⁶ In the *Marco Zero* series, see I, *A Revolução Melancólica*, Rio de Janeiro, 1943, and II, *Chão*, Rio de Janeiro, 1945 See also the *Poesias Reunidas*, São Paulo, 1945

³⁷ *O Estrangeiro* and *O Esperado* were published at Rio de Janeiro For the author's full-fledged fascist stage, see *Psicologia da Revolução*, *O Que É Integralismo*, and *A Voz do Oeste*, all published in 1934 For full bibliography to 1936, see Muricy, *op cit*, p 412.

³⁸ For a bibliography of writers from 1930 on, the reader may be referred to the "Brazilian Literature" section of the annual *Handbook of Latin American Studies*, beginning with the year 1935 On the literature of this decade, see Rosário Fusco *Synthese das actividades literárias brasileiras no decénio 1930-1940*, Rio de Janeiro, 1940, Edgard Cavalheiro *Testamento de uma Geração*, Porto Alegre, 1944, Renato Almeida "A Literatura em 1934," *Lanterna Verde*, No 2, fevereiro de 1935, pp 99-107, Dante Costa "Brazilian Letter," *The Literary World*, No 7, November 1934, p 5, Samuel Putnam "A Brazilian Letter," *Saturday Review of Literature*, May 4, 1935, and Roquette Pinto "A Esquerda e a Direita Literária," *Boletim de Ariel*, agosto de 1935 See also Freyre's section on "The Modern Literature of Brazil Its Relation to Social Problems," in *Brazil An Interpretation*, pp 155-79

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³⁹ In addition to the *Retrato do Brasil*, Prado is the author of *Paulística*, São Paulo (1925) José Américo de Almeida's principal novels are *A Bagaceira*, Rio de Janeiro, 1928, and *Coteros* and *O Boqueirão*, both published at Rio in 1935

⁴⁰ *Retrato do Brasil*, p. 185

⁴¹ Freyre's famous work, *Casa Grande & Senzala*, was first published at Rio de Janeiro in 1933, his *Sobrados e Mucambos* appeared at São Paulo three years later Ramos's *O Negro Brasileiro*, Rio de Janeiro, 1934, was followed the next year by *O Folk-lore Negro do Brasil* (Rio), his volume, *As Culturas Negras no Novo Mundo* came in 1937 See *The Negro in Brazil*, by Arthur Ramos, translated by Richard Pattee, Washington, D. C., 1939

⁴² Lins do Rego's *Ciclo da Cana de Açúcar* began with *Menino de Engenho*, Rio, 1932, followed by *Doidinho*, 1933, and *Banguê*, 1934 For bibliography from 1935 on, see the *Handbook of Latin American Studies* One of his finest works is his *Pedra Bonita*, Rio de Janeiro, 1938 Amado's *O País do Carnaval* appeared in 1932, his *Cacáu* the following year, and *Suor* in 1934, all published at Rio de Janeiro Marques Rebelo (Edy Dias da Cruz) began his career with a collection of tales, *Oscarina*, Rio, 1931, followed by *Três Caminhos* in 1933.

⁴³ See the issues of the *Handbook of Latin American Studies* for these years

⁴⁴ Raquel de Queiroz's first novel, *O Quinze*, was published in 1931 For her other work see *Handbook of Latin American Studies*

⁴⁵ Allyrio Meira Wanderley *Ranger de Dentes*, Rio de Janeiro, 1945 See the same author's *Bolsos Vazios*, Curitiba and São Paulo, 1940 Four novels in Octávio de Faria's sequence *Tragédia Burguesa* were published at Rio de Janeiro from 1937 to 1944 *Mundos Mortos*, *Os Caminhos da Vida* (two volumes), *O Lodo das Ruas*, and *O Anjo de Pedra*, the series is still continuing

⁴⁶ For the translations mentioned here, see the Bibliography at the end of this book Amado's *Jubiabá*, in the translation of Michel Berveiller and Pierre Hourcade, was published at Paris in 1939 under the title of *Bahia de Tous les Saints* For the extract from the same writer's *Mar Morto*, see *Fiesta in November* (listed in general bibliography), pp. 384 ff

⁴⁷ *Brejo das Almas*, 1934, see also *Alguma Poesia*, 1932.

⁴⁸ Jorge de Lima's first volumes, *Poemas* and *Banguê e Negra Fulô*, appeared at Rio de Janeiro in 1928, *Novos Poemas*, 1929, *Poemas Escolhidos*, 1932 *Tempo e Eternidade*, by Lima and Mendes, was published in 1935, see *Handbook of Latin American Studies* for that year, p. 212 and item 2195, and my review in *Books Abroad*, Vol

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X, No 1, winter 1936, p 45 One of Lima's most important collections is his *A Túnica Inconsútil*, Rio de Janeiro, 1938

⁴⁹ See Bandeira's *Apresentação da Poesia Brasileira*, Rio de Janeiro, 1946 For another recent work on the subject, consult Alceu Amoroso Lima *Poesia Brasileira Contemporânea*, Belo Horizonte, 1941

⁵⁰ See, in particular *Estética Literária* and *O Crítico Literário*, both published at Rio de Janeiro in 1945

⁵¹ *Jornal de Crítica*, 1^a serie, Rio de Janeiro, 1941, 2^a serie, Rio, 1943

⁵² *O Sal da Heresia*, São Paulo, 1941 See also *Ensaio*, São Paulo, 1938, *Fora da Forma*, São Paulo, 1942, and *Diário Crítico*, São Paulo, 1945

⁵³ For the works mentioned here, see Bibliography Grieco the cosmopolitan critic is to be seen in *Estrangeiros*, Rio de Janeiro, s.d. (1935-?)

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